THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the REVIEW not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

VOL. XLVII.—JANUARY, 1922—NO. 185

PROPAGANDA AND ITS PROTOMARTYR

APRIL 24, 1922, is a red-letter day in the Capuchin calendar. It coincides with the tercentenary of one of the most notable members of that order, St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, the protomartyr of Propaganda, the first of a long line of heroic missioners who were faithful unto death in the defense and propagation of Catholic truth when it was the object of the most violent assaults to which it was ever subjected. Protestantism, supported by powerful princes, threatened to undermine the Church in the West. Luther and Calvin, who led the assault, marshaled and directed all the forces at their command against it. The Counter-Reformation had a hard battle to fight to repel it and check its inroads. Though the two great heresiarchs had passed away, Luther in 1546 and Calvin in 1564, the Europe in which St. Fidelis was to take his place in the ranks of the combatants on the side of the Catholic defensive, was thoroughly demoralized, religiously, socially and politically. The great revolt of the sixteenth century had succeeded in subverting the basis of order in Church and State. Luther, in openly condoning immorality and preaching justification by faith alone, in opposition to the explicit teaching of St. Paul,[1] had given a free rein to human passions; while Calvin, who scorned toleration, had autocratically imposed his iron yoke and gloomy creed upon his adherents. True liberty, which connotes judicious restraints, gave place to license, and authority, indispensable as the principle of order, was flouted. Even many of the so-called Reformers themselves were dismayed by the corruption their false teaching engendered. It must be admitted that there was a grievous need of reform in the previous century, which afforded a colorable pretext for the Reformation, and that a proper reform in discipline and practice had been too long delayed. But the action of the Protestant innovators was as irrational as that of a man who, finding his house full of dust and dirt and cobwebs, pulled it down in order to clean it. It is easier by destructive criticism to sap the foundations of belief than to renovate a Church or any order within it. It was persons, not doctrines, that needed reformation.

---

[1] I. Cor. xiii., 2.

Thirteen years after Calvin had been laid in his undiscovered grave[2] was born one who was to devote the best part of his life, and to sacrifice it, in an effort to undo the effects of this innovator's teaching. This was Mark Rey, the future friar and martyr. His family had been among the victims of the persecution that accompanied the introduction of "the new learning," as Protestantism was euphemistically termed. It forced his grandfather to take refuge, in 1529, in the little town of Sigmaringen on the banks of the Danube in the centre of the Duchy of Suabia, the capital of the Hohenzollern district. The world has been hearing much of the Hohenzollerns that has not been to their credit. But there is a contra side to the account. The Catholic branch of the family which takes its name or affix from Sigmaringen has done something to redeem partly their character. While the Margrave of Brandenburg, originally Catholic, found it convenient to side with the Reformation in order to seize upon the estates of the Teutonic order and found the kingdom of Prussia, which became an ambitious Lutheran power, the Hohenzollerns-Sigmaringen adhered to the ancient faith of Christendom whether on the principle of "*cujus regio, ejus religio*" or not. Sigmaringen refused to open its gates to heretics and proudly proclaimed that it was always a Catholic city; its princely lord, Charles I. of Hohenzollern, having taken every precaution to prevent its being morally infected with heresy. The very year (1529) the Prince-regent took possession of the inheritance bequeathed to him by his godfather, the Emperor Charles V., witnessed the arrival of a man of noble family named Roy or Rey, who came from Antwerp, and shortly afterwards married into a family as distinguished as his own, not only for its rank but for its sterling Catholicity. In after years, Madame Rey, the saint's grandmother, then ninety, loved to tell how the Rey family had always respected the faith of its ancestors and never tolerated anything injurious to it. She had several children, one of whom, John, who became a personage of distinction at court and burgomaster of Sigmaringen, was the father of St. Fidelis. He and his wife, Geneviève de Rosemberger, were very pious. From this stem issued numerous branches. One of their daughters, Maria, married Count Helfenstein, of the Hohenzollern line. Two of their sons became Capuchins, George, who first joined the order and was known as Father Apollinaris, and his elder brother Mark, who, as Father Fidelis of Sigmaringen, reflected most honor on the family and the city as a saint and a martyr. The birth of the latter nearly occasioned the loss of the mother's life, which she offered to save that of her offspring. But Providence decreed otherwise, and both were spared. The room in which he was born has been converted into a chapel, and his cradle is the object of grêat veneration; pious people putting children in it after their baptism.

---

[2] The precise place of Calvin's sepulture is not known.

A brilliant course of studies at the University of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, where he was called "the Christian philosopher" and was early appointed a professor by a very exceptional favor, accompanied his preparation for the legal profession, to which he was drawn by a desire to devote himself to the advocacy of poor suitors at a time when justice was unworthily trodden underfoot to the injury of the weak and poor, resolving to "constitute himself the defender of the oppressed." He not only distinguished himself by his attainments in the study of philosophy and law, ultimately graduating as doctor *in utroque jure,* but by his equally assiduous practice of all the Christian virtues. A most brilliant career seemed to be before him, said an eminent fellow-student, Gaspard Kleckler; the rector declared that he had not his equal. Unlike most students, thrown upon their own resources and free to follow their own inclinations, he led a very mortified life. Baron Stotzingen, one of those who gave evidence at the process for his beatification, said: "I have never seen, never perceived in all his relations and in all his actions anything but a pious life devoted to God and worthy of being quoted as a model." At that epoch the Capuchins, whom he saw for the first time, exercised over the students a gentle but firm influence by their austere lives; the order, notwithstanding the defection of some of its members, being then still in its first fervor. They went to Freiburg in response to the wishes of the citizens, although that city already possessed eight churches and seven monasteries. Four years later, in 1601, they had a convent there.

As already stated, George Rey was the first to put on the rough habit of a mendicant friar, following the example of many young men of the highest families; for it is thorough earnestness in the pursuit of a religious ideal, and not laxity, that attracts the best subjects to the cloister. Numerous gentlemen of Suabia, several known to St. Fidelis and some who had been his fellow-students, received the habit in the Freiburg convent. The reception of his brother took place in 1604. It made a great impression, for, endowed with great talents, a poet and musician and an eloquent speaker, he had given up much, turned aside from every human or worldly allurement to become a poor friar, remarked for his great love of God and his neighbor and profound humility.

At the request of Baron Christopher William von Stotzingen and his wife Anne (*née* Vogt), Mark Rey accompanied their son and several young nobles in making the grand tour of several European countries. It taught him much of the religious situation in continental Europe. France still remembered the Huguenot wars, the twenty thousand churches destroyed, the multitude of priests, religious and laity massacred, and the soldiers who had fallen in those fratricidal conflicts, leaving behind them weeping widows and orphaned children. The country was alarmed at the invasion of the Reformation. They talked then of "the Protestant peril" as they now sometimes speak of "the yellow peril." But the former was much nearer and there was more of actuality in it than in the vague apprehensions of contemporary forecasts. The Huguenots menaced the unity of the State as well as of the Church. They enveloped the country in a network of conspiracies, neglecting nothing calculated to foment civil war; like the Orange Protestants in northeastern Ulster in another Catholic country, where, aided and encouraged by the British Government, they are endeavoring to at once establish another English pale in place of the old Leinster pale, renationalized, and to found a purely Protestant State in the most historic region of a land predominantly Catholic. For 140 golden crowns Condé and Coligny had sold Havre, Dieppe and Rouen to the English; which the Protestant Colbert stigmatized as "an act of cowardly perfidy." Despite the protests of the Sorbonne and the University and Parliament of Paris, exceptional privileges had been conceded to the Huguenots, which emboldened them to constitute themselves a State within the State, measuring their strength against the legitimate government of the country.

The future zealous missioner and intrepid defender of the Church was revealed in the part Mark Rey took in public controversies, either in academies or Protestant clubs, where he refuted the anti-Catholic and unpatriotic teaching of the Huguenots; French lawyers expressing their admiration of the manner in which this young German handled the most difficult questions, showing as much dialectical ability as older men who had grown gray in the study of law and theology. The reports of these public discussions are to be found in the archives of the principal cities he visited. On his return from this tour (1610), made, it is noted, more like a pilgrim than a tourist, he lived with the Stotzingens in Freiburg-im-Breisgau for nearly two years, studying canon and civil law in the university, and receiving, on May 7, 1611, the doctorate of both with the greatest honors. His professor, Andrew Zimmerman, declared that "in the entire city and university it was hardly possible to find any one stronger on law than Mark Rey."

Like St. Liguori, he prefaced his apostolate by a brief career at the bar. It was at Ensisheim, in Alsace, he practiced. Being on terms of friendly intimacy with Count Charles II. of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and being held in high esteem at court, after a few months he was appointed assessor of the High Court of Justice. Numerous clients had recourse to his arbitration to settle their cases without going into court. His love of equity and impartial decisions caused him to be regarded as the advocate of the poor and oppressed. In the seventeenth century German legislation was so complicated and the consequent difficulties of reaching decisions so insurmountable, that causes frequently led to duels as the only alternative. Besides, for self-interested motives, lawyers prolonged cases by a tedious procedure to the pecuniary loss of clients and to their own advantage: profiting by the proverbial "law's delay," which put fat fees in their pockets while it emptied the purses of suitors. As St. Fidelis later affirmed, corruption, malice and injustice prevailed. This aroused his indignation. His honest advocacy was regarded by other pleaders as exceptional, inopportune and troublesome and they urged him to "do as others did." His refusal to do so earned for him their enmity. Turning aside in disgust and disillusionment from a profession which, practiced like that, was in such disaccord with his sense of justice, he began to think of adopting a way of living more congenial to his religious sentiments and his conscientious regard for equity. He found it in the Capuchin Order, already illustrious by the men of high birth, social distinction, learning and holiness who had renounced wealth and worldly honors to embrace a life of poverty and austerity. In Germany and Switzerland the heroic charity of Father Stephan of Unterwalden and several others who sacrificed their lives in solacing the plague-stricken had made a deep impression. Italy gloried in St. Lawrence of Brindisi, the fame of whose sanctity, eloquence and miracles was widespread, like that of St. Seraphin of Ascoli and St. Joseph of Leonissa. Belgium venerated Benedict of Canfeld, a convert from Protestantism. The Duchy of Savoy was full of the marvels wrought by Father John of Maurienne. In France scions of the first families esteemed themselves honored by putting on the Capuchin habit, like the Ven. Father Honoré, son of the first President of the Royal Parliament, Bouchart de Champigny, one of the greatest orators, the cause of whose beatification is being proceeded with; Father Angelus, Duc de Joyeuse, cousin of the royal family, who had redonned the religious habit (1599) which he had temporarily replaced by the *cuirasse* to prevent Henry IV. from ascending the throne before he had abjured Protestantism; and Father Joseph du Tremblay, the *alter ego* of the great Cardinal Richelieu, surnamed "His Gray Eminence," and, in the words of an historian "the polar star of France," who, had he lived longer, would himself have been a Cardinal and first Minister, or practical ruler of that country, instead of Mazarin.

His request to be received into the order (1612) was refused by the Provincial, Father Alexander Bucklin, but later made conditional on his previous promotion to holy orders, even to the priesthood, as proof of the solidity of his vocation. He was accordingly ordained, in 1612, by Monsignor John James Mürgel, in the episcopal chapel at Constance, and entered the novitiate on September 30 of the same year, celebrating his first Mass on the feast of St. Francis (October 4). Father Angelus, in giving him the habit and the name of Fidelis, uttered these words: "And you, be faithful even unto death, and you shall receive the crown of eternal life." They were unconsciously prophetic.

He was a model novice. Several of his fellow-novices affirmed that, under God, it was to Father Fidelis they owed their perseverance in their holy vocation. As frequently occurs in the lives of chosen souls destined to accomplish a certain work in the designs of Providence, he was tempted to draw back, thinking he might be the victim of an illusion and was not in the right way. The supplications of the poor clients, widows and orphans, of whom he was the protector, seemed to resound in his ears. "They have no one now; return and protect them; God wills it!" cried the tempter who, when he cannot get men to sin, spoils as much good as he can. The wise counsel of a novicemaster, skilled in the direction of souls, restored his peace of mind.

In accordance with the Franciscan rule, before his profession he disposed, by a formal will, of all his worldly possessions, which were considerable; providing, *inter alia,* for the education of poor ecclesiastical students; a foundation which still exists at Sigmaringen under the name of the *Roy Stipendium.*[3] After his profession he studied theology to its depths under a distinguished professor, Father John Baptist, who for four years was his confessor and testified that he possessed a maturity of judgment and a brilliancy of intellect far surpassing that of his fellow-students, never having known him to make a mistake in theology. "Of an invariably joyful and serene disposition," he adds, "it was apparent that his soul, free from any scrupulosity, was one of rare innocence. I venture to say that, far from having committed mortal sins, he had not to reproach himself with the slightest venial faults. His heart burned with the love of God and his neighbor. All his words and actions were characterized by extreme prudence and uniform modesty; all extravagance in laughter or language was foreign to him. His courage and mortification were never lacking; so he had no trouble in overcoming all the difficulties of the religious life; he delighted above all in obedience and poverty; and his whole person breathed such a plenitude of love, sweetness, affability and holiness that the very laity who once conversed with him earnestly wished for a second interview. His devotedness to his sick brethren was admirable. In short, I affirm that Father Fidelis was a model of virtue. In my opinion, he was much superior to the other religious." [4]

---

[3] This foundation was valued, in 1863, at 7,600 florins, equivalent to 18,620 francs. The annual interest now (or, rather, before the depreciation of the currency consequent on the great war) amounts to 640 marks, which would have been equal to 800 francs.

The superstructure of his sanctity was thus laid upon a solid foundation. He was well prepared for the ministry and for martyrdom. As a preacher, he had a high estimate of the dignity of the Christian pulpit. An eye-witness, Father Meinrad, deposed at Constance that before ascending it, he remained a whole hour prostrate before the tabernacle. "Never in the memory of man," said a Feldkirch magistrate (1626), "has our city seen such a renowned preacher." It was not by using ornate language or by what the Apostle calls "the persuasive words of human wisdom," but in the "showing of the spirit," that he impressed and captivated his hearers; it was the known holiness of the preacher. "If knowledge is not accompanied by the Spirit," he said to one Bertold Krell, "all labor is useless." Crowds thronged the churches at which he preached. The Canton of Uri (Switzerland), the Austrian Voralberg and Alsace were among the first places in which he exercised the sacred ministry.

Events soon summoned him to a different sphere of activity. War was imminent. It was an epoch of great political as well as religious upheavals. A *duel à la mort* was being fought between France and Austria. The great Cardinal-Minister, Richelieu, dominated the situation, keeping the Hapsburgs, then at the zenith of their power, and Spain, still a powerful monarchy, at bay. Religious and political interests strangely clashed; so much so that

---

[4] Process of Constance.

Richelieu did not hesitate to order the arrest of the Papal troops that Rome sent to the aid of a power the hereditary rival of France; sinking the Roman Cardinal in the French statesman, watchful of the interests of the monarchy he served and strengthened. The Archduke Charles, having reënforced the garrisons of the Voralberg, particularly that of Feldkirch, St. Fidelis was named chaplain. His influence over the army was such that he gained the confidence and affection of both officers and rankers and at once inspired the troops with a courage that enabled them to face death fearlessly; some, after listening to his exhortations, preferring to die rather than to live and others actually deploring being healed of their wounds as it exposed them to the danger of offending God.

The Hungarian plague at this time invaded the garrison and claimed many victims. The good chaplain had to stretch himself on the ground alongside the poor soldiers, drag himself from one to another, put his ear to their mouths and his mouth to their ears in hearing their confessions, visit them two or three times daily, wash their feet and prepare their food; and all this in a pestilential atmosphere, yet with a smile on his face as if he breathed a perfumed air. He often deprived himself of a great part of his own food to give it to the stricken soldiers, some of whom he had removed to the Capuchin convent, where they were the objects of his most devoted attentions. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions the ravages of the epidemic were reduced to insignificant proportions.

Military discipline was then extremely severe. It was not unusual to see the death penalty inflicted for small faults. The chaplain strove to mitigate it as much as possible. One day four soldiers were condemned to be put to the sword; by his influence he obtained the pardon of two, while the others he prepared to accept death with resignation. He also intervened successfully for a large number of prisoners; and by his boldness and intrepidity put an end to a military mutiny at the risk of losing his life at the hands of half-drunken men capable of committing any deed.

The army was not the only sphere of his labors. He was a social reformer. Moral disorders were very prevalent in Feldkirch and its neighborhood. In season and out of season he preached against luxury, immorality, injustice, hatred and disregard of the precepts of the Church. He reminded the rich even more than the poor of their duties; menacing wrongdoers, indifferent as to what class they belonged; required the reparation of this or that scandal; probed every social wound and applied the remedy needful for its healing. He did not mince his words. He inveighed against the unbridled luxury of women, the cause of the perversion and ruin of families, so vehemently as to raise a storm of opposition, somewhat like the antagonism Savonarola's denunciation of the vices and vanities of the Florentines stirred up. His reforming efforts were the more resisted as the abuses against which he railed were countenanced by the higher classes in the city, to the general scandal of the people. They publicly protested against the audacity of this Capuchin who dared to speak so boldly and taxed him with indiscretion, imprudence and narrow-mindedness. All were not so minded. Meeting, one day, a pious lady, Euphrosine Pappus, who wore a rather eccentric headgear, he said to her: "Madame, it is Satan you are carrying there disguised in a piece of vanity; take it off!" Struck by this unexpected reproach, and grasping its meaning, she promptly discarded it. Contemporary society would be all the better for more priests of the type of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen. If there was a burning of the vanities in every modern centre of fashion and frivolity there would be a big blaze. Appearing before the city Senate, he justified his conduct, pointed to the moral decadence and increasing impiety consequent thereof and the necessity of putting a stop to it. Everybody agreed with him. At his request the Senate passed a regulation designed to arrest the course of luxury, immorality and contempt of ecclesiastical authority. It was published by the magistrates and registered in the city archives, where the original text may be seen. Thenceforth the zealous missioner had full liberty to preach as he thought fit against social abuses. He availed of it to eradicate the evil of a bad press, getting the Senate to absolutely prohibit the circulation of doubtful or heretical books, of which a large number were seized and consigned to the flames. He did not stop there. To counterbalance the effects of heretical publications, he wrote a work on the Catholic faith entitled *De articulis fidei Catholicæ* and other publications of which unfortunately no copies are extant.

His unceasing efforts for the conversion of heretics were crowned with conspicuous success, notably in the case of Anna Zoller, who, when he preached on prayers for the souls in Purgatory, openly derided him and the doctrine, proclaimed that it was false, that Luther's teaching was the only true one and denounced the preacher as a driveler who should not be listened to. He used every method of persuasion, but unsuccessfully, with this Calvinist lady of high social position, who, endowed with more than ordinary feminine fluency of speech, employed her eloquence in public and private to disseminate her views, and, when cited before the tribunal, displayed her wonted arrogance and obstinancy. The Senate deported her to put an end to the scandal. Still the good priest did not abandon this lost sheep. By his prayers he obtained her conversion. Shortly afterwards she made her abjuration.

Another social sore was discord among families, who foolishly squandered their money in long-drawn-out suits. As arbitrator he happily ended many of these and earned the appellation of "the angel of peace," as his protection of the poor and the oppressed and orphans caused him to be named "the advocate of the poor." Others designated him "the universal counselor." He was so in fact. Persons the most eminent for learning and dignity sought his advice. His reputation as a pacificator led Monsignor Alexander Scappi, Bishop of Campania and Apostolic Nuncio in Lucerne, to confide to him the reform of the Benedictine monastery of Pfadffers. By his exertions a ruined convent of Dominican nuns was restored and became a flourishing institution despite atrocious persecutions.

After a few months of his apostolate the city of Feldkirch and its neighborhood were unrecognizable, so great and beneficial was the change this one religious wrought.[5] Universal approbation decreed him the title of "Father of the Country." Such a prompt and radical transformation could only have been effected by supernatural virtue. "He only worked for God and lived always in His presence," said his companion, Father John. "In heat, cold, hunger, thirst, sufferings of all kinds, everywhere he had only in view the glory of God, the propagation of the Catholic faith, the glorification of the saints, the salvation of his soul and that of his neighbor. Indefatigable in his ministry, he preached, exhorted, encouraged, reprimanded, converted and visited the sick, without ever a thought of self. His love for unbelievers and sinners was full of tenderness."

After this, one is not surprised to hear that he was a wonder-worker and a prophet. Of this several striking, interesting and impressive incidents are narrated. The prophecy he repeated oftenest was that of the time and manner of his own death. Every morning, before Mass, he begged of God to enlighten him on the subject: *da mihi intimam lucem horæ mortis*. When he opened a mission at Prätigau he said: "I have good hopes of converting the erring ones; still they will put me to death. It is certain!" On leaving Feldkirch he told the magistrates, his friends and his brethren that they would never again see him in this world. This conviction was so deeply engraven in his mind that, during the two years preceding his death, he subscribed his letters: "Brother

---

[5] In the Bull of Canonization Benedict XIV. thus sums up the reforming work of St. Fidelis: Omnia vitiorum genera, pravas omnes consuetudines immaculatis Christianæ sanctimoniæ legibus adversantes, qua fidelibus exhortationibus, qua liberiori voce et mirabili quadam eloquentiæ vi insectatus novos populo mores induxisse visus est.

Fidelis, who will soon be the food of worms." The nearer his end approached, the more he accentuated this: "Brother Fidelis who will *very shortly* be the food of worms." During his last sojourn at Feldkirch he thus expressed himself: "Brother Fidelis, who in days near at hand will be the food of worms." When he returned to Prätigau, Father John asked him if the country was lost again would it be reconquered? "It will be lost and retaken," replied the saint. "In that new conquest few of ours will fall; but that will only occur through a miracle." The prophecy was realized.

Elisabeth Lanzin, of Feldkirch, appeared, after her death, to one of her relatives named Barbara. Her face was very sad, and she uttered cries and groans, describing the dreadful pains she suffered in Purgatory. Barbara recognized her, as it was from her she had received elementary religious instruction after abjuring Protestantism. Terrified by these mournful visits which often took place, she told Father Fidelis, who, moved to compassion, said: "Make your mind easy! For your relief I take upon myself the duty of delivering your relation." From that moment Barbara's house ceased to be haunted; but the noises were heard in the Feldkirch convent; it was not words but terrible signs which followed the compact made by the guardian. For several days he celebrated Mass and caused Masses to be celebrated by his brethren for this suffering soul. Shortly afterwards Elisabeth appeared, radiant in her garb of glory, with a smiling countenance. "I am delivered," she said, "and I am going to heaven. To reward you I shall pray for you." She then disappeared.

It has already been pointed out that religious and political interests conflicted in the region that was the scene of St. Fidelis' missionary labors. For having incidentally supported the rights of Austria to the Prätigau the saint was denounced by the Protestants as "an oppressor of the people." The canton of Grisons, which he evangelized, counts among the principal places of the Helvetic Confederation. It is now joined to the east and northwest of Switzerland by the cantons of Saint Gall, Glaris, Uri and Ticino; to the south it borders on Italy, to the east and north on Austria, or what was Austria. The country was anciently known as Rhetia. Its people were very bellicose, difficult to subdue, and ready to throw off any yoke; and their history is a sanguinary reflex of the national character. Protestantism appealed to their rebellious instincts, and they enthusiastically adopted the doctrines of the Reformers, essentially revolutionary, as it gave them license under the guise of liberty. Calvin wrote: "Among a hundred evangelicals (that is Protestants) one would hardly find a single one who has become an evangelical for any other motive than to be able to freely indulge in all sorts of pleasure and incontinence." Zwingli, therefore, had no difficulty in recruiting followers among the lax members of the clergy; the refuse of the dioceses and cloisters formed the bulk of the ministers of error; while dissolute and venal officials among the laity found quite to their liking the abolition of all moral restraints. In upper Rhetia the Protestant leaders found adherents who were conspiring to get rid of the Austrian yoke. Protestant preachers traversed the country urging revolt against the civil as well as the ecclesiastical powers and Catholics were persecuted wherever they gained the upper hand, as invariably happens.

The Capuchins' success in bringing back lapsed Catholics and converting many Protestants stirred up more embittered opposition on the part of the Reformers. "I am strongly convinced," wrote the Bishop of Coire to the Provincial of Brescia-Milan, "that the restoration of religious peace in our country, where religion has to fight for its existence, depends much on the presence of Capuchin missioners." Pope Paul V. was of the same opinion. "It is a fact grounded on long experience," he wrote to the Minister-General, "that the Capuchins, whose manner of life so well imitates that of the Apostles, are the best adapted for this apostolic work." Benedict XIV. repeated this in the Bull of Canonization. "To oppose a rampart to the incursion of heresy in Rhetia," recalled His Holiness, "our predecessors, Paul V. and Gregory XV., deemed it useful to select missioners from the Order of Minors Capuchin." The Protestants themselves were surprised to see princes educated by other religious, such as Maximilian of Bavaria and Ernest and Ferdinand of Austria, call upon Capuchins to preserve their people from heresy. One of them thus commented on the fact: "Persecuted by the hatred of their degenerate brethren, the Capuchins are distinguished by great purity of morals, by disinterested activity for the salvation of souls and by the austerity of their lives. The people, for whom the Jesuits were too learned and too great politicians, felt drawn towards the Capuchins, who went from place to place, who made themselves at home in the humblest cabins, and who made clear to them that sentence in the Gospels that 'theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven,' inasmuch as they gave up all the enjoyments and comforts of the secular life. In the mouth of a bearded and barefooted monk, who had only his habit and who slept on the floor, the doctrine teaching that the Christian ought to crucify his flesh and fix his thoughts on his heavenly homeland, because he is a stranger and pilgrim in this world, appeared much more convincing; the consolation, that present sufferings have no proportion to the future glory which will crown them, made a much deeper impression coming from them, than from those less mortified. Hence the favor that Ferdinand showed to the Capuchins; and the great number of convents he built for them was very useful in his plans for conversion." [6]

As a general sends picked troops to the front when a decisive engagement has to be fought, so the most perilous post, that of Prätigau, was assigned to Fidelis when preparations for a campaign against heresy in Upper Rhetia were concerted between Leopold V. and the Capuchin Provincial. It spread dismay in the ranks of the Reformers. "They preach with such lucidity, their zeal is so ardent, and their lives so regular, so pure that," the Protestants declared, "if they are unchecked, soon all Upper Rhetia will return to Catholicism." Their pastors threw the blame on the ministers. "It is your fault," replied one of them; "you have no energy, and you don't devote yourselves to any serious study; that is why you cannot combat Capuchins." The Calvinists even spoke their praises in the Upper Engadine and regretfully acknowledged that their lives were irreproachable. A preacher, reproached for his ill-dissembled sympathy for the Capuchins, replied: "It is with reason I esteem them. I cannot do otherwise, for they live like saints." The exalted virtues and astonishing erudition of Fidelis dumfounded them.

This triumphant exposition of Catholic truth, instead of opening their eyes, steeled their hearts. They became more envenomed against an opponent whom they resolved to get rid of and to that end covered Rhetia with a number of secret societies of the Masonic type in the expectation that by exciting a tumult among the people, stimulating the spirit of revolt under the specious pretext of throwing off the stern yoke of Austria, they would by one stroke disembarrass themselves of the Archduke Leopold and the Capuchins. They stopped at nothing in their rabid hatred of the Catholic missioners. At the close of an inflammatory address to one of the secret societies, the speaker, a certain Simon, denounced Fidelis as a "criminal" and concluded: "He must be destroyed no matter by what means!" Electrified by this harangue they all exclaimed: "Death! death to Father Fidelis! Let us kill him!"

The saint foresaw clearly the fate that awaited him. The obduracy of the heretics drew tears from his eyes and this prayer from his lips: "God, forgive them; convert them!" For them he offered to God his many austerities and his fatiguing labors. He was full of charity. He recommended Catholics not to give offense to any Protestant, but, on the contrary, to be kind and compassionate to them. He and his companion-missioners, Father John and

---

[6] **Menzel, tome 5, ch. xxv.**

Father Alexis, worked wonders in withdrawing the people more and more from the Reformation, which greatly incensed its ministers. A Protestant gentleman, who was on his way to Fidelis to make his abjuration, was assassinated. In one of his pockets was found a letter from one of his friends in the Valteline in which was written: "Be careful of yourself! Warn also Father Fidelis and the other Capuchins. A sanguinary plot against them has been laid." One of the plotters said: "Just as David slew Goliath, and, by that deed, put to flight the army of the Philistines, so we shall triumph when the inhabitants of Prätigau will take up arms and massacre the missioners and soldiers." This evoked the exclamation: "Down with Austria! death to the Capuchins, those mercenaries of the empire." They resolved upon the massacre of Fidelis and fixed April 24 for the general insurrection which followed. His glorious destiny was to be the Protomartyr of Propaganda.

In 1599, Father Cherubin de Maurienne, a Capuchin of Savoy and the illustrious collaborator of St. Francis de Sales in the conversion of the Chablais, in an audience with Clement VIII. proposed, as the best means of bringing about the conversion of infidels and heretics, the foundation of a Congregation in Rome specially charged with the administration and interests of all the missions throughout the world. The Pope approved of the project, but it was not put into execution until twenty-three years later. It is claimed that this Capuchin friar was therefore the first instigator and promoter of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and that what he and Father Didacus accomplished for the glory of God ought to be made known to the whole world.[7] In the beginning of the Pontificate of Gregory XV. the project was successfully revived by another Franciscan, Father Jerome of Narni, a very saintly man, likewise a Capuchin, at whose instance a Congregation having charge of all the missions in the world was founded. Monsignor Umberto Benigni, in an article on the subject in the Catholic Encyclopedia, says: "The origin of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has been variously accounted for; in reality it is the result of slow evolution. It is certain that it passed through two distinct periods, one formative and the other constructive." This "evolution" does not bar the claim of the Capuchins to have initiated it. The Carmelites also claim to have had some share in it. It was formally approved by the Bull *Inscrutabili* of Gregory XV., dated June 22, 1622.[8] Its tercentenary, therefore, synchronizes with that of its protomartyr, St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen. The late Pope Benedict XV., who had intended to celebrate High Mass on the occasion of their celebration and to preside at other functions, issued on December 3, 1921, an Apostolic letter and composed a special prayer to be recited. Pius XI., alluding to this event in a letter to the Most Rev. Joseph Antony of Persiceto, Minister-General of the Capuchins, dated March 7, 1922, says: "But this glorious commemoration cannot be fittingly celebrated unless the three hundredth anniversary of that illustrious martyr who consecrated the inauguration of the said Congregation by the shedding of his blood for his Divine Master be likewise recalled. And St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen is to be extolled with special praise, not only because by his blessed death endured for the love of Christ he has deserved to be set as the leader of the glorious phalanx of martyrs who have since shed lustre on the Congregation of the Propaganda, but also because by his innocence of life he set a noble example to all our missioners and to all who devote themselves to this apostolic vocation. No one ever undertook the apostleship better prepared or better instructed than he, since he carefully equipped his mind with the principles of sacred knowledge and diligently adorned his soul with the practice of all Christian virtues. Hence nothing could be more gratifying than his all-consuming charity for the Catholic people which stimulated him to labor so incessantly for their protection against the malignant contagion of a spreading heresy. In this way he advanced to the highest degree of sanctity, and merited, at the very opening of the mission entrusted to him by the Apostolic See to attain the kingdom of heaven by dying a glorious martyr for that holy faith which he had labored so indefatigably to defend and to propagate. But if the name of this illustrious man cannot fail to command the respect of all believers in our holy religion, it certainly has special claims to reverence in your Order, of which he is so brilliant a light and so precious an ornament." His Holiness concluded by expressing an earnest hope that the celebration of his tercentenary may be the means of popularizing devotion to this glorious martyr, may bring fresh and zealous workers to the Capuchin missions, and may especially stimulate the missioners themselves to assiduous and untiring labor in the Lord's vineyard. It may here be noted that it was the reading of the "Life of St. Fidelis Sigmaringen" that led the Blessed Joseph Didacus of Cadiz to become a Capuchin.

---

[7] Ille est pater Cherubinus qui primus fuit instigator et promotor Sacra Congregationis Romæ instituendæ et institutæ de Propaganda Fide, et vere quæ facta sunt ab eo et a R. P. Didaco deberent omnibus et singulis pro gloria Dei innotescere (Memorabilia pro vinciæ Sabandia, 1610-1684. Manuscript in the archives of the State of Milan.) Quoted by Ch. Truchet in his life of Father Cherubin, pp. 176 and 382.

---

[8] Several historians have written that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda was instituted on June 22, 1622: they were self-deceived. The first meeting of this Congregation was held on January 14, 1622. The next day an Encyclical Letter sent to all the Apostolic Nuncios, announcing to them the erection of the Propaganda and ordering them to send to this new Congregation a detailed report of their respective missions. By his letter of June 22, 1622, Gregory XV. only promulgated the Constitution of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, giving the names of the Cardinals, Bishops and secretaries who originally composed it. ("Collectanea Sacræ Congregationis de Propaganda Fide.")

The latest biographer of the saint, Father Fidelis de la Motte-Servolex, says in a work which has merited the praise of the Bollandists: "Such was the origin of that Propaganda of which St. Fidelis was the first martyr, the heavenly patron and one of its greatest ornaments. It has never ceased to deserve the eulogiums bestowed upon it either by honest Protestants or free-thinkers; testimonies which account for the hatred and rage of the secret societies towards an institution which is one of the most manifest proofs of the Church's catholicity and one of the most potent instruments of true civilization." Gioberti has written: "While too often European potentates shed the sweat and the blood of their subjects to gratify their ambition and add a bit of land to their States, Propaganda, without shedding a drop of blood, extends to the confines of the universe its pacific and beneficent influence. Missioners, cross in hand, go forth with hopeful hearts, ready for the most heroic sacrifices, not to kill but to convert. If they fall in the breach, they die forgiving their slayers. With no other treasure than an unconquerable faith, with no other arms than persuasion and charity, they often accomplish prodigies of courage that our valiant captains could not achieve."[9]

Propaganda, with its vast ramifications encircling the globe, is to the world-wide Church what the arteries and veins are to the human body, circulating the blood, the vital fluid, throughout the whole frame, imparting to it the glow of health, life and energy. The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, Rome is its head and heart, and the Propaganda, acting in accordance with the volition of Christ's Vicar, the Pope, is the chief executive of the reigning Pontiff. Its principal officer, the Cardinal Prefect, is well named the Red Pope. Dom Maternus, O. S. B., writing in the *Tablet,* points out that while in 1800, in the large mission field of the world, there were only thirteen ecclesiastical jurisdictions with about 500 priests for one million neophytes in the pagan mission field, there were in 1921 about 300 ecclesiastical jurisdictions under the dominion of Propaganda with ten million neophytes, or, including the Philippines, 17,550,000, ministered to by 12,377 priests, 3,200 lay Brothers, 19,400 nuns and 3,500 catechists; while there were 190 seminaries with 7,500 students, candidates for a native priesthood; for the Catholic Church, freest of Republics, draws no color line. Of Propaganda and the immense number of missioners it has sent forth it may be truly said: *Non sunt loquelæ, neque sermones quorum non audiantur voces eorum. In omnem terram exivit sonus earum; it in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.*

---

[9] "De la Primaute." I. 119. Cantu, Hist. Univers., tome X., p. 342.

When Monsignor Scalpi, the Nuncio, reported on the progress made in Upper Rhetia and praised Fidelis so highly, dwelling enthusiastically on his great virtues and extraordinary qualities, he was unanimously nominated prefect of the mission in the Grisons and missioner delegated by Propaganda. While the messenger was hastening to transmit to him his credentials, he fell a victim to sectarian hatred and became the protomartyr of the Congregation, the standard-bearer of so many martyrs who went out from it, as Benedict XIV. declared in the Bull of Canonization.[10]

When he was leaving Feldkirch (March, 1622) he knew by revelation that he was going to his death. Many times he had already spoken of his end and the manner of it as an indubitable fact. To the friend of his youth, Gaspard Kleckler, of Feldegg, he declared in precise terms that he would be put to death in the Grisons. It was noised abroad. Nothing was talked of but the approaching death of Father Fidelis. There were tears in all eyes. In his last sermon there he said: "By order of my superiors I am returning to the Grisons and shall never come back." On the day of his departure (April 14) he said to Father Meinrad: "An insurrection will soon break out in this country and I shall be assassinated."

Black looks greeted his entrance into Prätigau, like clouds foreboding a storm. Won over to the revolution, the inhabitants affected a hypocritical submission to the Austrian power. He knew their designs, but he did not change his manner towards them, always affable and full of paternal kindness. In vain he urged them to abandon their projected revolt. Seeing his end was near, he redoubled his austerities, fasting more rigorously even after Easter. Burning with zeal he said one day to a soldier: "I would give even my life to affirm that the Catholic faith is the only true one, that which should save us." The soldiers often found him in ecstasy. One day at Davos, after one of these manifestations, he foretold with perfect exactitude the rising in Prätigau and the retaking of the country by the Austrians. The rebels themselves, in making known the realization of this prophecy, confessed that the victory was due in large part to the intercession of Father Fidelis.

---

[10] Vinea electa primus inter sacros operarios ad excolendam vineam Domini a Sacra Congregatione Fidei Propagandæ adscitus ad Rhetiæ regionis, Zwinglii et Calvini erroribus infectas, orthodoxam religionem indefesso labore propagavit. (Card. Guadagni; cf. Benedict XIV. De beatif et canon, serv Dei, t. VII., p. 100). Primus ad excolendam vineam Domini per Sac. Congregationem de Propaganda Fide selectus (Card. Orsini, ibid. p. 106).

When Fidelis resumed his journey to Grüsch, the Governor, fearing an ambush, wanted to assign to him a military escort, but he refused it. However, without his knowledge four soldiers were sent to follow him at some distance and to promptly go to his relief if the heretics attempted to attack him. At Prätigau he was the object of insults which were showered upon him. They had fixed April 24 for his assassination. After he celebrated Mass at Grüsch on Saturday, April 23, a deputation of Protestants from Seewis hypocritically asked him to preach the next day in their village. "We greatly regret the disturbance we made during one of your sermons," they said, "but we swear that in future we will be quiet and submissive." The saint saw the snare and said to his companion: "I expect no good from the inhabitants of Seewis. Their language is not sincere; but I shall go notwithstanding, in order to fulfil to the last the duties of my ministry." He was not deceived, but the Austrian soldiers, who made a kind of reconnaissance and finding everything apparently quiet, were; though that very day the saint warned them to be on their guard and said with unusual gravity: "We know not when we shall be attacked. Soldiers! fulfil your duty to God and prepare for confession." They all did so, and several heretics asked to be received into the Church.

The missioner's arrival was publicly announced and the local authorities asked the people to come in large numbers. To get rid of the presence of the imperial troops the sectaries told the people that the Austrian soldiers meant to shut them up in the church, in order to put military pressure on them to force them to embrace the Catholic religion, and showed them forged letters purporting to be from the Archduke. The stratagem succeeded. The heretics, instigated by their preachers, surprised the soldiers in Castelo and confined them in the fortress, forcing them to take an oath to never more take up arms against Prätigau. They knew nothing of this in Grüsch on the 24th. Father Fidelis, after sending a farewell letter to the Prince-Bishop of Saint-Gall, in which he distinctly spoke of his approaching death, celebrated Mass, and, after his thanksgiving, preached to the soldiers. In the midst of his sermon he suddenly paused; speech failed him; his face grew pale; his whole body became motionless as in an ecstasy. One would have thought he was dead, only his eyes were wide open, very bright, sparkling with light, his glances directed upwards. Gradually his countenance reassumed its calmness and color, and he finished with an eloquent peroration. It is probable that God then made known to him by an interior revelation the manner of death he was to undergo a few hours later. After the sermon he knelt before the altar, prayed long and fervently, and then rising, full of courage, went to meet his doom, accompanied by Baron Fels, the captain, and some officers and soldiers. He arrived at Seewis about 9 o'clock in the morning. The church was crowded Without delay he ascended the pulpit. Before beginning, he paused for a moment, pensive and absorbed, as if a grave event had occurred. After his death it was learned that he had found in the pulpit a paper containing these words: "You'll preach again today, and never more afterwards!" During the course of the sermon he directed at the Austrian captain, Joachim Colonna Baron Fels, significant glances. That officer understood.

In the midst of the discourse a formidable commotion made itself evident. It was occasioned by the intelligence that the inhabitants of Schiers, hearing of the successful *coup de force* at Castels, had surprised and attacked the Austrian garrison and killed the greater number of the soldiers. The munitions deposited by the Imperialists in the church took fire and blew off the roof. One of the guard stationed before the church at Seewis, seeing the flames, entered, crying out: "Fire! fire!" Despite the tumult that followed Fidelis continued his sermon. But, all at once, a frightful uproar arose around the church; shots were fired; and orders were conveyed to the preacher to stop. The soldiers on guard were assassinated, and a bullet, destined for the Capuchin, struck the pulpit but did no further injury. Fidelis descended and knelt on the altar steps. The sacristan earnestly entreated him not to leave the church, seeing the danger that threatened him. "My brave man," he said, "don't be uneasy. I make no account of my life. I have placed it in the hands of God and His Blessed Mother." He thereupon left the church by the sacristy door, accompanied by Baron Fels. Both followed a path that leads to Grüsch, kept out of view of their enemies by a bend in the road. On reaching the meadow of Seljanas, a gunshot from the church of Seewis, the captain fell and sprained his foot. Immediately a band of rebels rushed at them. The officer was led to the château of Salis at Seewis. As to Fidelis, the insurgents, to the number of twenty-five, armed with various weapons, threw themselves upon him. "Will you, yes or no, accept our faith?" said one. "I did not come here to become a heretic," he replied, "but rather to extirpate heresy and restore to you the true Catholic religion. I hope and I am fully confident that you will return to the faith of your fathers." For a moment they remained bewildered. Then, regaining their ferocious courage, they exclaimed: "Ah! vile monk, it is you, then, who pretend to teach a foreign religion and to plant it in our country!" A monster named Riederer, drawing nearer and gnashing his teeth, said: "Will you, yes or no, embrace our reformed faith?" Without waiting for a reply, he drew his sword, flourished it in the air, and struck the priest's head, seriously wounding him. "Jesus! Mary! Come to my help!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees, while his blood fell in streams. Another of his murderers, Christian Saxer, struck him a second blow, which made a large wound; Gebhard and Rodolph Hildbrandt a third and fourth; while another attacked him with a pitchfork. The rage of these tigers was not glutted until with swords and clubs they broke his right ribs and slashed his leg and left foot. The martyr still preserved the serenity of his countenance; the more blows they gave him, the more joyful he seemed; to his last breath he maintained his self-possession. Stretched on the ground, his eyes gazing upwards, he murmured in a failing voice: "Lord, forgive my enemies! Jesus, Mary, assist me!" Then they left him for dead, satiated at last. It was about 11 o'clock on the morning of April 24, 1622, the fourth Sunday after Easter. An eye-witness, Margaret Ganser, surmising that Father Fidelis had been assassinated, went towards the meadow of Seljanas, and saw the dying saint. "At the moment when I looked at him, weeping," she said, "he raised his eyes to heaven, drew three deep sighs, and his soul took its flight to the regions of eternal bliss. After he had expired, I approached and examined him more attentively. Upon the head, partly covered by the hood, were seen two large wounds; two other blows had wounded the tibia of one leg, and his blood reddened the ground." According to tradition, a miraculous spring spouted up at the moment of the martyr's death in the place of his martyrdom. It has never run dry. The people there still call it St. Fidelis' Fountain.

Beatified by Benedict XIII. on March 12, 1729, he was raised to the highest honors of the altars by Benedict XIV. on June 29, 1746, in presence of thirty Cardinals, 150 Bishops, 3,000 ecclesiastics and 4,000 religious. On February 16, 1771, Pope Clement XIV. extended his office to the whole Church and, following the example of his predecessors, Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV., proclaimed him the Apostle of the Grisons and Protomartyr of the Propaganda.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

CATHOLIC SCHOLARSHIP IN MODERN FRANCE

I.

"How many times, immortal France,
Though men suppose you dead,
You lift above black circumstance,
Your haloed head." —William Roscoe Thayer

AMONG the multitudinous by-products of the great world war through which Europe and America have but just passed, two present themselves, upon which we would dwell for a brief space. While many of these aftermaths of war seem to have risen from its smoking ashes like veritable Nemeses; grim figures, threatening to hurl themselves, wild-eyed, against every bulwark of our modern civilization, these two speak peace, and one of them, at least, has signed herself afresh with the cross of Christ and bears upon her brow the motto of Christian scholasticism: *"Omnis scientia debèt referri ad cognitionem Christi."* We refer both to the movement on foot among many of our American colleges towards a closer scholastic relationship with French universities, and to the noble manifestations of renewed Catholic scholarship in France itself. Such a renewal of Catholic scholarship is, indeed, no mere product of the war, since it traces itself back to a much earlier date. It has, however, received a real impetus from the general revival of Catholic life in France which the war has deepened and developed; while this proposed intellectual rapprochement between France and our own country, though owing its incipiency to many minor causes, is doubtless due, under God, more to the horror felt by the whole civilized world at the sack of Louvain, than to any other circumstance. A few years ago, when anti-clerical France was seething with "Ferry" and "separatist" laws, and her universities still held in the stifling, anaconda-like grasp of a radical government, we might have deplored such a movement. Or we might simply have waived its discussion, as a matter negligible in its effects on our own Catholic students.

To-day, much has changed on both these counts. We have, to-day, the president of one of our oldest and most conservative non-Catholic universities[1] crossing the ocean to lay the corner-stone of the New Louvain, to be the restored citadel of Catholic scholarship, while, East and West, two of our largest and most progressive institutions of learning have opened their hospitable gates to shelter an exiled Louvain professor and offer him a temporary chair. The works of these men have appeared in English and, in one case, at least, published by the press of the sheltering university.[2] We have, further, the proposed "Students' Aid for Louvain Library," to be a "united offering from the entire student body of our country, Catholic and Protestant alike," to the heroic Cardinal Mercier, whom all creeds delight to honor.[3] On the other hand, the number of our Catholic students in non-Catholic colleges has been approximately estimated at 45,000,[4] a number only slightly less than that in attendance upon our own higher educational institutions. As such students can scarcely fail to be affected by all that affects their intellectual environment, we must rejoice in all tokens of declining prejudice and broadening sympathies. It may be quite possible to overestimate the extent and permanency of this friendly attitude on the part of non-Catholic educational bodies, yet, as contrasted with the past, and in connection with other tokens, it is encouraging. Dr. J. J. Walsh tells us of another eminent Belgian scholar, Professor Sarton, who, driven from his own country by war conditions, spent some time here endeavoring to establish an Institute for the History of Science.

---

[1] Columbia University was chartered in 1754 as King's College. In 1787 it became Columbia College. Its Constitution requires its President to be a Churchman (Episcopalian).

Educational visits from French and French-speaking scholars, however, considerably antedate the war. As early as 1892-93, Baron Pierre de Coubertin visited the United States as one of the honorary heads of the Congress of Higher Education at the World's Fair. During his tour of inspection of our educational institutions he established four foundations for the study of French literature: one at Princeton, Tulane, Leland Stanford, Jr., and the University of California, respectively. In 1897, Ferdinand Brunetière lectured in French at Johns Hopkins and Harvard. In 1898, René Doumic gave a course on *l'Histoire du Romantisme Français.* He was succeeded in 1899 by Edouard Rod, and he, again, by Henri de Regnier. Since then others have followed in yearly succession, lecturing at various universities, while between 1903-04, a fellowship, known as the *Cercle Français de Harvard,* was founded for the annual exchange of lecturers between that university and the University of Paris.[5] Many of these lecturers were distinguished

---

[2] De Wulf at Harvard; Leon Vander Essen at Chicago. "Short History of Belgium," by Leon Vander Essen, University of Chicago Press.

[3] See appeal of the Right Rev. Thomas Shahan, of Catholic University, Washington, D. C., also letter of President Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University. Art. "Catholic Education," Catholic News, May 6, 1922.

[4] "Catholic Churchmen in Science": Series III., Intro. p. 1, (1917).

[5] "Evolution of France," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, Intro. p. xi. Art. by Prof. James Geddes, Jr., Boston University. "Bostonia" (1903-04.) Reprinted in "Science and Learning of France," Appendix I.

Catholic scholars, whose "magnetism and charm" produced an "indelible impression upon their hearers." Others, however, were strongly anti-clerical. But whether for good or ill, this interchange of national culture has apparently come to stay and must, it would seem, affect our Catholic graduates, as they daily enter more and more into the intellectual life of the nation at large. Moreover, indubitably, the trend of American foreign scholarship will now tend toward France, rather than toward Germany, as before the war; and in the desire to obtain foreign degrees, our Catholic lay graduates may come to take a larger share. Would the scholastic atmosphere of France, to-day, strengthen or impair their faith? Such questions as these furnish us with a double motive, as Catholics and as Americans, for a closer inquiry into the present status and influence of Catholic scholarship and Catholic higher education in France.

That a strong, *social* bond already exists between our own country and France is evidenced by the large and ever-increasing body of American residents there. This Franco-American society embraces many eminent converts and exercises considerable influence upon our own more cultured circles at home, since they are recruited from their ranks. In the little volume, "For France," issued during the war, names of distinguished Catholics and Protestants alternate. The initiative of the book, we are told, is from Mrs. William Astor Chanler; the foreword is by Theodore Roosevelt; its editor is a Catholic writer;[6] the "Tribute to France" is by Cardinal Gibbons, while John McCormack employs his pen to remind his compatriots that St. Patrick was probably born in France. Since this social rapprochement has already done much toward leveling the ultra-Protestant prejudice of an earlier generation at home, and even led souls to the Church, is it too much to hope that a scholastic rapprochement might also bear good fruit, although not unattended by dangers?

As early as 1917 a work appeared in which the aims and *raison d'être* of this proposed *"Entente Cordiale"* between French and American scholarship are fully outlined. It is offered as an "Appreciation by American Scholars of the Science and Learning of France," with the motto, *"Scientiam nostram inter nos permutemus,"* surrounding a divided shield, on either half of which are inscribed the words, "Gallia": "Columbia." Compiled by the "Society for American Scholarships in French Universities," it is printed by R. R. Donnelly & Sons, Lakeside, Chicago. The names of the contributors to and sponsors of the work are given in full, and it opens with a charming description of the "Intellectual Inspiration of Paris," in which, whether consciously or unwittingly, the author[7] presents us with a long array of Catholic scholars. With graceful ease we are led from spot to spot, through a brilliant panorama of literary and scientific genius.

---

[6] **Charles Hanson Towne.**

From under the "sheltering walls of Notre Dame," where a colony of students rose to prominence in the twelfth century, to those of the University of Paris, whose fame drew students from all parts of the civilized world; across the Luxumbourg Gardens, where, among beds of flowers and pools of water, the busts and statues of eminent men look out from the past. Among them we are introduced to Ampère, Malus, Fresnel, Foucault and other Catholic physicists, whose work "a grateful nation" is still proud to record.

To our left rises the Pantheon, its vast dome inscribed with the words: *"Aux grands hommes, la Patrie reconnaissainte."* The Pantheon is no longer the Church of St. Geneviève, and its immediate associations are Revolutionary rather than Catholic, nevertheless it still bears upon its walls the pictured legend of this early saint of Paris, together with memorials of the most salient points of France's Catholic history, in its paintings of Clovis, Charlemagne and Jeanne d'Arc. Its great lanthorn also was the scene of Foucault's impressive pendulum experiment in ocular demonstration of the earth's rotation. Close at hand stands the *Bibliotheque de Ste. Geneviève,* with its rich collection of manuscripts and Incunabulae, testifying to mediæval learning and skill. Looking down the vista of the Rue Cassini, whose name perpetuates that great family of Catholic astronomers, we glimpse the massive walls of the Observatory of Paris, the scene of some of the proudest astronomical triumphs which the world has witnessed, largely conducted by faithful sons of the Church.

The broad area of the *Jardin des Plantes* introduces us to another series of scientific activity, redolent of a Catholic past. Here are busts of Buffon, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Lamarck and others, and here, in a small laboratory, where their original instruments may still be seen, we are brought almost into the presence of another family of devout Catholic scientists, the latest of whom, Henri Becquerel, in 1896, all but anticipated the triumph of the Curies by his discovery of the invisible radiations of Uranium. We pass through the Rue Jussieu, recalling the name of four great Catholic botanists, reach the École Polytechnique, flanked by the Rue Descartes and the Rue La Place, and press to the "core of France's scholastic heart," where stand the Collège de France and the great pile of the Sorbonne. Here we are greeted by the very modern statue of Claude Bernard, the scientist of Brittany and friend of Pasteur, to whose work a Catholic needs no introduction.

---

[7] George Ellery Hale: Foreign Sec. of L'Academie Nat. des Sciences: Cor. of l'Institut de France.

A twin statue to Pasteur rises in the centre of the Place Breteuil, but to reach it we must pass through the Rue Champollion and the Place Sorbonne. Both are haunted by memorials of a galaxy of French scholars. The former unfolds a chapter of French Egyptology, rich in Catholic names, while in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne we pause before the statues of Robert de Sorbon, Richelieu, Descartes, Pascal, Rollin and Lavoisier, whose figures, in a sense, epitomize the many-sided activity of French intellect. Our survey is far from complete, for a long line of French chemists, almost all of them sons of the Church, lead up from Lavoisier to Pasteur. But perhaps we have seen enough to convince us that Paris is rich in suggestions of Catholic scholarship, not only of the past, but of recent and present times, sufficient to kindle the imagination and stimulate the loyalty of the Catholic graduate of to-day.

It would not be difficult to fill the pages allotted to this article with a closely written list of French Catholic scholars and their work. But such a course would be misleading, since it would afford us no means of estimating the relative strength of their adversaries—the comparative status of the two camps. Yet it is precisely here that we most need the aid of the critic, and in this fairness of comparative estimate lies his hardest task. To one who has assisted at any of the great pilgrimages of Lourdes, where more than 30,000 pilgrims are often gathered in the vast esplanade before the Basilica, where one hears the notes of the liturgy or some processional hymn, intoned by a concourse of 10,000 voices: *"Je suis Chrétien; voilà magloire, et mon espoir; Je suis Chrétien! Je suis Chrétien"*—or watches the tender care of the brancardiers (drawn from the proudest nobility of France) for their helpless charges—it becomes difficult to realize the existence of a far different France: a bitterly hostile, radical France, suspicious, *intransigeante;* stained at times, despite its erudition, with sensuality and alcoholism, and of another, and yet another France, not openly hostile, but *alien* from the "covenant of Israel," estranged from the "promises to the fathers," quite unconscious of, or indifferent to, their Catholic heritage: *Enfants égarés, âmes atrophiées;* or again, men whose *foyer* is Catholic, who live in a religious *milieu,* who take the greatest interest in all the preparations for the First Communion of a beloved child, and are moved, even to tears, by her devout and radiant bearing; yet who register themselves with the anti-clericals, and tell you, with a pathetic smile, that they are conscious of their

"Catholic moments"—*"cela, c'est la génie française"*—yet their intelligence "revolts against dogma." Or, again, men who perhaps like Littré, spend their life in combatting the Church's doctrines, yet, on their deathbeds, receive her sacraments with the docility of a little child. Of such a bewilderingly divergent, inconsistent France we must often suspend finality of judgment. But of the facts, that a great Catholic reaction is at least *working* in both social and intellectual France; that certain educational laws have been rescinded, and that Catholic universities have been founded, and are accomplishing a noble, even if only a partial work; that Catholic scholars of the first order have come to the front and won the applause of the world, with the gratitude of their own country; of these *facts* there can be no doubt.

"Few will deny that for twenty years before the war the intellectual classes in France were moving towards a Catholic revival," writes a woman who for years has made France her home, yet, wholly averse to the Church, acknowledges only what she cannot gainsay; and again: "Nationalism, in France, has always been associated with Catholicism, and the Catholic revival, which set in about the beginning of the century, was at once a cause and an effect of the growth of nationalism. 'Every true patriotic Frenchman must be a Catholic,' said a Nationalist to me." To this writer, however, "the poilu's eagerness to attend Mass" was due, not to religious zeal, but to a desire for a break in "the dull routine of hospital life"; his anxiety to obtain religious medals, to "affection for his feminine relatives," who might have sent them.[8] Criticisms such as these free the mind from any fear of undue partiality on the part of our authority. Acting in the same prudential spirit, we make our first quotation in regard to the progress of Catholic educational work from one of its bitterest enemies.[9] "We differ absolutely from Catholics," writes a *soi-disant,* "impartial," Protestant, "in their ideals of teaching, as well as in their perpetual aim to control the national education, but we cannot fail to recognize the importance of their *colossal work."* This statement is a more pronounced one than we would have ventured to cite from a Catholic authority. Monsignor Baudrillart writes more modestly in his sketch of Catholic university life in France.[10] But to understand clearly what has been accomplished, what difficulties have been overcome, we must make a brief review of the original constitution of the universities of France, of their suppression at the time of the French Revolution and reorganization under Napoleon;

---

[8] Winifred Stephens: "The France I Know," p. 122, p. 25, p. 123.

[9] Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt. D.: "France Under the Republic," p. 88.

[10] Monsignor Baudrillart, Recteur de l'Institut Cath. de Paris, "Les Universités Cath. de France et de Elranger."

the gradual secularization of all education; the laws of July, 1875, permitting freedom of higher education, and so giving the Church an opportunity (which she was not slow to embrace) of founding her own universities; the reëstablishment of the provincial universities, under the laws of 1896; and, finally, the work, more or less epoch-making, of individual scholars, or groups of scholars, scientists, historians, litterateurs and publicists, who, whether graduates of State or confessional universities, have been proud to be known as children of the Church.

With the famous University of Paris, the pride of mediæval France, we are well acquainted. Its foundation carries us back, in vision, to the days of Charlemagne and Alcuin, dating, as it does, its incipiency to the palatine school of Notre Dame and the Abbey Schools of St. Geneviève and St. Victor, which may be regarded as its triple cradle.[11] We are familiar also with the school of theology planted, later, in its midst by Robert de Sorbon, chaplain and confessor to St. Louis, which gradually assumed such prominence as to give the name of Sorbonne to the whole university. Well known to us, also, is the Collège de France, founded by Francis I., in 1529, as a secular rival to the Sorbonne, whose theological studies were deemed by the King too absorbing. The *École pratique des Hautes Études,* though dating only from 1852 and the Second Empire, brings probably, also, a distinct concept to our minds, as the leader and representative of France's many eminent technical institutes.

If the provincial universities of France do not stand out so clearly and definitely before us it is probably due to the fact that they were all abolished at the time of the French Revolution. These universities arose in France at various times, subserving each some special need, and forming the intellectual centre of the "region." As originally constituted, they numbered twenty-five — Lyons, Rheims, Angers, Toulouse, Montpellier, Orleans, Grénoble, Perpignan, Anjou, Orange, Aix, Dôle, Poitiers, Caen, Valence, Nantes, Bourges, Besançon, Nancy, Bruges, Dijon, Pau, Rennes, Clermont and Lille. On September 15, 1793, all these institutions, together with the University of Paris, were swept away at one blow: the National Convention suppressing all universities and colleges throughout France, together with all faculties of theology, jurisprudence, medicine and arts. Under Napoleon, a new organization arose, but one in which his own hand was manifest. Under the "Man of Fate," all education was to be centralized, not as an ordinary department of State, but as a unique creation of his own, to reflect the mind and will of its organizer, presided over by a special "Grand Master." The University of Paris, with all its venerable traditions, and all regional universities, were consolidated into one monster "Université Nationale de France," of which the formerly independent universities were simply "sectional academies."

---

[11] Vaughan: "Life of St. Thomas of Aquin," Vol. I., p. 141; also Ency. Cath. and Brit.

It must, in justice, be acknowledged that a great problem confronted the Emperor in this reconstruction. An intellectual chaos of ten years had reigned since the fall of the old order. Neither funds nor teachers were forthcoming; priests had been banished, laymen sought more brilliant careers. Illiteracy had increased. Moreover, Napoleon, however wonderful his military and legislative genius, was no pedagogue, or was so obsessed by his desire of rearing a race of Spartan warriors ready to carry the eagles of France to foreign triumphs, that it blinded his judgment. His schools were military prisons; and the higher intellectual life of France was probably rather straitened than promoted by his creations. On his fall, an effort was made by Catholic and radical alike to throw off the educational yoke. But centralization had been found a governmental convenience. Other matters were pressing. The Université Nationale was temporarily retained. Certain *Écoles libres,* technical, non-governmental schools, sprang up. After the Revolution of 1848, the Falloux Laws obtained a modicum of liberty for primary and secondary education. Meanwhile, the Church had accepted the existing educational status simply as a *modus vivendi,* Monsignor de Frayssinous, himself, Grand Master until 1830, being least desirous of perpetuating it, while Catholics like Montalembert and Veuillot vigorously attacked it.[12]

Although much good work had been accomplished in the early part of the nineteenth century by the brilliant scholars of which that era seemed fruitful in France, yet later, and especially under the second empire, there had been a steady decline, not in the efforts of individual men of genius, but in the aid and recognition they received from the State. No one can read the pages of Vallery Radot's fascinating biography of Pasteur without realizing how pitifully meagre were the appropriations for science under the second empire. It needed the terrible defeat of 1870 to rouse the French nation at large to its declining intellectual status. Then the cry rang through France: "It is the German schoolmaster that triumphed at Sadowa." Monsignor Freppel now became the Church's spokesman for educational liberty.[13] Elected deputy for Finisterre, for eleven years the *Evêque député* was the most "attentively heard orator" in the French Chamber.

---

[12] Albert Léon Guérard: "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 230-36 or Chap. vii.

[13] Cath. Ency. Freppel: Guérard, p. 240.

By the law of July 12, 1875, liberty of higher education was conceded, and five Catholic universities were immediately founded: those of Paris, Lille, Lyons, Angers and Toulouse.[14] The State retaliated by refusing to recognize their degrees, and compelling these newly founded universities to assume simply the name of *Instituts Catholiques.* The hatred sown by Gambetta towards the Church was bearing bitter fruit in the Third Republic; his famous catchword, *"Le clericalisme; voilà l'ennemi,"* became the war-cry of the anti-clerical party. During the administrations of Thiers and McMahon this opposition could make but little headway: Thiers had been the ablest minister of Louis Philippe, McMahon the greatest general of the second empire.[15] Gambetta and his self-styled "Saviours of France" had been contemptuously designated *Chevaliers du Pavé* by Bismarck in 1870. But under the primacy of Jules Ferry the secularization of education began in earnest, and the successive laws were passed which led up from the "School Laws" of 1882-86 to the final "Separation Laws" of 1905; the Catholics of France, meanwhile, remonstrating, appealing and making every effort, except the one which might, perhaps, have insured their success: the laying aside, that is to say, of political differences and presenting an undivided front against the enemy in parliament.

On July 10, 1896, however, by a certain irony of fate a law had been passed doing away with the centralized State control of the higher institutions of learning: the Université Nationale de France vanished, and in its place arose once more the University of Paris with sixteen of the former twenty-five provincial universities in their pristine autonomy. These institutions were given a legal status and allowed to receive bequests and confer doctorates.

Two distinct groups of degrees are now recognized in France: those conferred by the State and those conferred by the university in its own name. The distinction between them being that the *State* degree, alone, enables the holder to practice any profession, even the humblest, in France.[16] The university degree gives equal credit for work done, but without this privilege. They are, however, extremely useful to foreign students who desire to receive credit for work done abroad, and the new arrangement has resulted in attracting such students by permitting them to pursue courses shorter than the six years required for the State degree. In other respects, as well, this restoration of autonomy has produced most beneficial results, and created a certain parity between the purely honorary degrees of Catholic and State universities.

---

[14] "The Vatican," Right Rev. Canon Huquesde Ragnau, p. 368 sq. Monsignor Baudrillart: Universités Catholiques, pp. 68-75.

[15] "Life of Leo XIII.," by P. Justin O'Byrne, p. 258 sq. Van Dam: "Men and Manners of Third Republic," p. 1.

[16] "Science and Learning in France," App. II., p. 393; Wendell: "A Harvard Professor in France."

Let us speak now of the work done by the distinctly Catholic universities founded after the permissive law of 1875. Monsignor Baudrillart writes modestly, almost discouragingly, of the small attendance at these universities as compared with the numbers drawn to Louvain or to the State universities of France. The entire attendance attained in 1909 numbered only 2,200 for the five Catholic universities, while Louvain alone boasts 2,300 and the Sorbonne 17,000! But when we consider the constant hostility shown towards our Catholic institutes, the irritating restrictions imposed on them, and the mere fact that graduation at a Catholic university places the future citizen at a disadvantage as regards his coming career, it becomes surprising that they should have attained their actual meed of success, which is by no means inconsiderable. We must remember, too, that the university attendance quoted is quite exclusive of a much larger number attending the Catholic *Collèges libres,* established immediately after the Falloux Laws, and which are on a parity of teaching with the Lycées, established by the State.

Monsignor Baudrillart repeatedly states that the numbers in attendance at these *collèges* justifies the expectation of a much larger university studentship, and demands of French parents, with pathetic earnestness, why, after an experience of twenty-five years of the high scholarship and beneficial results attained in these Catholic institutions, they should yet timidly withhold from their sons the final training of the Catholic university. We must not suppose, however, from this apologetic preamble that the Catholic universities of France have failed of their purpose or do not hold honorable rank, not only among Catholic universities, but among the great teaching bodies of the world. A brief survey of their work will suffice to dispel such distrust. Even within the short period since their foundation each of the universities has won for itself a special character and boasts some special excellence. Thus, Paris, with its numerous faculty under Monsignor Hulst, its conferenciers, its varied "open" or "public courses" thronged by cultured audiences, its departments of law, science, medicine and theology, the brilliant teaching of such men as Abbé de Broglie, M. Lamarzelle, Monsignor Duchesne, M. George Lemoine, M. Lapparent, M. Branly and others, has won perhaps highest prestige.

Lille, second only in numbers to Paris, enjoys the advantage of a Catholic environment and a very complete organization. To its five faculties it added in 1885 a normal school for higher industrial studies *(École des Hautes Études Industrielles)* especially adapted to its industrial *milieu.* Its medical school enjoys a very high reputation and is recruited by students from all parts of France. Its hospitals, its clinics, its dispensaries, its professional body, numbering over a hundred, and including men who have won a worldwide reputation by their medical work, has shed distinguished lustre upon its name. In addition to its ordinary activities, Lille carries on an extensive system of university extension courses, which bring the teaching of the Alma Mater to all the larger towns of the province. Angers has established a Normal School of Agriculture, which renders to the agricultural population of its section services analogous to those performed by the Industrial School at Lille for its manufacturers.

Lyons has specialized on applied sciences, and has also taken an active part in the work of the Catholic congresses in France, through the inspiring efforts of its eloquent orator, M. Jacquier, and the lamented Emmanuel Perrin; while to the guidance of Monsignor Battifal it owes its preëminence in sacred studies.[17] Jointly, these universities have acted as training schools for the supply of teachers in the Catholic colleges already referred to, which, without such aid, would have been left to the tender mercies of licentiates recommended by the State. Up to November, 1908, the University *(Institut Catholique)* de Paris had sent forth 1,060 *licenciés-ès-lettres,* thirty-five doctors and thirty-six *agrégés*—an *agrégé* being entitled to rank as a member of the entire professional body of the nation, affiliated after a *concours competitif.* In the canonical (theological) faculties, 1,319 bachelors, 208 licentiates, thirty-four doctors. In canon law, 584 bachelors, 154 licentiates, fourteen doctors. In philosophy, 848 bachelors, forty-one licentiates, nine doctors, and in addition, nine diplomas for Semitic languages. In all, 3,238 degrees conferred.[18] After 1897, "by a truly iniquitous measure," the honor of aggregation was refused to all ecclesiastics.[19] A number of the theological graduates of French Catholic universities succeeded, however, in obtaining several separate diplomas for Superior Studies,[20] which testified to their merit and learning, while at that date five of the graduates, or of the professors, from Catholic institutions had already received seats at the "French Institute," that most coveted of scholastic honors, embracing as it does the five great "Academies" of France. In this number, René Bazin and René Doumic represent l'Academie française; Monsignor Duchesne, l'Academie des Inscriptions; M. Amagat and George Lemoine, l'Academie des Sciences, of which the well-known Catholic geologist, Albert de Lapparant, is the perpetual secretary, while MM. Witz, Béchaud and Ulysse Chevalier rank as correspondents.[21]

---

[17] Baudrillart: pp. 76-80.

[18] p. 89, also note p. 104. "Vatican," p. 375.

[19] Baudrillart: p. 89.

[20] The recent "Diploma of Superior Studies" was created originally for foreign students.

Meanwhile, Lille had sent forth over 1,000 physicians, the hospitals confided to its care had been multiplied, and their medical conferences, especially the *Conférence Laënnec* and *la Conference Fonssagrives,* had attracted wide attention: the faculties of jurisprudence had produced their Bougère's, their Adigards, their Le Louëdecs, their Dansettes, their des Rotours and their Groussau, who have come nobly to the aid of the Church in the persecutions which harassed her. Despite these manifest services to learning and to humanity, on June 3, 1908, a proposal was made by Maxime Lecomte for the abrogation of the Law of 1875, and Monsignor Baudrillart was obliged to use all his eloquence to prevent the passage of such a measure.[22] The faculties of Sacred Science, though among the last to be founded, have risen to the highest importance in the work of Catholic universities, especially along the lines of dogma, philosophy, literary and textual criticism, apologetics, Church history and the study of Semitic languages, Hebrew, Arabic and Coptic, Christian Greek, Syriac, Assyrian, Ethiopian, with a special chair for the study of Christian Origins.[23]

This activity has not escaped the observation of those hostile to the faith. Ferdinand Lot,[24] of the Sorbonne, wrote in the *"Calviers de la Quinzaine,"* some years since: "Religious phenomena have such a preponderating importance in the past and present life of society, that we cannot understand why the monopoly of such studies should be left to the clergy—we need men of science and specialists to fight against the new clerical generation, which is putting men in possession of a totally superior degree of education. The government and parliament do not appear to realize the necessity (!) of recruiting a staff of teachers capable of contending on their own ground with the Catholic clergy of to-day."

Much golden fruitage from these studies, so deplored by M. Lot, has been and is being garnered by works which have greatly tended to enhance the fame of French Catholic universities abroad. A yearly list of publications is issued at each commencement. At the World's Fair of 1900, the volumes of the *Institut Catholique* of Paris formed a complete library, from which we make the briefest selection. Among the theological writers we recognize at once the Abbé Vigouroux, well known for his Dictionary of the Bible and his *"Ste. Bible Polyglotte,"* in which latter he collaborated with the Abbé Nau, who in turn collaborated with Monsignor Graffin in the

---

[21] Baudrillart: p. 102.
[22] Ibid., p. 114.
[23] Ibid., p. 106.
[24] Ibid., p. 92, also "The Vatican," p. 378.

"Patrologia Orientalis." To Monsignor Baudrillart we owe many historical works. We mention here only his *"Dictionaire d'Histoire et de Géographie Ecclesiastiques."* The works of Monsignors Duchesne and Hulst need no introduction to American Catholics. *"Le Canoniste Contemporain,"* of Abbé Boudinhon; *"La Bibliotheque de Philosophic Experimentale,"* by Abbé Peillaube; *"La Collection des Textes et Documents pour l'Étude historique du Christianisme,"* the scholarly production of MM. Lejay and Hemmer, are only a few works from a long list. From the writers on Oriental language it is impossible to select without injustice. We mention only M. de Lamarzelle, M. Lepelletier, M. Lescoeur, where many equally able could be cited. Among men of letters, we quote David Sauvageot and René Doumic, P. Lallemand, the Abbés Lechatellier, Misset, Margival and Legay. Among philosophers, M. Huit, M. Piat and Monsignor Elie Blanc. Among historians, M. Lecoy de la Marche, Abbé Beulier, Monsignor Baudrillart, Abbé Pisani, M. Froidevaux, M. Gautherot; and among scientists, Père Joubert, George Lemoine, MM. de Lapparent, Branly, Vicaire and Briot. Lille is justly proud of the historical works of Monsignor Hautecoeur, of M. Salembier and of the Abbé Lesne; of the historico-theological works of M. Jules Didiot, as the "Grand Schism of the East," "The Metropolitans of the Carovingian Epoch"; of the literary biographies of M. de Margerie, M. Lecigne and of Père Griselle; of the legal treatises of M. de Vareilles-Sommières; the social and economic works of M. Béchaud; the mathematical memoirs of MM. d'Adhémar and Montessus-de-Ballore; the applied mathematics of M. de Witz, and the anthropological writings of M. Boulay, which, in turn, ally themselves to certain medical works, as those of M. Duret, Dean of the Medical Faculty. Canon Ulysee Chevalier, MM. Tixeront, Jacquier and Martin are among the historical writers presented by Lyons; the critical studies of MM. Beaune, Lucien Brun, Rambaud, Delmont and Delfour also deserve mention, with the linguistic ones of Monsignor Devaux and the scientific writings of MM. Amagat, Valson, de Sparre (who won the Poncelet Prize), Donnadieu, Lepercq and Roux. René Bazin is one of the "delights and glories" of Angers. Toulouse boasts the fascinating literary histories of M. Couture and the famous researches in chemistry of Abbé Senderens. The theological output of Abbés Portalier and Saltet also shed lustre on Toulouse, which once numbered among its professors the Abbé Gayraud and Père Colonnier, founder of the Révue Thomiste.[25] Of almost greater local influence than the complete works here detailed are the various reviews published by the Catholic univer-

---

[25] Baudrillart: pp. 98-103. "The Vatican," pp. 374-378.

sities of France. We can mention but a few. *La Pensée Contemporaine* under the able guidance of Monsignor Elie Blanc, carefully examines all the theories which agitate the intellectual world of to-day. *La Revue de l'Institut Catholique,* under the editorship of the Paris faculty; *La Revue de Philosophie,* under Abbé Peillaube; *La Revue Pratīque d'Apologetīque,* under MM. Baudrillart, Guiberti and Lesêtres; *La Revue des Sciences Medicales,* published at Lille; *Le Bulletin d'Histoire Ecclesiastiques,* of Lyons; *La Revue des Facultés Catholiques de l'Ouest,* of Angers, are all periodicals of extremely high standing, while the *Bulletin de la Litterature Ecclesiastique,* of Toulouse, is a model review for the discussion of contemporary problems.

Another source of extended influence for the universities is found in their public conferences, many of them surprisingly erudite for popular presentation. Thus we have at Paris the *Conférences de Lundi,* on apologetics, given by successive professors of the highest rank. Within the past three years, M. Gandeau has lectured here on "The Errors of Modernism"; M. Delarue, on the "Roman Catacombs"; M. Guibert, on "Faith and Science"; M. Jouzard, on the "Apologetic Value of the Prophecies"; M. Thureau-Dangin, on the "Anglo-Catholic Movement in the Nineteenth Century"; M. Broussolle, on "Dogma and Renaissance-Art," while M. de Lapparent and Père Sertillanges have lectured on "Science and Apologetics" and "Art and Apologetics." The Tuesday conferences are devoted to modern history, with a bearing on religious questions; Wednesday is reserved for vital questions of the day as they arise; Thursday is set aside for "Christian Origins," the chair being occupied by Abbé Lebreton; Friday to the "History of Religions," which is very broadly treated. Thus we have "Primitive Faiths," by Monsignor Le Roy; "Islamism," M. Carra-de-Vaux; "Buddhism," M. de la Vallée Poussin and Père Boyer; "Brahmanism," by Père Roussel, etc. Saturday has been divided between "Social Questions," by M. de Lamarzelle, and the course on the French Revolution by M. Gautherot. All these conferences are attended by cultured and crowded audiences. In the *Cours fermés,* subjects, akin to those outlined, are more rigorously treated and in many cases have developed into printed works which have been found most valuable for seminary use, and like those of Monsignor Duilhé de Saint Projet and Monsignor Battifol, have been widely translated; an honor which has been shared also by lecturers who, like Père Coconnier and P. Montagne, have devoted themselves to the strictly modern questions of hypnotism and experimental psychology.[26]

---

[26] Catholic Encyclopedia: Vol. IX. and "Reading List," Vol. XVI., also Larousse.

But no mere survey of work now being done at Catholic universities, though filling us with hope for the future, would suffice to give any adequate idea of the present status of Catholic scholarship in France. To accomplish this, we must review, however briefly, the career of a few of those men who, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, have attained a lasting name; men whose renown is worldwide or nationwide, and who, having laid their laurels at the Church's feet, have won her prestige and established a certain tradition of Catholic accomplishment. And, first, we would speak of scientists, since many seem naïvely to conceive of science as a weak point in the Church's armor—a sort of Achilles tendon in an otherwise invulnerable Mater Ecclesia. Scientific ability is, indeed, a racial rather than a religious characteristic, yet there are certain branches of scientific labor in France on which it would almost seem as if the Church had held a special lien. In chemistry, for example, going back to the days of Lavoisier, we find the "Father of Modern Chemistry," a devout son of the Church, guillotined by the Revolutionary forces under Marat, in 1794, leaving his mantle as a scientist to fall upon Berthollet Guyton de Morveau, Gay Lussac, Fourcroy and Thénard, while these, in turn, bequeathed theirs to Chaptal, Vauguelin, Chevreul, Pelletier, Deopretz, Jean Baptiste Dumas, Pelouze, Sainte Claire Deville and Pasteur. Of the religious faith of this first group of Lavoisier's successors, it is difficult, at this interval of time, to speak with certainty. Their era was a stormy one, in which men hid, rather than displayed, their religious tenets. But, as far as presumptive evidence exists, it would seem to indicate that they were, at least, Catholic in sympathy: their early religious training, the monarchical tendencies of several (Berthollet and Fourcroy were attached to the household of Philip, Duke of Orleans, while Gay Lussac was of noble birth), and the high honors which they all (except Guyton de Morveau, who died in 1816) received under the Bourbon Restoration; a time when religious influences were again in the ascendant. Moreover, their enthusiastic admiration and esteem of Lavoisier, and the intimate relations which subsisted between them in the little *Societé d'Arcueil,* suggest a certain unanimity of sentiment. Of the second group, we can speak more definitely. Jean Antoine Chaptal, Comte de Chanteloup, the earliest of Pasteur's more immediate predecessors, has a special claim upon our attention as Americans, as having been solicited by Washington to bestow upon our newly formed country the benefit of his researches in practical chemistry. Many important discoveries in the manufacture of gunpowder, dyeing, bleaching, vine-culture, etc., are due to him. But his greatest gift to the French people was the introduction of beet sugar into more general use. As Catholics, he merits our gratitude for inducing the employment of Sisters of Charity in French hospital service. Vauguelin, also a true Catholic, was linked to Lavoisier through his association with Fourcroy and Thénard. He was especially eminent in the field of analytical chemistry. Michel Eugène Chevreul was the pupil of Vauguelin, a pupil of whom the master might be proud; distinguished for his original investigations both in chemistry and physics, his most important discoveries in the former science being upon the constitution of animal fats. In physics, he pursued a course of studies upon the harmony of colors, which his position as "Director of the Gobelins," under Louis XVIII., enabled him to apply practically to the advantage of art. But Chevreul possessed also the mind of a metaphysician and participated actively in the philosophical debates of his day, always throwing his great influence on the side of religion. "I am a Catholic," he wrote, in answer to one who had impugned his faith, "and if I am to be known as a savant, I wish also to be known as a faithful son of the Church." Chevreul's death, in 1889, may be said to place him within the ranks of recent scholarship. He lived to the advanced age of one hundred and three, and his centennial, which was celebrated in 1886, had been made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration, directed by a government too deeply indebted to him for his important discoveries in industrial chemistry not to accord him due honor.[27]

To Pierre Joseph Pelletier,[28] the whole medical world is indebted for his discovery of the use of strychnine and quinine in that science. His country honored him with a chair in the Academy of Science and in the *Conseil de Salubrité*. The Montyon prize of 10,000 francs had been bestowed upon him earlier, while the natural alkaloid "Pelleterine," with three others, were named from him. It is to the testimony of Baron Cauchy that we owe our knowledge of Pelletier's Catholic faith.

Despretz, the next on our list of Pasteurian predecessors, was born in Belgium, but early became a naturalized citizen of France, where he spent his scientific life. Despretz' investigations did much to establish the foundations of modern chemistry in the domain of heat, of conductivity, of the expansion and compressibility of gases and of the limitation of Mariotte's Laws. Later, he turned his attention to the production of heat by electricity and succeeded in volatilizing some of the most refractory solids. He was one of the earliest experimenters in the formation of artificial diamonds. As a Catholic, he lived and died devoutly, always resisting any attacks upon the Church and ready to lead in her defense. He died in 1863.

---

[27] Farge: Biographie de Chevreul.
[28] Cath. Ency., Larousse.

On an even higher scientific plane than the preceding stands Jean Baptiste Dumas, whose experiments and memoirs on organic compounds, on the laws of substitution and chemical types brought him at once into the first rank of nineteenth century chemists. Early in that century he founded the *École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures.* Brilliant lecture courses in the Sorbonne won him yet further honors. He was made professor in the *École de Médecine,* where his scholars included such illustrious names as S. Claire Deville, Wurtz, Delray and Pasteur. Having been successively elected Member of the "Institute" and perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, he became, in 1878, a member of the *Academie Française.* Dumas was a consistent Catholic and spoke openly against the attacks on the faith by materialists in many of his public addresses and speeches. The Count d'Haussonville, who pronounced his funeral eulogy, speaks eloquently of the religious element in his life and writings. That such a man should, while still at the height of his scientific fame, have temporarily abandoned that field to enter upon political life has been a subject of deep regret to scientists, but the motives that prompted him were of the highest.

We turn now to Theophile Jules Pelouze, who, in contrast to Dumas, resigned several public positions which he had won early in life, to devote himself more entirely to the science he loved, specializing on organic and analytic chemistry, as also the determination of atomic weights. He was the originator of guncotton, or nitro-cellulose. Under Liebig, in Germany, and with Frémy, in France, he had worked on a series of vegetable acids. Later, as consulting chemist of the St. Gobain Glass Works, he introduced a new class of mineral salts as a constituent of stained glass and enamels. He was, in later life at least, a believer, according to the testimony of his friend, Abbé Moigno.

The life of Henri Etienne Sainte Claire Deville brings us into close proximity with Pasteur, whose friend and teacher he was. The close relationship between the two is delightfully portrayed in the fascinating pages of Vallery Radot's biography of Pasteur. Deville's work in mineral chemistry entitles him to rank as one of the greatest chemists of the second half of the nineteenth century. He discovered the phenomenon of dissociation and devised a means of preparing aluminum by decomposing its sodic chloride with metallic sodium, the first successful attempt towards the introduction of the metal into commerce, where its uses are now so manifold! Napoleon III. was much interested in this new metal—this "silver of clay"—and honors were heaped upon him. Deville worked also, as a pioneer, upon the use of petroleum and crude oil as fuel, prophetically foreseeing a great, present-day movement. Though a conscientious believer, Deville spoke little of his faith, especially in public or scientific life. It was only among his most intimate friends that he occasionally dwelt on that which was most sacred to him—a certain reticence restrained him, as was the case also with Pasteur.

Of Louis Pasteur and his work there is little need to speak, since as a chemist, physicist or bacteriologist his fame is universally known. He stands, in the halls of science, as one of the immortals, yet as one of the humblest of men, the creator of a new science, bacteriology, the savior, not only of entire classes of industry, as the silkworm industry from the ravages of phyloxera, or the brewing industries of France by his investigations on the bacteria of fermentation, or of the lives of thousands of cattle by his discovery of the anthrax germ, but also of innumerable human lives by similar discoveries, culminating in his wonderful discovery of the virus of hydrophobia![29] The descriptions given us of the hospitals of France in the sixties and seventies, of the loss of life from fevers and the suppuration, or infection of wounds (especially among the French soldiers of the Franco-Prussian War), is pathetic in the extreme. Pasteur, as we know, revolutionized these conditions. And a grateful country has crowned him with well-earned laurels. He was indeed no less a patriot than a scientist, consumed with a desire to save his country. He reflected deeply on the causes which had led to her terrible humiliation in 1870, and was fearless in his proclamation of them. Had Pasteur's methods been as well understood at the time, in France as abroad, the lives of thousands of her gallant defenders, then dying of their wounds, could have been saved. The first empire had been an era of scientific *éclat* in France, but while other nations had been profiting by the discoveries of her great men, France herself, as a nation, had been scientifically retrograding, and in the days of the second empire her scientific appropriations had sunk to the lowest ebb. The defeat of Sedan was a cry to halt this decadence. Pasteur devoted himself to stem the evil and the upward trend began. After his experiments on anthrax and animal vaccines, Pasteur finally awoke to find himself the most famous man in France. His work on the virus of hypdrophobia, begun in 1885, led to his final triumph, yet, at the same time, undermined his constitution by the intense and unremitting labors it involved. On November 14, 1888, the Institut Pasteur was formally opened, but Pasteur entered it "ill and weary." The beginning of the end came in November,

---

[29] Vallery Radot: "Life of Pasteur," E. J. McWeeney, Prof. Pathology and Bacteriology, University of Dublin. Louis Pasteur, "Learning and Science of France," p. 14.

1894, when acute illness began, although he lingered till the next September. Pasteur died with a crucifix in his hand, the other hand clasping that of his devoted wife. Pasteur was not one of those whose inner life was troubled by any "conflict between science and religion." On the contrary, a favorite saying with him was, "*'La Science rapproche l'âme à Dieu,*" and what is of still greater importance, his whole life testified to the truth of his words. The work of Pasteur was so many-sided that we could have selected his pedigree from quite a different group of Catholic scientists, such physicists, for example, as the Abbé Haüy, Biot, Babinet, Fresnel, Abbé Moigno, Gramme, Regnault, Desains, Foucault, Fitzeau, Branly, and last, but surely not least, the Bacquerels. It was, we must remember, in Pasteur's study of crystallography that his first triumphs were won; on his discovery of the dissymetric polarization of light by crystals of racemic acid, the perception of a great, discriminating principle in physics suddenly flashed upon his mind and he rushed from his laboratory into the green alleys of the Luxembourg Gardens, to "unfold his visions" to his friends, Chappuis and Biot. The aged Biot, himself a keen student of crystalline forms, was delighted and exclaimed in scientific rapture: *"Mon cher enfant, jai taut aimé les Sciences dans ma vie, que cela me fait battre le coeur."* These same studies had been pursued before Pasteur's day by a series of brilliant French physicists. At the opening of the century they had been taken up by René Just Haüy, known, later, as the "Father of Crystallography."

Abbé Haüy's work was largely that of a pioneer, both in the study of crystals, and, later, in that of pyro-electricity. His early trials were those of a poor scholar educated by the charity of the monks of St. Just. Soon after his ordination as priest he became professor in the College of Cardinal Lemoine. During the French Revolution he was imprisoned at St. Firman and his release with difficulty obtained by his former pupil, Geoffroy St. Hilaire. He lived, however, to be honored by Napoleon with the chair of mineralogy in the Paris Museum of Natural History. His later days were spent in retirement in the calm pursuance of his studies and his priestly duties.[30]

Of Biot, we have already spoken as the aged friend of Pasteur. Although his fame rests chiefly upon his discovery of the laws of rotary polarization and the double refraction of light, he won high fame by his geodetic work in the measurement of the length of the meridian, as member of the Bureau of Longitudes. His scientific career was a long one, but it was only towards the close of his life that his religious views became clear and fixed. He is said to have received the sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of his own grandson.

---

[30] Cath. Encyclopedia, Larousse.

The work of Biot led, in turn, to the brilliant demonstrations of Fresnel, Foucault and Fizeau. The great prestige of Newton's name had, until that time, secured the universal acceptance of the emission, or corpuscular theory, of light by the scientific world. It remained for the three young French physicists to demonstrate its vibratory nature. "Never," we are told, "did physicist wrest more important or more unthought-of truths from methods apparently less capable of yielding such results." Fresnel possessed the clear and unerring insight of genius in the interpretation of phenomena. He was aided by the earlier work on diffraction of the Jesuit, Grimaldi. But Grimaldi's work had remained a riddle to scientists, until Fresnel was able to explain its significance as pointing conclusively to the undulatory nature of light and the transverse character of its waves. But the career of the young scientist, though brilliant, was short, his latest honors being received on his deathbed. He died at the early age of thirty-nine, sustained by a deep religious faith which had been his consistent characteristic throughout life.

The work of Foucault and Fizeau followed by different lines along the pathway of Fresnel. Born in Paris, within a few days of one another, they are associated together both in work and aim, although Fizeau outlived his collaborator nearly thirty years, dying in 1896. Perhaps it was due to his friend's influence that Foucault's religious life deepened into greater seriousness as he entered upon middle life. Fizeau was throughout, as Cornu tells us,[31] a practical Catholic and one who spoke openly of his religion. Especially in his presidential address, before the Academy of Sciences, did he dwell on the distinct limitations of science, "which should never oppose itself to the pure voice of conscience." Fizeau was the first to determine experimentally the velocity of light, as Foucault its retardation when passing through denser media.

Babinet is widely known for his work on optics and still more for his many mechanical contributions to physical research: his air-pump, hydrometer, "Babinet's Compensator," etc. But his personal character is best revealed in his writings. His brilliant talents as a lecturer made science "popular" before delighted Parisian audiences, while his contributions to the *Revue de Deux Mondes,* the *Journal des Débats,* his *Études et lectures sur les Sciences d'Observation* and other works are lighted by gleams of the same graceful pleasantry to which his genial and kindly nature doubtless lent itself. He passed away in 1872, beloved by all for his charity and esteemed for his sincere faith.

---

[31] Cornu: Annuaire, 1898.

It was reserved, however, for the Abbé Moigno to raise the *rôle* of scientific spokesman to a really great career. François Napoleon Marie Moigno had been a pupil of the Jesuits and entered their novitiate at an early age and, although, later, he left the order, yet the studies pursued there, both as preacher and professor, his wonderfully retentive memory and wide knowledge of languages and mathematics, seemed to determine the special trend of his lifework. He became the distinguished exponent of nineteenth century science. As editor of *La Presse* and *Le Pays,* as founder of the well-known scientific journals, *Cosmos* and *Les Mondes,* his career was a fruitful one. Such editorship, together with his extensive series of scientific works enabling him to render a rare service both to the world and to the faith.

The studies of Desains and Regnault may be considered in conjunction, as both bearing on the nature of radiant and latent heat, the specific heat of solids, liquids and gases, vapor tensions, etc. Both lived through the siege of Paris and the deaths of both were hastened by the hardships then endured. Desains, however, had won the gratitude of his country at that time by establishing electrical communication with d'Almeida, who was outside the French lines. He had but just succeeded, in 1859, in organizing the *École Pratique des Hautes Études* and had made it a model of efficiency, so that its temporary collapse was a great blow to him, while Regnault suffered equally from the destruction of his laboratory at Sèvres, where he had been made director, and the seizure of his instruments and papers. This, together with the death of his only son, brought on a stroke of apoplexy in 1873, which was followed by "years of slow agony," during which, as Daubrée tells us, "only religious faith could have sustained him, but such support was not wanting." Two laws governing the specific heat of gases are named from him.

We have now reached our final group of French nineteenth century physicists — a group embracing the Becquerels, Edouard Branly and Gramme. They constitute emphatically a group of Catholic scientists and one representative of the latest knowledge of the age. Standing, as it were, at the parting of the ways between the simple physicist and the electrician, they belong to a school of which Coulomb and Ampére (themselves likewise devout Catholics) were the great progenitors. We might, indeed, depict them as standing at a grand crossroad of the sciences, since their studies touch upon such a surprising number of its departments. Like their Catholic forefathers of Brittany and La Vendee, they have planted the cross upon their *grande traverse.* In 1876, Dr. Edouard Branly resigned his academic honors and the prospects of a great career at the Sorbonne to fill the humbler *rôle* of professor of physics at the *Institut Catholique* of Paris, while the Becquerels have always been known for their loyalty to the Church. Only the elder Becquerel, Antoine César (1788-1878), can be strictly spoken of as Pasteur's predecessor. The others were his contemporaries or juniors. Of him, Father Brennan, of St. Louis,[32] writes that "his researches in electro-chemistry were so numerous and important he may justly be considered the creator of that branch of chemical science," his *reproduction* of many mineral substances being a most valuable and entirely original labor, while an American writer[33] adds that, "through sixty years of indefatigable labor, he contributed more than five hundred memoirs, besides works of note on mineralogy and electricity." His character is summed up by Dumas: "Becquerel loved his country, his science and his family," while Fizeau ends his funeral oration with these words: "He died with the serenity of a sage and the immortal hopes of a Christian." Of his son, Alexander Edmond Becquerel (1820-91) the American authority already quoted tells us that his works constitute a practically continuous record of the "relations of optics to electricity during the past fifty years."

The work of M. Gramme has been almost wholly along the lines of electro-magnetism. His name is especially associated with the "Gramme dynamo" and with the storage of electricity for motor purposes. One of the greatest discoveries of the past half century, in Father Brennan's estimation, was the "reversibility" of the Gramme dynamo, enabling it to be used as an electro-motor. In connection with Gaston Planté, of Brussels, Gramme constructed his first storage battery in 1859. When we consider the practical importance of his inventions and the vast possibilities now, in part realized, for electricity as a substitute for steam in commerce and travel, we recognize, as Father Brennan adds, "the extent of our debt to these two Catholic experimenters."[34]

The achievements of Dr. Edouard Branly carry us still farther along the triumphant pathway of accomplishment in applied electricity. Dr. Branly is the inventor of the coherer employed in wireless telegraphy, and which first made "wireless" possible; the coherer being the life of the wireless telegraph, as the temporary magnet is of the Morse system. He began his studies in this field about 1890 and his tube coherer was perfected in 1891. A number of other forms have since been devised, Dr. Branly himself substituting, later, a tripod coherer of more sensitive and uniform action for his earlier invention. In 1900, he was nominated Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, as having discovered the principle of wireless telegraphy and, in the same year, received the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition for his radio-conductors and the Prix Osiris from the Syndicate of the Press. On the relation of his work to that of Marconi we cannot here dwell, but in the introduction of the coherer he anticipated the latter's inventions by about six years.[35]

---

[32] Rev. Martin S. Brennan, Sc. D., "What Catholics Have Done for Science," p. 152.

[33] Robert Kennedy Duncan, F. C. S., Univ. Kansas, "The New Knowledge," p. 81. Cath. Ency., "Becquerel."

[34] "What Catholics Have Done for Science," p. 131.

We now turn to examine the work of Henri Becquerel, member of the French Institute, and discoverer of the Becquerel rays, the "basis of the phenomena of radio-activity." "As son of Alexander Edmond and grandson of Antoine César Becquerel" (we quote the words of his American biographer), "Henri Becquerel came worthily by his powers. Under the training and influence of these honorable men, it is little wonder that, through heredity and environment, he should bear the face of one who sends his soul into the invisible, for that, in good, solid truth, is what every true experimenter does." In due time, Henri succeeded to his father's chair of physics, "and began his work in their laboratory, the quaint, old home of Cuvier, in the Jardin des Plantes, 'a laboratory to which I had gone,' he says, 'since I was able to walk'; there he wrought nobly for the credit of his name, until Röntgen's discovery of the X-rays initiated an investigation which culminated (1896) in the discovery of the Becquerel rays and of radio-activity!"[36] We are so accustomed to associate the use of the word radio-activity with the discovery of the Curies that we forget the steps leading up to that final triumph. But to Henri Becquerel is due the initial discovery of this new property of matter, comparable in its action to light, heat or electricity: the property, namely, of emitting continuous, invisible rays, capable of passing through opaque substances and producing an impression of that object upon the photographic plate known as a radiograph. Radio-activity being once established, the further work of the Curies simply lay in obtaining a substance possessing this activity in the highest degree. Henri Becquerel had experimented with metallic uranium, but uranium is derived from pitchblende. The Curies, therefore, resolved to examine the radio-activities of this parent substance, and found them much greater than uranium. We all know the subsequent steps, how after infinite difficulty Mme. Sklodowska-Curie succeeded in extracting from many tons of this ore a minute quantity of a substance one hundred thousand times more active than uranium, to which the name of radium was appropriately given. We cannot claim the Curies as Catholic scientists. M. Curie was a Huguenot, or of Huguenot descent. Mme. Curie has never (as far as the writer knows) proclaimed her faith to the world. She did, however, on the occasion of her recent visit to this country, contradict certain allegations of the press as to her mixed Jewish and Swedish ancestry. Her words run: "In view of the fact that in the English language press here, there have appeared statements incompatible with the truth regarding my family and ancestry, I respectfully request that you affirm, in my name, that I was born in Poland, of Polish parents, of Roman Catholic faith. My ancestors, likewise, both on the side of my mother, and on the side of my father, were of pure Polish nationality."[37] Whether, as we may hope, Mme. Curie has, or finally may embrace the faith of her fathers, she could surely find a noble ancestry among the Catholic scientists of her adopted country, as we will endeavor to show more fully, when examining the other branches of learning in which French Catholics have excelled.

---

[35] Collins: "Wireless Telegraphy."

[36] Duncan: "The New Knowledge," pp. 86-89. Thompson: "Light Visible and Invisible," p. 278.

---

[37] N. C. W. C., June 24, Chicago.

E. Von Rycken Wilson.

New York, N. Y.

(To be continued)

ART AND IMITATION

IMAGINATION is the keynote to art, the central point from which art springs, and art is the vent for imagination, the God-given miracle that turns imagination into substance. Art is the result and completion of imagination, and the love of art is as natural to a child as are his fairy dreams. It is a spiritual intuition of which he cannot be dispossessed, and before he thinks and acts for himself, before his mind is invaded by outer influences, he can be led to feel its true beauty and meaning and power. Pretty pictures will appeal to his mind and dwell there as unquestioned realities. Melodious sounds will appeal to his heart and move it with messages of hope and aspiration. A child imitates what he sees and hears, he grows like what he is taught to reverence and admire. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." And art is one of the highest and most mighty of human forces.

The greatest artists are apt themselves to fall in love with their own inventions, not to see that they are mechanical inventions because they themselves have discovered them. Michelangelo in his "Last Judgment" is very professional; Titian was professional through all his middle age; Tintoret was professional whenever he was bored with his work, which happened often; Shakespeare, whenever he was lazy, which was not seldom. Beethoven, we now begin to see, could be very earnestly professional; and as for Milton—consider this end of the last speech of Manoa, in "Samson Agonistes," when we expect a simple cadence:

> The virgins also shall on feastful days
> Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
> His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
> From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Milton was tempted into the jargon of these last two lines, which are like a bad translation of a Greek play, by professionalism. He was trying to make his poetry as much unlike ordinary speech as he could; he was for the moment a slave to a tradition, and none the less a slave because it was the tradition of his own past.

Once upon a time we used to satisfy ourselves with formulæ which tended to divorce literature from life—the result being to give art a certain seclusion of its own. It was in this spirit that we held the doctrine that the ultimate purpose of art is, and could only be, to give pleasure. Yet even when uttering this doctrine we were quite conscious that to pleasure must be given a far wider significance than it customarily bears. So with the old and much contested formula of art for art's sake, which laid obvious stress on the chasm between art and activity. In this case it became necessary so to construe art as to make it practically synonymous with life. If art for art's sake suggested the solitariness of the artist, art for life's sake brought him back again into that fruitful relation with his fellow-creatures and with reality from which his best efforts were to spring. The whole spirit of romanticism tended to give a certain lack of reality to the creations of the artist.

It is well to remember that the difference between seeing and drawing is the difference between a mechanical process and a willed mental process. But the willed mental process has for its material what is provided by the mechanical process; and the very interest of the artist forces him to attempt likeness, not to what he sees, but to his memory of what he sees. In fact, memory is the essential factor in art. In painting, as in all else, memory is the best critic. It tells us what interests us better than we can tell ourselves. And the fact that memory is the essential factor is what makes the whole artistic process so puzzling to us, seeming half willed and half unwilled, half conscious and half unconscious. For memory itself has this same puzzling quality. It is involuntary as depending on interest and values already existing within us; but it can be trained, and our very interest and values are to some extent subject to will. We are made by our memories, and yet we make them. The great artist is one who chooses to remember and to emphasize in his art what is worth remembering. His whole mind, his whole self, enters into the process; and the more he remembers of the visible world that which is worth remembering, the more he tries to make his picture like what he remembers.

That to enjoy pictures it is necessary to be a judge of painting is a Protean delusion, kept alive by superior persons in all ages, and confuted by philosophers from Aristotle onwards, and the *reductio ad absurdum* of it is the suggestion that you cannot enjoy a well-cooked meal without knowing all about all the technique of cooking.

Now professionalism is the result of a false analogy between mechanical invention and the higher activities. It happens whenever the medium is regarded merely as material to be manipulated, when the artist thinks that he can learn to fly by mastering some other artist's machine, when his art is to him a matter of invention gradually perfected and necessarily progressing through the advance of knowledge and skill. One often finds this false analogy in books about the history of the arts, especially of painting and music. It is assumed, for instance, that Italian painting progressed mechanically from Giotto to Titian, that Titian had a greater power of expression than Giotto because he had command of a number of inventions in anatomy and perspective and the like that were unknown to Giotto. So we have histories of the development of the symphony, in which Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven are treated as if they were mechanical inventors each profiting by the discoveries of his predecessors. Beethoven was the greatest of the three because he had the luck to be born last, and Beethoven's earliest symphonies are necessarily better than Mozart's latest because they were composed later. But in such histories there always comes a point at which artists cease to profit by the inventions of their predecessors.

Here are a few quotations taken from that interesting work, "The Mind of the Artist," by Mrs. Laurence Binyon:

> In my judgment, that is the excellent and divine painting which is most like and best imitates any work of immortal God, whether a human figure, or a wild and strange animal, or a simple and easy fish, or a bird of the air, or any other creature.—Michelangelo.
>
> To paint is to be able to portray upon a flat surface any visible thing whatsoever that may be chosen.—Durer.
>
> I remember Durer the painter, who used to say that as a young man he loved extraordinary and unusual designs in painting, but that in his old age he took to examining Nature, and strove to imitate her as closely as he possibly could; but he found by experience how hard it is not to deviate from her.—Melanchthon.
>
> The first object of a painter is to make a simple flat surface appear like a relievo, and some of its parts detached from the ground; he who excels all others in that part of the art deserves the greatest praise.—Leonardo.
>
> I have heard painters acknowledge that they could do better without Nature than with her; or as they expressed it themselves, that it only put them out. A painter with such ideas and such habits is indeed in a most hopeless state.—Reynolds.
>
> A painting which is not a faithful copy of Nature has neither beauty nor is worthy of the name.—Shiba Kokan.
>
> Without the true depiction of objects there can be no pictorial art. Nobility of sentiment and such like only come after the successful delineation of the external forms of an object.—Okio (eighteenth century).

Yet the fact remains that the intuitions of the great painter are rich, not poor, in actual experience both of things seen and often of ideas. Form for him is never abstract, that is to say it is never invented out of nothing, or "evolved from his inner consciousness."

Is the artist a peculiar and isolated creature, in a world of men mostly different from himself, from whom, both for joy and sorrow, he is separated by the possession of a special faculty not shared by them; a being from some points of view of extraordinary value, but, just because of that, unassimilable in the social plexus? Or is the awareness which, as this view separates him, really a quality he shares, in greater degree or less, with a vast number of human beings from whom his distinction lies in the conditions of his peculiar craft? No. For the artist is a man like other men, but a craftsman. By far the most personal thing about him is his handling of it. The notion of a "mute inglorious Milton" is, really, a contradiction in terms: Milton is Milton by virtue of his expressiveness in a particular medium of his literary craftsmanship.

Every one knows that the act of "seeing" may mean one of two different things. (1) We may allow our glance to travel leisurely over the field of vision, viewing the objects one by one and forming a clear mental picture of each in turn. Or (2) we may try to take in the whole field of vision at a glance, ignoring the separate objects and trying to frame before ourselves a summary representation of the whole. Or again (3) we may choose a single point in the field of vision and focus on that our attention, allowing the surrounding objects to group themselves in an indistinct general mass. We can look at Nature in any one of these ways. Each is as legitimate as the others, but since in most ordinary cases we look at things in order to gain information about them, our vision is usually of the first, or, as we may say, the analytical kind, in which we explore the objects successively, noting in the case of each in turn its individual characteristic.

Art is not clever design, but vision as well. On the other hand, when learned people began to talk about art this showed that it was on its deathbed. The humble carpenters and masons who gave us our beautiful old villages, parish churches included, had never heard the word, and would have stared at being called even craftsmen. Go into an average house unaltered since the death of George III. and look round at the good proportions, the pretty furniture and knick-knacks, a few miniatures and family pictures; what produced this quiet and charming ensemble in which possibly no single object is valuable or the product of genius? Not canons of criticism or conscious study of æsthetic unity, but just the good taste of the day and admirable tradition. Conversely, a clever and accomplished student of art, sixty years later, would probably build and furnish a home for himself and others utterly without charm. The sculptor of the Duke of Cambridge's equestrian statue at Whitehall probably knew as much as Lesueur, who designed the mounted effigy of Charles I., just above. But what passer-by looks twice at the former?

No man can pretend to great criticism who is not passionately in love with life, but it must be with life purified in the refiner's fire and certified by mental valuation. There are forms of art with which a critic should have no sympathy; and a man who prides himself on translating art to others without influencing their judgment must remember that a technical and philosophical criticism is implied in the very act of generous exposition.

The general public can only slowly apprehend the subtle qualities of life expressed in art of any kind. Here then will be the function of helpful critics—to put the reading public into a fit state of mind to understand, to break down the spurious mystery and do away with the solemn trivialities of past criticism. In this connection we may recognize the value of the recent appointment of guide-lecturers for the large London galleries. Behind this enterprise is a real wish to get men who can communicate something of art's true significance to ordinary people. Through these guides and their successors, as well as through the usual channels, the sympathetic insight of critics may filter into the public mind. Such critics will only be valuable in so far as they show insight into life rather than encyclopædic knowledge of surface detail. For in no other way can art mean anything serious to the larger world. To suggest that artists gave their lives to expressing the illusion of bulk and muscularity, to "distributing their figures with judgment on their planes," or to "reducing movement to typical rhythms and controlling naturalism with design," is to say that music is ordered. Just as it strengthens us to apprehend the inspiration for which martyrs sang in the flames, so would we have some clue to what it was, over and above bald facts, that great artists saw in life.

For the fact that the artist judges a particular thing involves the claim to comprehend it; and the network of relations that binds any phenomenon, however we may arbitrarily and artificially isolate it, to every other phenomenon of the same kind, is not broken at those points where it may be ignored. All art, therefore, has a theoretical interest for the artist, and the extent to which he realizes this interest as feeling exactly measures the value of his judgment.

The true artist—poet, musician or sculptor, as the case may be—always has some definite object in view to justify the existence of his work. Each thing he creates, complete as it may seem in itself, is actually the partial expression of a secret ideal; without this underlying unity and coherence his work would not endure. This is no mere matter of sentiment, but a fact which the critic can define and analyze, and the outside public feels instinctively. Concentration of purpose is not only a commercial asset; sane art, built upon sound and fixed principles, can never be loose or indeterminate. Art that tries to satisfy any particular demand is of use neither to the flesh nor to the spirit. It is neither meat nor music. But where all is well with it, the spirit in the artist speaks to the spirit in his audience. There is a common quality in both, with which he speaks and they listen; and where this common quality is found art thrives.

Some have maintained that art is a by-product of religion, and that its character and development depend primarily upon the nature of the religious conceptions of the artist and his race. These conceptions, speaking generally, are of one of two partly contrasted kinds; they either confine themselves to the future of the individual, in life and after death, or they develop and heighten the idea of the Divinity by looking to the past—often in large measure an imaginary past—and by inventing a mythology of gods and heroes. In the case of historical religions like Christianity, instead of inventing, art of course records what are, or are believed to be, historical events. The first kind of art, like the conceptions on which it is based, partakes of the nature of magic, which may be defined as the science of compelling the Divinity to protect or benefit the man who exercises the charm; it is found in nearly all uncivilized races, and the crowning historical instance of it is the art of Egypt. The second kind begins for practical purposes with the art of Greece.

Art is the outward sign of Divinity within man, the power by which he expresses his highest and holiest thoughts, the vent for his overwrought soul, the channel by which he helps the whole round world to be "bound by gold chains about the feet of God." It has a language of its own which can only be understood by members of its own brotherhood, and which is understood by them irrespective of time, space and nationality, and it is a gracious provision for that heart-hunger we all have to share our own feelings and impressions with others. It is twice blest. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Again there is a necessary relation between the work of art and its audience, even if no actual audience for it exists; and the fact that this relation must be, even when there is no audience in existence, is the paradox and problem of art. A work of art claims an audience, entreats it, is indeed made for it; but must have it on its own terms. Men are artists because they are men, because they have a faculty, at its height, which is shared by all men. In that Croce is right; and his doctrine that all men are artists in some degree, and that the very experience of art is itself an æsthetic activity, contains a truth of great value. But his æsthetic ignores, or seems to ignore, the fact that art is not merely, as he calls it, expression, but is also a means of address; in fact, that we do not express ourselves except when we address ourselves to others, even though we speak to no particular, or even existing audience. Yet this fact is obvious; for all art gets its very form from the fact that it is a method of address. A story is a story because it is told, and told to some one not the teller. A picture is a picture because it is painted to be seen. It has all its artistic qualities because it is addressed to the eye. And music is music, and has the form which makes it music, because it is addressed to the ear.

It is almost impossible to estimate the number of persons who have been shut out from the enjoyment that comes from artistic pursuits, or the appreciation of the artistic work of others, by reason of the high talk that has been made about simple things. The critic then who would communicate something of the content of great art to his public has first of all to rid his mind of reputations and the doctrine of an Ideal Beauty superior to truth. He has to possess a working test, an acid with which to try all art. We are not discussing decorative or architectural art, but that which interprets the life that is visually perceived. The only working touchstone, in our belief, is life, whether it be the truth of Degas or Millet as opposed to the pretty and mechanical convention of a Bouguereau or a Greuze; the truth of Cosimo Tura contrasted with the academic posturing of Francia; the truth of Turner or Constable as distinct from the self-conscious exaggerations of the Birket Foster school. Just as in the other occupations of the human mind men see truths of slight or profound significance, according as they are limited or far-ranging in thought, so artists see truths of little and of deep import. Truth is on a sliding scale. So that our critic unencumbered with considerations of Ideal Beauty has to know within him what in life itself really matters, in the sense that it has enduring interest and stimulation for humanity. The delicious color, substance and texture of Titian's "Flora's" bosom; the richly beautiful and sensuous bodies of Rubens' Goddesses who feast the gaze of Paris in our National Gallery, these are true and living. But compared with the mysterious and baffling significance that animates Giotto, Mantegna, Tura or Rembrandt they touch but the physical surface of our emotions. The things that permanently exceed our grasp and elude our explanations—for example, Blake's realization of the Eternal, and the nature of Job, or Turner's consciousness of landscape—perhaps prepare us for the verities of a non-physical existence.

As beauty is not an absolute objective quality, so great art is dependent on our human conception. Great art, in fact, is a shifting conception; so, assuming that art still survives when this globe's career is complete, the greatest will be that which satisfies the highest perception and consciousness of that day. None can say what standards will rule them, but we can get results from the standards and criticism of the past and present to supply a reasonably working theory. We have to discriminate between temporarily attractive art and more enduring art, to see what qualities remain interesting and what become relatively outgrown and boring. Brief analysis convinces one that surface qualities—physical things that appeal chiefly to the eye and physical emotions—tend to be outgrown, whereas the subtler and more spiritual content of life that is guessed at and only half apprehended continues to interest because it baffles and eludes.

The nature of beauty cannot be ascertained by comparing a display of fireworks with a painting by Titian, for a great part of our pleasure in the fireworks may not be æsthetic at all; indeed, a great part of our pleasure in a work of art may not be æsthetic, and it is vain to go about examining the effects of works of art, or alleged works of art, upon people, and blindly tabulating the results. That way you may get a mass of statistics about pleasure, but not about art. Take, for instance, a Venus by Titian. One man may get pleasure from the fact that she has no clothes on, another because he enjoys the notion that he is enjoying Titian, another because he has bought the picture and his possession of it proves that he is a rich man. Not one of these pleasures is æsthetic, though all are caused indirectly by a work of art.

The question of imitation in the arts of painting and sculpture is now more pressing than it has ever been, because it is raised not merely in theory but in practice. There are artists who assert, in their works, that no degree of imitation or likeness is required of them; they put the problem so that we must answer it in our approval or disapproval of their art.

An ingenious attempt has been made in our time to classify the souls of poets as either masculine or feminine; and although the principles adopted cannot have been sound—for the impetuous and indomitable Shelley is petticoated under its operation—a species of sex in souls is hardly to be disputed. Among poets and artists those may with justice be described as feminine who more or less require to be impregnated by contact with other minds. William Morris refused to consider either arts or artists as existing in any sort of separation from life. In actual travail of creation the artist's pangs are as nothing to the poet's, but the poet's soul suffers less at the hands of the public, the average standard of intelligence in literaturre being in advance of that in art.

Pride, egotism, self-love, irritability, jealousy, coldness of heart, will be found, with rare exceptions, in the character of men of genius, and these features furnish a problem which biographers find it difficult to reconcile with the beauty of their works. Indeed, as a rule, the problem is not faced, and a portrait is dressed up which is very far from the reality. Again, in the works themselves, the most exquisite beauty may appear in conjunction with evidences of the absence of a moral sense, or even of a perverted moral sense. As an extreme example of the latter the pictures of Aubrey Beardsley, unquestionably a man of genius, may be mentioned; some of the best of them were obscene. The rarity of supreme excellence in art has seemed to some people to justify the toleration of such productions, provided they have the necessary artistic merit, and they have sought to defend them under a theory that art has nothing to do with morality.

A critic, expatiating on the genius of a certain modern artist, described his work as "the very shorthand of poetry." Whether this dictum has any meaning or not, it is safe to say that the plain man does not see why he should be called upon to study poetic art-shorthand. In fact, preach as they may, the technique enthusiasts leave him cold, and he refuses to bow the knee to their goddess. He recognizes technique as the handmaid of art, but, when artists exalt it to the position of mistress, he begins to suspect that they are reduced to glorifying the means because they have failed of the end.

But in regarding the work of art as a thing in itself, he will never forget the hierarchy of comprehension, that the active ideal of art is indeed to see life steadily and see it whole, and that only he has a claim to the title of a great artist whose work manifests an incessant growth from a merely personal immediacy to a coherent and all-comprehending attitude to life. The great artist's work is in all its parts a manifestation of the ideal as a principle of activity in human life. The critic has not merely the right, but the duty, to judge between Homer and Shakespeare, between Dante and Milton, between Cezanny and Michelangelo, Beethoven and Mozart. If the foundations of his criticism are truly æsthetic, he is compelled to believe and to show that among would-be artists some are true artists and some are not, and that among true artists some are greater than others. That what has generally passed under the name of æsthetic criticism assumes as an axiom that every true work of art is unique and incomparable is merely the paradox which betrays the unworthiness of such criticism to bear the name it has arrogated to itself. The function of true criticism is to establish a definite hierarchy among the great artists of the past, as well as to test the production of the best unity of all art.

These are indeed signs that the larger issues of art are succeeding to the residue of critical interest left over by art history and "morphological" analysis. But, before we disdain art historians, the school of Morelli and the great tribe of detective experts who have brought a remarkable equipment of patience and acuteness to bear on relatively trivial points, we must be fair. Though we may admit that these critics have sometimes lost their sense of proportion, becoming engrossed in the game of attributions for its own sake, yet we must honestly answer this question—had it not become imperative, about halfway through the last century, that the general ignorance, wildness and chaos, as regards Italian art should be grappled with and brought to order? Weighing this question with reference to the dark confusion that then prevailed and the comparative clearness of to-day, we must recognize that, on the whole and in spite of excesses, the documentary and morphological school of students was not only justified but indispensable.

But in painting as in poetry, all the new movements of value are escapes from professionalism; and they begin by shocking the public because they seem to make the art too easy. Dickens was horrified by an early work of Millais; Ruskin was enraged by a nocturne of Whistler. He said it was Cockney impudence because it lacked the professionalism he expected. Artists and critics alike are always binding burdens on the arts; and they are always angry with the artist who cuts the burden off his back. They think he is merely shirking difficulties. But the difficulty of expression is so much greater than the self-imposed difficulties of mere professionalism that any man who is afraid of difficulties will try to be a professional rather than an artist.

The works of Cimabue or of the great Chinese do not look as if they had been painted at top speed because the artists were trying to set down some passing moment of beauty. The artists were not trying to do that, rather they were masters of inward contemplation, and their method expressed their true state of mind. But much modern painting combines incongruously the mood or aim of inward contemplation with the execution of the inspired improviser, and the result is a loss of all material beauty.

The beauties of Nature woo the heart of man, the heart of man beats in response, and art is the result of this interchange of emotions. God rejoices over the manifestations of love and sympathy in His creation, and draws near to lay His Divine touch on the hand of man, working thus under Nature's spell, and, when once God's personal touch has been felt, the man knows that his mission on earth will be to reproduce, as far as his human limitations will allow, the sights and sounds prepared by

"that unwearied Love
That planned and built and still upholds a world
So full of beauty for rebellious man."

The very diversity of methods forces painters to think. What is this man getting at? they ask themselves when they see a new and strange picture; and the question must set them thinking, more or less clearly, about his art and their own. It may be a picture, not a theory, that converts an artist; but, if he is converted, he changes his assumptions, though he may never express the change clearly, even to himself; and, when the art of a whole society changes, as painting has changed in Europe now, we may be sure that fundamental assumptions have changed, not only about painting but about other things.

Tolstoy tells us that the essence, the proper aim, of art is to do good. This is implied in his doctrine that art can be good only if it is intelligible to most men. "The assertion that art may be good art and at the same time incomprehensible to a great number of people, is extremely unjust; and its consequences are ruinous to art itself." The word unjust implies the moral factor. I am not to enjoy a work of art if I know that others cannot enjoy it, because it is not fair that I should have a pleasure not shared by them. If I know that others cannot share it, I am to take no account of my own experience, but to condemn the work, however good it may seem to me. From this logic also I can liberate myself by concerning myself simply with my own experience.

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of æsthetic, not merely historical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not one-sided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the whole existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered.

A painter may read a book and may conceive a picture from it; he might even conceive that picture without remembering that it was begotten from the book; but, all the same, his intuition would have been caused by his experience of the book, though he himself could not state the link in words. It would also have been caused by his ocular experience of all kinds of visible things, though, again, he might not be able to state the link in words. So in his picture he would communicate all these experiences to the spectator, nor would it be necessary for the spectator to know anything about the book or the painter's ocular experience before he could enjoy the picture.

Ruskin worked out a definition of great art: "The art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind and as it more fully occupies and in occupying exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received. . . . He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his books the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

In the abstract this definition is sound, but in practice it hardly takes us far enough. It is too vague; it leaves too many holes. For, if we test Ruskin's appeal to the greatest ideas, we at once find ourselves in a sea of speculation, inquiring what is the gauge for Ruskin's higher faculty of the mind, what test we have for the genuineness of great ideas, and how this theory worked in his own case. And then we discover that, consciously or unconsciously, he was referring everything back to an ideal which in its turn was based on those caste prejudices which already we have noted in Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In other words, Ruskin's test for art was the Ideal, not Life; and his definition of great art, conceived under this misapprehension, naturally fails in practice.

It needs a very great master to create a perfect form and fill it with a perfect soul. The Greeks made harmonious beauty their ideal, and, with single aim, succeeded in creating a perfect form inspired by an ideal beauty. In this ideal conception individual character played no part, either subjectively or objectively; objectively it could not, for pure Greek art was concerned only with ideal types; subjectively, it could as little, for the artist was but the inspired interpreter of the national ideals. Where there was such unity in the national conception of art, there could be no scope for individuality. Where Greek art most nearly links up with modern feeling is in the representation of physical activity. Here the type is closely derived from the individual, and the modeling of the human form showing a consummate mastery never surpassed before or since, the effect is one of intense personal vitality. Greek sculptors had no need to study nude models in the studio, their daily walks in the gymnasia gave them a familiarity with the human form (of the male, at any rate) in all its physical manifestations; the religious festivals, with their choric drama and public games, were only other of their common sources of inspiration for figure sculpture.

What Mr. Fry once set to prove is the fallacy of the definition quoted by him in "An Essay in Æsthetics," that "the art of painting is the art of imitating solid objects upon a flat surface by means of pigments." Art, according to him, is not concerned with the actual, but with the imaginative life. The emotions of this imaginative life are more concentrated, as they are not influenced by practical considerations. Imitative truth to nature is not the real test for a work of art, but truth to the emotional experience, which may be a distortion of nature. Beauty in art is a different thing from what is called beauty in nature; "in objects created to arouse the æsthetic feeling we have added consciousness of purpose on the part of the creator, that he made it on purpose not to be used but to be regarded and enjoyed." The appeal of a work of art is a question of linear rhythm, of the relation of planes and masses and colors; resemblance to nature may be dismissed as a test. The gradual recognition of these facts has led to the realization of the logic and æsthetic detachment of primitive, archaic, and even prehistoric art. Where these early manifestations of art depart from realistic representation, the reason is not to be found in ignorance or lack of skill.

As regards their comprehension by and consequent service to the public mind, æsthetics stand somewhere between science and philosophy. The public mind realizes the meaning and utility of science because it practically benefits by sanitation and labor-saving appliances; philosophy, on the other hand, it regards at best as a harmless if superfluous pursuit for academic intellects, a needless if ingenious darkening of counsel that has no practical bearing on life at large. Art, however, though but vaguely understood and secretly regarded as something mysterious, is felt to come within every one's range. The common attitude—"Of course I know nothing about art, but I know what pictures I like,"—fairly expresses the prevalent comprehension of æsthetics. They are certainly mysterious and "difficult"; lay amateurs always find that the pictures they like distress the expert and fastidious senses of true connoisseurs. They are obviously unaccountable because the pictures worshiped by true *cognoscenti* strike the layman as queer or downright ugly. And then the notorious disagreements of those best qualified to know aggravate this sense of mystery. With science one is reasonably sure where one stands; no one disputes as to whether electricity is a force or mistakes oxygen for carbonic acid gas. Even the most expert scientists can generally agree as to the identity or presence or activity of what they have before them. But with the best connoisseurs it is different; they may be depended on to differ as to whether "The Piping Shepherd" is by Giorgione or a mediocre imitator; whether the "Fête Champêtre" is a master's creation or a scholar's plagiarism, whether a picture is a masterpiece or the reverse.

Young people nowadays too often grow up in a curious, hard apathy, scarcely admiring anything. To teach them to admire is to imbue them with reverence—a quality which democratic civilization needs to protect with jealous care. It means to quicken them, to give them severe accurate standards, by exposing them to what is beautiful and noble in every form. History, literature and art can all be taught from this point of view. If the young are to be prepared and equipped to create a fairer and more genuine civilization than ours, they must gain the power to admire the right things. They can be taught to do so; nothing is more responsive to real excellence than a youthful mind. But in a world beset with blatant excitements, with coarse pleasures, a world of movies and cheap magazines, where the strident note is struck so constantly that finer melodies are hard to hear, it takes patient and brilliant energy to give the right training. Constant contact, enforced if need be, with the finest models, is essential; and a teacher who is himself honestly possessed by the perception of true excellence rarely fails to impart his passion to his students.

Art critics like Mr. Siren, with Mr. Fry, insist that the popular standard of likeness in art is based not upon actual vision, but upon the pictures to which we are accustomed. That is true, but it does not mean that the artist himself is not concerned with likeness. He remembers what he has seen better than the rest of us; we, because of our bad memory, may say, "This is like," when it is not like, and vice versa; but, all the same, likeness to what has been seen may be an essential of the painter's art. The artist, while certainly free not to accept our ideas of likeness, may be bound by a real likeness. Popular ideas of what is like or unlike are merely irrelevant to the problem.

Without injustice or exaggeration we can say that more harm is done to art by erudition whose standard of taste is low than by ignorant philistinism. This is obvious, indeed, for the pronouncements of leading authorities become sacred and pass into the popular creed. Thus the patient and impressible layman is mesmerized into acceptance of dogmas enunciated from high places; the inane prettiness and vulgarized Du Maurierism of the notorious "Wax Bust of Flora" come to represent for him the sublime genius of Leonardo. The layman, as we have said, comes to his study of art already puzzled; and, if he be of some education and seriously desirous of making headway, he is prone to take a modest attitude in the presence of mysteries. Thus, often in opposition to his own common sense and everyday code of criticism, he will humbly attribute his inability to see sublimity in the Flora or a popular Madonna by Raphael, to his ignorant philistinism. This diffidence, by muffling independent criticism, has most unfortunate results, for instead of seeing, feeling and judging for itself, the public passes through art galleries hypnotized, taking its handbooks for gospel and making no personal and immediate contact with the vital qualities of art.

In art there is always humility, in professionalism pride. And it is this pride that makes art more ugly and tiresome than any other work of man. Nothing is stranger in human nature than the tyranny of boredom it will endure in the pursuit of art; and the more bored men are, the more they are convinced of its artistic salvation. Our museums are cumbered with monstrous monuments of past professionalism; our book-shelves groan with them. Always we are trying to like things because they seem to us very well done. Never do we dare to say to ourselves—It may be well done, but it were better if it were not done at all; and the artist is still to us a dog walking on his hind legs, a performer whose merit lies in the unnatural difficulty of his performance.

Now it is certain that we can enjoy a picture intensely without knowing or caring much about the dramatic idea, or even the facts represented in it. Artists often show indifference to the subject of a picture which they admire greatly; and every one who cares for pictures has been drawn to them, as it seems, by simple relations of form and color before he has recognized what they represent. We admit this fact more readily where color is concerned; we enjoy the color of a picture, as of a Persian carpet, without associating that color with any facts; it is to us like music, which, first and last, we do not associate with any facts at all. Yet our enjoyment even of pure color is not merely sensuous; for it is never really dissociated from our sense of form. There cannot, in a picture any more than in Nature, be color without form; we separate them in thought but not in our experience of them, for color itself actually makes form by its differences. It is the same with music, in which harmony and melody cannot be separated in our actual experience of them, and in which also our enjoyment of them in not purely sensuous, although we do not associate them with any facts or ideas. The composer, as in a symphonic poem, may associate them with ideas, may even have been inspired by an idea to produce a particular arrangement of notes, which we can experience without being aware of the idea that inspired him. Still we know that, for the artist, the problem is to express the fullest possible experience in his art; and this is so with music as much as with painting or literature. We know that any art which is cut off from the artist's experience of reality is merely imitative; for no artist can invent without expressing, and, if he tries to do so, he merely imitates the expressive inventions of others.

A century or less ago folk-art would have seemed as absurd, as valueless, as the most absurd primitive superstitions; but now any one with a sense of art at all respects it in all its forms. Whatever may be said about negro religion, negro sculpture is real sculpture, having virtues we do not find in our public monuments, just as folk-song is real song with virtues not to be found in musical comedy. But folk-art is not a mere accident, it is a product of the whole folk-mind, and it tells us that that mind is serious, understanding, with values like our own and a great power of expressing them. In folk-art man speaks to man, the individual to the individual; it is not a museum curiosity, but intercourse about the deepest things. Those who know and love it cannot despise those who made it or any product of their minds. It is as if you had watched a man for long across the street with contemptuous amusement, as being a mere oddity, and then had suddenly conversed with him and found him full of your own ideas and affections, with more than your own power of expressing them.

To love true beauty, to learn real truth—this is to gain personality. In one of Mallock's novels, a dull, handsome girl ruefully consults an older woman as to how she may become more attractive. Her friend tells her to learn the best of Wordsworth's poetry by heart, and by and by to look in a mirror and see if a new charm has not come into her face. This is an aside; but, speaking of Wordsworth, no one has suggested better than that wisest of English poets what education should do:

> "We live by admiration, hope, and love,
> And even as these are well and wisely placed,
> In dignity of being we ascend."

Thus art reveals to us the principle of its own governance. The function of criticism is to apply it. Obviously it can be applied only by him who has achieved, if not the actual æsthetic ideal in life, at least a vision and a sense of it. He alone will know that the principle he has to elucidate and apply is living, organic. It is indeed the very principle of artistic creation itself. Therefore he will approach what claims to be a work of art first as a thing itself, and seek with it the most intimate and immediate contact in order that he may decide whether it too is organic and living. He will be untiring in his effort to refine his power of discrimination by the frequentation of the finest work of the past, so that he may be sure of himself when he decides, as he must, whether the object before him is the expression of an æsthetic intuition at all. At the best he is likely to find that it is mixed and various; that fragments of æsthetic vision jostle with unsubordinated intellectual judgments.

Now the savage is unable to conceive any mode of living widely different from his own. He believes that the dead, the beasts and the birds have their tribes and assemblies and dances like himself. Anthropologists have observed that savages do not believe it possible for a man to die by natural causes. No one dies, he is killed. Life is everywhere, in everything. They cannot understand why an oak or a rock should not have life like a man. Why should it not speak? Why should it not be your father? People in Hesiod's time thought you might be born of an oak or a rock. That is only the savage's conception if art is so primitive.

Mr. Clausen has said that whereas every artist in the course of his work had to continue and develop his own education the task was a congenial one, but they had to put into the minds of ignorant and indifferent people the meaning of anything artistic. To the average mind of the people of this country the arts did not figure as necessary things, and yet if we wanted to know about the history of civilization we did not turn to the sporting items, but to the arts. It was only through art that we knew of the civilization of Greece, Rome, old Mexico and India.

Beginning at the beginning, the drawings of children were hopelessly inaccurate and nothing at all so far as representation went, but, so far as the child could get it, everything in the form of expression. When the child came to the stage when its native intuition had to give place to definite instruction the teacher should bear in mind that the object of teaching drawing was to give the child another means of expression. They must impart a quickened power of apprehension. In the rare case of great artists the child's intuition went on through life accompanied by great intelligence; there was the simple childlike acceptance of Nature, together with tremendous intellectual force.

The "lesson we learn from Nature" in Matthew Arnold's poem, it is:

> "labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
> Earth's noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
> Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
> Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
> Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
> Still do its ceaseless ministers move on.
> Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting:
> Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil;
> Laborers that shall not cease, when we are gone."

Words and deeds that conquer by quietness and gentleness "shall not cease when we are gone," for they savor more of the spirit than of the letter, they derive their being rather from the things that are not seen than from those that are, and the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are not seen are eternal.

In the literary compositions of genius there is also a certainty and authority about the utterances which distinguish them from those of reason. As we read we feel that what is said could not be said better, and we are thus kept in a state of pleasurable expectation. Things also which we recognize as true and absolute are constantly being presented to our minds under novel and surprising forms, and our wonder is moved as to how it is done. Looked at from a perspective standpoint there are three types or classes of artists. There is the artist who despises perspective; there is the artist who depends upon it; and the artist who uses it.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

London, England.

NATURE STUDIES

THE HAREBELL

"O fair and frail, the bluebell of old song,
The harebell, nodding by the sedge's foot,
Or looking forth, with gentle courage strong,
In shelter of some olden ash-tree root."
—A. H. Japp ("The Harebell")

THOUGH not *the* flower of song—that position belongs to the rose—the Bluebell occupies a prominent position as one of the favorite flowers of poets. Some few even make it their choice of all blossoms:

"Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see,
But the wild bluebell is the flower for me."
—Louisa A. Meredith ("The Bluebell")

"I love the fair lilies and roses so gay,
They are rich in their pride and their splendor,
But still more do I love to wander away
To the meadows so sweet
Where down at my feet
The harebell blooms modest and tender."
—Dora Read Goodale ("The Harebell")

"Mother, if I were a flower
Instead of a little child,
I would choose my home by a waterfall
To laugh at its gambols wild,
To be sprinkled with spray and dew:
And I'd be a harebell blue."
—Lucy Larcom ("A Harebell")

The attitude of the poet toward the flower is that feeling one always has for something delicate and lovely—"tender harebells, at whose birth the sod scarce heaved," Shelley says of them, and it is

"the light
And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
On some gray rock."
—William Wordsworth ("The Prelude")

"But a frail harebell
Is the only bell
Hangs now in Allerheiligen."
—Hon. Roden Noel ("Allerheiligen")

Joanna Baillie describes "two tiny imps who scarcely stooped to gather the slender harebell," making the two children small indeed;

while Scott, in order to convey the lightness of Ellen's step, did so by saying:

"E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."
—("The Lady of the Lake")

The blossom's hair-sized stem and lace-thin petals gain in daintiness by being effectively posed against the rugged background of its chosen habitat. For "the sheltered deeps where bluebells hide in mists of splendid sheen" are usually rocky dells which man considers useless for all practical purposes. Emerson has described it in contrast when he speaks of the "harebell nodding in the gorge of falls," and again of "harebells nodding on a rock." George MacDonald tells us that "the harebells in the mountain pass flutter their blue about"; Mary C. Ames finds that at Nantasket "by the hill-path to the seaside wave myriad azure bells." And others who know where the flower loves to grow have said of it:

"Close by our feet, the mountain's child,
The delicate harebell, sweetly smiled."
—Rose Sanborn ("Mount Pleasant, Me.")

"Yet in bleak and barren places, fresh with unexpected graces
Leaning over rocky ledges tenderest glances to bestow,
Dauntless still in time of danger, thrilling every wayside stranger,
Scattered harebells earn a triumph never known below."
—Elaine Goodale ("Harebells")

"The harebell trembled on its stem
Down where the rushing waters gleam,
A sapphire on the broidered hem
Of some fair naiad of the stream."
—Julia C. R. Dorr ("The River Otter")

Indeed, it is said that the presence of the harebell indicates a barren soil. But however the bluebell of Scotland may love the bens and dells, it is not averse to growing in more level places. One may find, as did Hood, "lonely harebells quaking on the heath"; there are "wind-swept bluebells on the sunny braes" (Alexander Smith) and "swelling downs where sweet air stirs blue harebells lightly" (John Keats). John Clare tells us that "on the pasture's woody knoll I saw the wild blue bell," while F. B. Doveton, naming the charms of a certain "Angler's Haunt," does not forget that "behind, a lovely azure maze, fair bluebell squadrons guard the wold," and Burns sings of "little harebells o'er the lea."

" . . . and down one fragrant glade,
Listening as we onward stole,
Half-delighted, half-afraid,
Dong, we heard the harebells toll!"
—Alfred Noyes ("The Hideous Hermit")

Half the charm of the plant is its lovely, tiny cups on their wiry stems, gently waving to and fro with every breath of wind, so that one might almost believe in the reality of the silver music said to come from them in days of yore, when the good fairies rang their melodious chimes to summon the vagrant butterflies. Even now, if we will, we may hear the bluebell's fairy chime as the light wind passes.

"I heard, on sunny banks, the sweet bluebell
Tinkling unto the daisy."
—Robert Leighton ("A Breath of Whin")

The name of the genus of bell-flowers is *Campanula,* meaning "a little bell," referring to the shape of the blossoms rather than to their music, though the word itself rings with melody:

"even the single bee
Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopped,
And where he hid you only could surmise
By some campanula chalice set a-swing."
—Robert Browning ("Pippa Passes")

What lovely sounds are to be heard in John Symond's lines:

"Drowned whispers of a wandering stream that laves
Deep alder-boughs and tracts of ferny grass,
Bordered with azure-belled campanulas."
—("Pictures of Travel")

And what thought could be more dainty than the one suggested in the popular name—that as hares go skipping about the dells and across the leas, they set every bluebell they touch to jingling merrily:

"Bluebells, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.
'Little hares, little hares,' softly prayeth she,
'Come, come across the hills and ring your pretty bells
for me!'"—Emily M. P. Hickey ("Harebells")

Or, if the hares be timid, the wind is not, and so to glimpse one of the blossoms is to see "the bluebell slimly ringing its purple chimes," as Madison Cawein describes it.

"And azure harebells nod their heads
Rung by the passing breeze."
—James F. Coleman ("Sunday on Mt. Holyoke")
"The harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath."
—J. G. Whittier ("The Old Burying-Ground")

"Or when little airs arise
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath!"
—Alfred Tennyson ("Adeline")

As John Clare tell us, "these harebells all seem bowing with the beautiful in song."

Their pretty cups have suggested other objects than bells, however. "Witch's-thimbles" is a Scotch nickname for the flowers and John Keats finds them suggestive of shelter:

"Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented." —(Ode)

And it has been easy to personify them, so that "knots of bluebells droop their graceful heads," according to Henry Kirke White, while more than one poet considers the flower capable of hearing:

"The clustered bluebell near
Hollows its azure ear
Low-leaning to the earth as if to hear
The sound of its own growing and perfume
Flowing into its bloom."
—Madison Cawein ("Wind and Cloud")

"Whisper in the bluebell's ear
Time has come for it to flood
With its blue waves all the wood."
—Alfred Austin ("Primroses")

"No more the harebell by the silent river
Shall bend her dainty ear
When nigh thou fliest, and her petals quiver
With maiden joy to hear."
—John C. Logan ("A Dead Singer")

Nicholas Michell, as a play on the flower's name, compares its flared, trembling petal-tips with the rabbit's odd mouth, when he describes "the pensile harebells with their dewy lips." And two human-like qualities are assigned the flower in the following lines:

"Here, on this scanty strip of soil
Unworthy of the farmer's toil,
The shore of yonder sea of heather,
The happy bluebells dance together
No minute still, they cannot rest
So much are they with joy possesst."
—A. S. Falconer ("Bluebells")

"The harebells quake, swinging their blue coronals
What time the breeze of dawn, piercing and keen,
Sweeps o'er their heathery bed."
—Anon. ("Morning in the Mountains")

Though Alfred Austin would have the primrose summon the bluebell, and other poets state that "out in the woods the bluebells are, and the pale little primrose flowers," and that "bluebells pave the woods of spring," this is not one of the earliest of spring blossoms. The season is usually well on its way before the flowers are more than half awake, though when the weather becomes settled they appear with a rush:

> "The south-wind breathes, and lo! you throng
> This rugged land of ours;
> I think the pale blue clouds of May
> Drop down, and turn to flowers!"
> —T. B. Aldrich ("The Bluebells of New England")

It is a summer flower, rather—"dark bluebells are her eyes," is one line in a poem on "Summer," and in another they are considered as furnishings for summer's woodland home:

> "And like a carpet on the ground
> The azure bluebells all around
> In fair profusion grew."
> —Anon. ("Summer's Here")

"And he knew well, without such telling, harebells grow in June," Browning says, in "Paracelsus," stating both a nature fact and a humorous observation on human nature. As its color indicates, the harebell is a blue-sky flower, and if it waits for June's cerulean glory, it tarries to reflect October's azure dome as well:

> "For the harebell comes in June,
> Bright and blue,
> Lasts until October's noon—
> Blooms for you."
> —Elaine Goodale ("The Last Harebell")

> "Yet the frail harebell stays
> Lightly upon the breeze to swing and dream."
> —Anon. ("After Summer")

Ever since Shakespeare penned the line "the azur'd harebell, like thy veins," poets have had a favorite adjective to use in describing its elusive color:

> "The azur'd harebell next, with them, they neatly mixt;
> T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind plac'd betwixt."
> —Michael Drayton ("Polyolbion")

> "It was a modest, tender flower,
> So clearly blue, so sweetly tender;
> No simpler offspring of the shower
> And sunshine may July engender.
> The 'azure harebell,' Shakespeare says—
> And such a half-transparent azure
> Was never seen in country ways
> By poet in creative leisure."
> —David Gray ("The Harebell")

"This nodding little bluebell seems a vagrant bit of heaven unfurled," says one poet, and to another they are "bluebells mimicking summer skies." Now "sky-blue" is about the most interesting color a blossom can have, since it is as variable as the weather. It may be pale or dark, soft or brilliant, flat-toned or mottled, and if a single bluebell be examined carefully, it will be found to contain one or more of these tones. Even the summer-night azure is not lacking—"dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer eves," Matthew Arnold calls them.

"The bluebell beds wi' blindin' light
Aroon' us bloomin', dazed oor sight,"

reports George F. Savage-Armstrong, which reveals a most intimate study of the flower. If we look at that part of the heavens which is exactly at right angles with the position held by the sun on a clear day, we will see a color which Ruskin calls "blue fire," and which is duplicated in the heart of the bluebell, for the flower's beautiful purplish blue is so charmingly graduated within the bell that in its depths it is so misty-looking as to be fiery. The texture of the bluebell's petals are so marvellously fine and exquisitely colored that "blindin' light" is not too high a tribute for their beauty. One observer sees the blossoms tinted with haze, or sunset glow, for in "Autumn Hedges" she marks "there the tall campanula its lilac bloom is shedding." On the other hand, Mr. Savage-Armstrong has noted that "pale is the blue campanula," and Mrs. Hemans discovers "harebells of the mildest hue," while the blossoms, like the skies they reflect, may be washed of all color:

"And behind the bluebells hung
Fading now like ghosts at morn,
Here and there a white one bent
Like a 'maiden all forlorn.' "
—Florence Tyler ("Fairyland in Midsummer")

On April 23, the day of St. George, the patron saint of England, the bluebells tingeing the meadows and pastures with their deep color are thought to afford an emblem of the empire of the ocean over which Britannia assumes the rule:

"St. George's Day, when blue is worn,
The blue harebells the fields adorn,"

according to a folk rhyme giving a calendar of flowers, and this is perhaps the origin of William Browne's statement that

"The harebell for her stainless azur'd blue
Claims to be worn of none but those are true."

In the language of flowers, however, the harebell is supposed to speak of both "Submission" and "Grief." In both cases, this appears to be an arbitrary assignment, except as in the general sense of the plant's bending to the wind, and suffering the loss of its blossoms:

"The statelier flowers may keep their pride,
We fear no footsteps, we do not hide;
On the trodden turf of the waste roadside.
We are blown and beaten in breaths of blue;
The wings of the gnat are not so thin;
But we smile in singing the wild days through
We are here for any who care to win."
—Harriet E. H. King ("Harebells")

"a spring head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading bluebells; it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die."
—John Keats ("I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill")

"Lonely in the light of morning,
In the forest's gladed stillness,
Exiled from the flowery meadows
Trembling stand three delicate harebells.
Pale, forsaken of your kindred,
Wherefore, like estrays of azure
Lured by forest-pools from heaven
Lurk ye here, ye tremulous harebells."
—John Todhunter ("Lonely Flowers")

The flower has been used in an illustrative sense by Keats in two different ways in "Endymion," when he uses the line, "We'll give the bluebell pinch to your dimpled arms," and

"The wind outblows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
Over the darkest, lushest bluebell bed
Handfuls of daisies."

Tennyson makes apt use of the flower in "The Princess" when he describes

"Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd color day by day."

The little flower even waxes didactic and preaches for us such helpful sermons on faithfulness, inspiration, procrastination and aspiration, as follows:

"If only a single bluebell gleams
Bright on the barren heath,
Still of that flower the Summer dreams

Not of his August wreath."
—George Barlow ("If Only Thou Art True")

"The eye, far wandering, threads through bush and bole,
Where endless green and gold the vistas fade,
Then, slow returning, gathers for the soul
A purple harebell swaying in the shade."
—Margaret Ashmun ("Inspiration")

"'One day, one day, I'll climb that distant hill
And pick the bluebells there!'
So dreamed the child who lived beside the rill
And breathed the lowland air.
'One day, one day, when I am old I'll go
And climb the mountain where the bluebells blow.'

. . . .

"Years passed, a woman, now with wearier eyes
Gazed toward that sunlit hill.
Tall children clustered round her. How time flies!
The bluebells blossomed still.
She'll never gather them! All dreams fade so,
We live and die, and still the bluebells blow."
—George Barlow ("Bluebells")

"There is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word—

"A story of a dim ravine
O'er which the towering treetops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

"And there two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Waved in the silence, to and fro.

"Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky
With fleecy clouds that floated by.

"And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

"Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came, but not to mar;

"For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

"And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

"And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

"Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

"The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high
Shall take their image by and by."
—Julia Eastman ("The Legend of the Bluebell")

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

"the flower
That kindly comes to charm the wintry hour,
The Christmas Rose! the glory white as snow!"
—John Wilson

The Black Hellebore *(Helleborus niger)* is a member of the Buttercup family. It grows wild in the mountainous parts of southern and central Europe, but is best known through its cultivation in gardens, greenhouses and pots, for the sake of its beautiful rose-like flowers, which bloom in midwinter and give to the plant the name of Christmas rose. And a most appropriate name, too, for these

"Pale winter roses, the white ghosts
Of our June roses,
Last beauty that the old year boasts
Ere his reign closes."
—Anon. ("Christmas Roses")

True to the family rule, this cousin of the buttercup, anemone, hepatica, columbine, and other members of *Ranunculaceæ,* has showy flowers without petals, five sepals serving in their stead, and being large and white, giving the corolla much the appearance of a white single rose. Under ordinary circumstances, the petalous sepals are quite blanched, but perhaps after the Christmas decorations go up, they may in a slight measure reflect the holly berry's gay scarlet. At least, one poet seems to think so:

"In antique gardens hellebore
Puts forth its blushing Christmas Rose."
—John Davidson ("Christmas Eve")

Erasmus Darwin, whose long poem, "The Loves of the Plants," contains far more botany than poetry, devotes several lines to this species. Some of the facts about the flower are hinted in his lines. For instance, in each blossom there are several pistils and several stamens; he refers to the former as "gay sisters" and to the latter as "enamour'd bands." He also records the fact that after fertilization the corolla fades by turning a sickly green. Prefacing his lines with a bit of philosophy, he manages to concoct a wonderful—even awful—bit of rhyme overburdened with personification and audibly limping:

> "As yon gay clouds, which canopy the skies,
> Change their thin forms, and lose their lucid dyes,
> So the soft loom of beauty's vernal charms
> Fades in our eyes, and withers in our arms.
> Bright as the silvery plume, or pearly shell,
> The snow-white rose, or lily's virgin bell,
> The fair Helleboras attractive shone,
> Warm'd every sage, and every shepherd won.
> Round the gay sisters press the enamour'd bands,
> And seek with soft solicitude their hands.
> Erewhile how changed!—in dim suffusion lies
> The glance divine, that lighten'd in their eyes;
> Cold are those lips, where smiles seductive hung,
> And the weak accents linger on their tongue;
> Each roseate feature faded to livid green—
> Disgust with face averted shuts the scene."

Because of its time of blooming, this plant is also called the "Winter Rose." Sometimes, in England, it arrives early enough to greet some of its departing floral friends, as David Moir notes in his tribute to the daisy:

> "And when December breezes howl
> Along the moorlands bare,
> And only blooms the Christmas rose,
> The daisy still is there."

But the blossoms do not disappear with the holiday season. And so William Sharp, in his poem, "Flora in January," says:

> "But while she dreamed, the dead blooms had grown fair
> And Christmas roses made a veil above her."

This flower is dedicated to St. Agnes, and one name for it is "the flower of St. Agnes"; in the floral calendar it would represent January 21.

Hellebore was highly regarded by the ancient Greeks. Indeed, their name for the plant has been merely Latinized, and it would appear the Hellenes must have set great store by the genus to give it their own name. They used it to purify their houses and to hallow their dwellings, and even to bless their cattle. The root was dug up with appropriate ceremonies, such as drawing a circle about the plant with a sword and then asking permission from Æsculapius, the god of medicine. An extract, or tincture, or decoction of the fibres of the roots was a famous medicine with the ancient

Greeks and Romans, who used it in the belief that it gave clearness and activity to the mental faculties. Even the most celebrated philosophers are said to have drunk its infusion for this purpose, though how much of their philosophy is due to the infusion is not determinable. In French, *"avoir besoin d'ellébore"* (literally, "to have need of hellebore") is an evasive way of saying a body "is not in their right senses." For it was a folk-remedy for insanity. On the heart it has strong action. In large doses, it is a violent poison, and perhaps that is why, in folk-lore, it is considered a plant of ill omen. More likely, however, it was because the simple-minded mistakenly took the first four letters of Helleborus to indicate the origin of the word, instead of correctly connecting it with the first five letters—the name of the beautiful Greek maiden who fell from the winged, golden-fleeced ram into a portion of the sea since known as the Hellespont, or of Hellen, the son of Deucalion and Pyrrha and the ancestor of the Hellenic or Greek race. Anyway, according to Thomas Campbell, there is

"Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour."

In the language of flowers, the Christmas rose has the very artificial message, "relieve my anxiety." One would think such a symbolical blossom would convey a more lofty sentiment.

"Last child of the old year, first of the new—
Ghost of the past, soul of the future rose—
From roots of ebon darkness, through the mould
Sprang up the pure white blossoms, one by one."
—Hugh MacMillan ("The Christmas Rose")

SEED-SOWING DEVICES THAT PLANTS HAVE INVENTED

Whether a plant lives to bear fruit or bears fruit to live is a debatable question, with the *pros* not all in favor of the seed, in spite of the striking example of the century plant that spends its life in preparing for its one period of bloom and dies upon the ripening of this single crop of seed. The same fate awaits the frailest or the stoutest annual, while the lower forms of plant life, such as the scums, yeasts and fungi, propagate by division rather than by seeds, and some of the long cultivated varieties of plants, like certain oranges and raisins, have become so dependent upon man as to do away with offspring entirely.

The majority of plants, however, bear fruit of some kind, and the sole object of this labor is the proper nourishment, maturing, protection and final distribution of the seed or seeds contained within. For in botany the word fruit is applied to the ripened pistil of the flower and the parts attached to it, without reference to edible or other qualities; in a botanical sense, the dandelion bears fruit just as the apple tree does, even yields it more prolifically, in proportion to its size and its term of existence.

Now many a plant shows great intelligence in its particular form of root, leaf and flower, and it is often no less canny when it comes to the problem of getting its seed planted. Not all plants have solved the question the same way, so that their various seed-sowing devices make an interesting chapter in that fascinating volume Nature offers her readers on plant intelligence.

Probably the simplest device of them all is the one that has proved very effective, when results are studied—that of the pincushion type of fruit, in which the seeds, when ripe, are easily shaken off the parent stem by the wind or some other buffeting agent. This device is used by many widely different plants, regardless of the exact form of the fruit, such as the buttercup and the strawberry.

The buttercup has probably the simplest form of fruit known, that of the small, dry, one-seeded, non-splitting, uncovered nutlet, botanically termed an *achene,* or naked seed. The centre of a blossom consists of a spongy, dome-like receptacle, upon which is seated many jug-like little pistils. Each pistil that is fertilized with pollen develops into a flattish, brown, smooth, shiny, leather-jacket of a case, enclosing a single seed; this coat never cracks or works unbuttoned until it decays after lying months in moist ground, or the sprouting seed inside gets "too big for its clothes," and so bursts through. Many of these ripened pistils may be bunched on a single receptacle; while immature they are well anchored in place, but after ripening there is sufficient shrinkage for them to become "as wiggly as loose teeth," as one young observer put it. In time their seat on that receptacle becomes so uncertain that a passing breeze or pedestrian is sufficient blow to send them all flying right down into beds of their own.

In studying the fruit of the various species of plants, you will often come upon the achene in different forms. But whatever its outward appearance, in structure it is a small, dry, one-seeded little affair with a thin covering that does not split to set its seed free; that is, the jacket goes with the seed and remains about it until sprouting time. The achene develops from a single pistil; the number of achenes a single blossom may develop depends on whether it has one or more pistils. For instance, the flower-head of the common dandelion is made up of many small florets, each having a single pistil which, when ripe, becomes an achene. The buttercup is a simple flower with many pistils and therefore many achenes; the dandelion is a compound flower made up of many single blossoms each having just one pistil and one achene. The achene is the favorite fruit among the composite plants—daisy, sunflower, aster, goldenrod, ragweed.

But in the dandelion we find another seed-sowing device that is very popular with the plants, and that is the winged type. "Just outfit a seed with some sort of a sail, and it can take advantage of a favoring breeze when it is ready to go seek its fortunes," these parent plants seem to say. So the "airplane" has been in vogue these many centuries in plantdom in a variety of different models.

The dandelion seed has settled on the parachute plan, with its achene depending by a long, silvery hair from a parasol-like cluster of white hairs. If you watch one of these little brown seeds floating serenely along at the end of its parasol, you will no longer wonder that this species, originally from the Red Sea region, is now a naturalized weed the world around. It has followed man wherever grains and grasses have been sown, and indeed, by means of its winged seeds, has even gone slightly in advance. In addition to being a sailing device, this plume of hairs atop a long shaft makes a sort of winged arrow of the dandelion seed, so that when it drops to the ground the feathered shaft up aloft keeps waving back and forth, and so helps "squiggle" the little brown seed down snugly into its earthen bed. It is a planting as well as a sowing machine, you see.

The winged seed is popular in the composite circle of plants, though not all members use it. For example, the sunflower does not feather its achenes, no doubt considering them large enough to do without a sailing or planting device. On the other hand, many plants outside the composite group wing their seeds. There is the clematis, a member of the buttercup family; in the centre of a fertile flower will be found a group of pistils, each with a long, plumy style; the ripened pistil, or achene, retains this style in the form of a dainty, curling plume; before the cluster of plume-tailed achenes separate to seek their individual fortunes, they form a very lovely white powderpuff where the greenish-white flower sat on its stem in June. Old Man's Beard is a popular name for the clematis in seed-time, when the blossom stalks are covered with these tiny, twisted-tailed curly locks.

"Where gray the wilding clematis balloons
The brakes with puff-balls" —Madison J. Cawein

It will be noticed that most milky-juiced plants equip their seeds with plumy scalplocks — dandelion, milkweed, lettuce, chicory, spreading dogbane, some composite plants and others belonging to different families. A seed doesn't need to be an achene to have the gift of silken wings. Such a great big sturdy plant as the poplar tree takes pains to furnish its offspring wings that it may successfully accomplish its flitting. Perhaps this is because the seed is such a tiny affair for such a large tree to produce.

The winged seed is a most successful institution from the standpoint of keeping up the species from year to year. Man often has occasion to condemn it, as it causes some weeds to become altogether too common, while in the case of the poplar, the down "gets into everything," as both the housekeeper and the victim of hay fever protest. On the other hand, the dense "wool" of the cotton seed has an economic value that can hardly be reckoned in terms of dollars and cents.

Not all wings, however, are downy; some are on the bat's-wing, or fin, order, consisting of a thin, skin-like membrane stretched over a skeleton of ribs and other such stays. The maple key is a familiar example, also the seed of the box-elder, of the pine and of the linden.

I once spent an idle hour while making a long auto drive, lying flat on my back on a grassy knoll beside a little meadow brook, under a basswood tree, resting, and watching the falling seeds come whirling down on their peculiar parachutes. For, as you will see if you examine the blossom or the seed of the basswood ever so casually, the stem of each flower cluster leaves the parent twig accompanied by a large leafy bract; just midway the bract the flower-stalk, or peduncle, leaves the bract and each go their own way at a forked angle to each other. But when the cluster of flowers has become magically transmuted into a group of round, woody little nuts, and the fruit is ripe and ready to seek its trundle-bed for the coming winter, the separation takes place at the point where the united peduncle and bract left the twig. In this way, flower-stalk and bract both accompany the adventurous little party of not-so-foolish nuts to aid and abet them on their way. By this time the bract is dry and brown, and the tug of those nuts has caused it to dip down in the centre. So, as soon as the journey from tree to ground begins, the bract stands up above the cluster like a pair of bird-wings; motionless themselves, their upstanding, perky gesture causes the whole group to whirl round and round at a dizzying rate. The resistance thus set up will, even on a comparatively quiet day, cause the seeds to be carried some little distance away from the tree during their downward sail.

Some rather old-fashioned plants prefer the balloon to the airplane or parachute or other sailing device. The ground-cherry, or strawberry tomato, or alkekengi, as it is variously called, is one of these balloon enthusiasts; the calyx that cupped the petals of the blossom remains with the seed, developing into a large, bladder-like bag that, when filled with air on a windy day, makes a swift means of transportation across country. The species of lobelia, called Indian tobacco, is also the bladder-pod, because it resorts to the inflated jacket as a satisfactory means for getting its seed off and away. The windbag-like pods of the bladder-nut, or bad-nut, of the bladder campion, and of the bladder ketmie, are other noticeable examples of the balloon applied to seed aeronautics.

This brings us to the pod form of fruit, which is intended more for the protection than for the dissemination of seed, but often does double duty. In many cases, when the seed is ripe, the pod merely opens somewhere to set its offspring free, but has nothing more to do with the journey. "Well, if you are ready to go, the door stands open, and good-bye," says the pod, and settles down to that gradual decay that overtakes any abandoned homestead. Pod-grown seeds must usually decide the manner of their departure for themselves; with many it is the simple matter of yielding to the force of gravity, though it must be admitted that often this very tumble into its earthen bed has been anticipated by the parent plant, which delayed bearing blossoms until it had "got up in the world a ways." For, naturally, the farther a seed has to drop the wider it will be scattered and the deeper it will be sown. Perhaps this may be one reason for towering trees, climbing vines and tall herbs; they intend to pelt the earth with seeds and so get up where the initial speed of the falling missiles may be steadily increased during their fall.

But some pods, like fond parents, cling to their children even after permission is given for them to depart. That common weed of the dooryard, the plantain, which the Indians named "the white man's foot" because it follows the pioneer so closely, is one of these doting parents. The single pistil in each tiny blossom, when fertilized with pollen, becomes a small, jar-like pod that sits snugly within the four pointed parts of the calyx; it is divided by a partition through its middle into two cells, each compartment being several seeded. When the seeds are ripe and ready for distribution, this pod cracks along the tiny line that runs around it just where the top starts tapering off. The top falls away like a lid, yet to the seeds within it is not so much the opening of a door as the removal of the roof. They must still remain at home until a strong wind or some other jolt is sufficient to tip the uncovered jar sidewise or even knock it off its shelf entirely and so scatter its contents.

The poppy is even more reluctant to lose its progeny; its round capsule is built on the pepper-box plan, and must be worked the same way. When the little black seeds are ripe, certain holes open in the top of the pod, but they are prisoners until something bends or breaks the brittle stem and causes the "seed-shaker" to hang upside-down or to go rolling over the ground. In either case the result is the same, only perhaps by the latter method the sowing is more broadcast.

The fruit of the common garden purslane, or pusley, is an egg-shaped pod that is packed full of seeds; its line of cleavage is around its equatorial middle, so that when the lid falls off half the seeds are scattered, while the others are shed more gradually as the stems wither, or as the plants are gathered up and carried "off to be burned," a bit of tactics on the part of the gardener that the plant welcomes, as it can drip seeds all the way to the site of its funeral pyre.

The tumbleweed of the fence corners and roadside has realized the possibilities that the pusley and the pigweed have but dimly sensed in the plant of going along with its offspring. This weedy plant makes itself as unattractive and inconspicuous as possible from spring until fall, being so squat-formed and colorless that it may be plentiful the countryside over and receive no notice at all. But it makes up for this monotonous life when its fruit is ripe; then the whole plant becomes a dry skeleton held only to the ground by a short, brittle mainstem. Then some windy day it breaks from its moorings and starts merrily off down the wind, pods snapping at every somersault to scatter their ripe seeds. In this way, a single tumbleweed may sow its seed in generous quantities a long mile or more.

However, most plants are such stay-at-homes when once rooted that they cannot endure the thought of ending up in some foreign fence-corner. Still, they want their seeds to have every chance possible, so give them a good, snappy send-off. The balsam, or touch-me-not, is one of these helpful parents that advocates "doing all one can for one's children." So, having nourished and protected them to maturity, suddenly some day there is a grand "coming-out party" for the seeds; the home pod bursts with a snap, its sections curl up, and by their hair-trigger action literally shoot the ambitious children off into space. Every boy or girl that has had free run of an old-fashioned garden has spent many an idle moment furnishing the slight touch necessary to cause these pod doors to open.

The wild geranium also works on the sling-shot method. That long, tapered, candle-like capsule that cause it to be named geranium in Greek and crane's bill in English consists of five two-seeded tubes collected about a central "core." When quite ripe, each seed-case breaks away at the bottom, and like a released spring curls upward with such force that the twin seeds in each one are scattered about to a distance frequently of twenty feet or more. No wonder the plant thrives in the moist woodland borders it chooses to frequent.

Witch-hazel, too, has adopted this device. Its fruit is a downy, two-beaked, two-celled woody pod, each cell containing a large, hard, bony black seed. Frequently the fruit takes a whole year to ripen, delaying to open until the flowering season has once more rolled around. But it makes up for lost time by suddenly bursting with unexpected elasticity into two pieces along the top, when the outer coat separates from the inner with such a jerk as to eject the seeds with considerable force.

"Sometimes," records William Hamilton Gibson, "the distance is forty feet. I had been attracted by a bush which showed an unusual profusion of bloom, and while standing close beside it in admiration I was suddenly stung on the cheek by some missile, and the next instant shot in the eye by another, the mysterious marksman having apparently let off both barrels of his little gun directly in my face. I soon discovered him—an army of them; in fact, a saucy legion—all grinning with open mouths and white teeth exposed and their double-barreled guns loaded to the muzzle and ready to shoot whenever the whim should take them." Thoreau, too, describes the sudden opening of these pods: "Heard in the night a snapping sound, and the fall of some small body on the floor from time to time. In the morning I found it was produced by the witch-hazel nuts on my desk springing open and casting their seeds quite across my chamber, hard and stony as those nuts were.

Even the bean, if the pods are left until the strain of their own drying and shrinkage causes them to crack, is a sort of marksman, though a rank amateur compared with the witch-hazel. But as those valves that formed the two halves of the pod split and curl, they often cause a bean to let go with a decided snap. The violet blossom produces a three-sided, conical capsule; when ripe it splits from the peak down each seam, each valve rolls back along either edge with sufficient speed to "shoot" its seeds off into the air.

This last-named sharpshooter pod is the fruit of the showy blossoms; the violet doesn't trust all its eggs in one basket, so to speak, and often produces, low down among the leaves or even just below the surface of the ground, short-stalked, inconspicuous, bud-like blossoms that never open. They are petal-less, the calyx parts that enclose the stamens and pistils being the only floral envelope these blind flowers possess. They are very fertile, however, for pollenization takes place in these secret flowers even more effectively than in the showy ones that must rely upon insects for cross-fertilization. When produced among the leaves, the fruit of these blind flowers may open, but when produced underground the pods remain about the seeds until rotted away by time and spring rains.

"Why bother to sow seed, or run the risk of your seed not getting properly sown, when you can just as well produce them underground in the first place?" asks the peanut, and answers the question by what it reasons is the most expedient method of seed dissemination. Still, it can't bring itself to resort to blind flowers in the manner of the violet, fringed milkwort and several other plants—"one flower for use and the other for beauty," as John Burroughs puts it. For though self-pollenization produces very many seeds, the practice is frowned upon in the plant world as the marriage of brother and sister is in human circles—close in-breeding is not good for either plants or men. Indeed, it is supposed that the violet will not produce blind flowers unless the showy ones have failed to set seed, either through lack of insect visitors or because some admiring human gathered them all.

But the peanut has devised a most ingenious means of producing above-ground blossoms and underground fruit. This is the way of it: The plant is itself a diffusely branched, trailing one, with small yellow flowers borne along the stems at the union of leaf and plant stalks. After a flower has been pollenized, its stem curves over in such a manner as to push the forming pod quite below the surface of the ground; if by any accident this is prevented, the fruit ceases to grow, but when covered with earth it rapidly enlarges and forms the well-known and dearly beloved peanut. Unroasted peanuts may be planted in northern gardens by those who wish to witness this curious habit of pushing the pods underground to ripen, though they may not come to perfection north of Virginia.

On the other hand, some plants, notably the corn cockle, whose round black seeds are such a pest to the wheat-grower and the flour-maker, make a special effort to get themselves rooted in cultivated soil, so that their seeds may ripen and be distributed along with those valuable ones upon which the farmer has spent so much time and thought. "Just see that you are properly rooted yourself, and you have provided for your children," is the slogan of these "cultivated" weeds—corn cockle, mustard, wild oats and their ilk. In this way, many European pests have become American ones, while plants native to the Western or Mississippi Valley States have become well established in the Eastern States by traveling along in hay, such as the black-eyed Susan and many of her sisters.

For man does his part in the distribution of seeds; many plants have escaped from cultivation and become so thoroughly naturalized as to appear native in regions or countries or even hemispheres and tropics where they were strangers before man began cultivating them, just as the weeds of agriculture are to be found in every settlement, however remote from their place of origin. Of course, there is not much danger that the seeds of oranges eaten in Canada will sow that country to orange groves, but though all the various species of orange known were in the beginning found only in India and China, in certain parts of Florida, especially along the St. John's and Indian rivers, the tree is so thoroughly established as to form immense groves of "wild oranges"; botanists regard this as an instance of remarkable naturalization, the trees having descended from those introduced by the early Spanish colonists.

Even wars have had their effect upon vegetation; the passage of an army through a country leaves weeds in its train which were not there before. For example, after the civil war one of the *Lespedezas,* or bush clovers, sprang up all over the Southern States; it is not known how it came or where from, but its native country is Japan, and in some localities this species is cultivated as the Japan clover for use as a forage plant. Doubtless some of the plants were in the hay carried by the northern armies, and so the seed became scattered over the south.

Water, too, is an excellent agent for the distribution of seeds as well as for their sowing. A good rainstorm will beat many seeds into the ground, or wash them into small crevices, or even carry them along for some distance. Indeed, history records that it was "a branch of thorn with berries floating near" that so heartened Columbus' sailors that they consented to finish the voyage, and so "put America on the map." The great sea cocoanut was long a puzzle to naturalists, the large nuts being picked up frequently far out at sea. As long as their origin was unknown, they were said to have remarkable virtues, and were classed among the most costly of kingly gifts. With the exploration of the Seychelles Islands in 1743 the source of this "wonderful miracle of nature, the most rare of marine productions," was discovered; it is the fruit of a certain palm. Indeed, it would appear that the smaller, more common cocoanut was intended for water travel, since it is outfited in a light, husk-like life-preserver to bear it safely to new lands.

At any rate many species of plants regard the water route as the safest and most convenient method of seed distribution. At least, a multitude of species choose river banks for their favorite habitat, others even wade out a ways in order to assure their progeny safe conduct. The water crowfoot, a near relative of the meadow buttercups, arrowhead, smartweed and many such plants just allow their seeds to drop into the water and be floated away, but the pistil of the white water lily becomes a berry-like fruit with a tough, hard, rubbery rind, pulpy within and each of the numerous seeds enveloped in a thin membranous sac—a stock of provisions and fertilizer to nourish it during its infancy, to hasten its germination and to strengthen its early days. The plant takes still greater care of its seed infants by ripening this fruit under water; that is, when the blossom has breathed itself away in sweetness, the stem twists and doubles until it carries the pistil down even into the mud. In time the fruit splits along its various seams and frees the seeds, some of which no doubt remain near the spot, while others float away, bag and baggage, to find a new home.

Naturally, a plant that will take the pains to produce edible fruit or seeds has the right to expect that it will be spared, even cultivated, for this reason. This is accomplished in a great variety of ways. One is by cramming the seeds themselves as full as they will hold of starch, as the bean, pea, grains and their like. Or parts of the flower about or underneath the pistil may develop in some unusual manner; and this brings us back to the strawberry, whose seeds are the tiny dark specks that dot its surface and are so easily shed that a dish that has contained some of the ripe fruit will be found thickly peppered with the tiny achenes.

If a strawberry blossom be examined, it will be seen that the centre consists of many small, simple pistils seated upon a rounded mound, or receptacle; as the pistils mature without themselves increasing in size, this receptacle becomes greatly enlarged, pulpy and edible, and is popularly regarded as the fruit. It is really the much altered end of the flower stem, while the true fruits are the small seed-like achenes, or ripened pistils, which are scattered over its surface or sunk in little pits. This is the formation of the fruit of which Dean Swift remarked that "God could doubtless have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did."

Botanically, the strawberry is not a berry at all, as is the currant, grape, cranberry and banana. A true berry has its seeds safely tucked away inside, not stuck loosely on the outside; it is a fruitcake, so to speak, with the nuts and raisins inside, not just a plain cake with the goodies ornamenting the frosted top. Briefly, the same part of the pistil that in a pod becomes the valves of the "shell," in a berry becomes pulpy and soft, or in a nut is hard and woody. However, the exact structure of the many kinds of fruits, though a highly interesting subject, is not within the limits of this article.

The berries, both true and false, as well as the pome fruits, which include the apple, pear and rose-hip, and the drupes, such as the peach, plum and cherry, are all strong believers in the saying, "It pays to advertise." So they produce an edible fruit, then call attention to it by giving it a bright color, or at least one that stands out showily against its background of foliage. Those not eaten by man are not discouraged, but continue to advertise in order to catch the attention of birds and other fruit-eating animals. The seed of an edible fruit is always hard, so that it is in no wise injured by the swallowing and digestive processes; indeed, it profits doubly by the experience—it is transported miles, even hundreds of miles, from the parent plant, and when it drops to earth is enriched and fertilized for sprouting time.

Some plants that are extra enthusiastic over advertising their wares not only color the fruit, but the foliage as well; sumac, barberry and Virginia creeper are examples of fruiters that furnish elaborately decorated booths for their goods. Thoreau remarks of the pokeweed in autumn: "Its cylindrical racemes of berries of various hues, from green to dark purple, six or seven inches long, are gracefully drooping on all sides, offering repasts to the birds, and even the sepals from which the birds have picked the berries are a brilliant lake-red, with crimson, flame-like reflections, equal to anything of the kind—all on fire with ripeness." In addition to all this color, the stout stem, the large leaves, and even the footstalks of the currant-like clusters of poke-berries, take on splendid tints of crimson lake, as if to announce to the migrating flocks passing over, POKE'S REFRESHMENT BOOTH—HELP YOURSELF.

Other plants are curmudgeons, and deliberately make their gay fruit unappetizing, even poisonous, so that upon being tasted it will be thrown away, which is as good a method of distribution as any, for that matter. Even the red-cheeked, juicy, tempting Apple profits in this way, for after getting some one to pick it and nibble it while passing along, the core is to be tossed aside, where it will become planted some distance from the tree. While if the wayfarer be an animal that eats core and all, the hard-coated seeds generally remain uninjured by being swallowed. Of course, one might take the opposite view of the matter and say that the sour wild crab-apple makes itself inedible in order to be let alone, but doubtless when all apples were sour crabs human appetites were correspondingly less finicky and still found them tempting.

Also, the shape of a fruit may have something to do with its journey in search of new quarters. Round or cylindrical ones, like that of the mustard, apple or oak, roll merrily away several feet or rods; but seeds with corners, such as the beechnut or the buckwheat seed, are more likely to remain where they fall and so form dense rather than widespread colonies. There are advocates of both schools of thought in the plant world, just as humans have conflicting theories regarding government, educational methods and many other subjects of public interest. Only, in plantdom, each species is free to proceed on its own theory as best it can.

Then we have the determined sort of fruit that will be planted, willy-nilly, regardless of whatever opinions others may have as to the desirability of the species or the need for its continuance. The bur-marigold, or stick-tight, or beggar's-tick is a striking illustration of the fruit that is equipped for traveling clandestinely, for "riding the bumpers," so to speak. It is an achene, but instead of being smooth like that of the buttercup, or winged like that of the dandelion, it is outfitted with a pair of spurred heels; in the ripened flower-head, it with many brothers stands head-down on the receptacle, with hooked toes in the air, waiting for the chance to board some passing vehicle in the shape of wool on a sheep's back or on a human's limbs, or the hairy coats of animals.

"If one were only describing the attractive wild flowers, the stick-tight would certainly be omitted, as its appearance is not prepossessing, and the small barbed seed vessels so cleverly fulfill their destiny in making one's clothes a means of conveyance to 'fresh woods and pastures new' as to cause all wayfarers heartily to detest them," says one writer, while Thoreau remarks, "How surely they prophesy the coming of the traveler, brute or human, that will transport their seeds on his coat!"

Avens, burdock, Jamestown weed or thorn apple and the tick-trefoils are all hook-fruit followers; the tick-trefoils literally smear one's clothing with their rough-coated, jagged-edged, sawblade-like pods. "Though you were running for your life, they would have time to catch and cling to your clothes," declares Thoreau. "These almost invisible nets, as it were, are spread for us, and whole convoys of tick-trefoils and bur-marigold seeds steal transportation out of us. I have found myself often covered, as it were, with an imbricated coat of the brown tick-foil seeds, or a bristly *chevaux de frise* of beggar-ticks, and had to spend a quarter of an hour or more picking them off in some convenient spot; and so they get just what they wanted—deposited in another place."

So, by hook and crook, by fair means or foul, by strenuous efforts or merely by yielding to some outside force, the plants get their seeds distributed. A consideration of the various methods they use to adapt themselves to circumstances is one more manifestation of the Divine Intelligence that runs through all nature, of the love of the Father of all for His children that has provided even the weakest and dumbest with the ability to protect and care for its offspring.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

TRADE UNIONS

THE GENERAL SECRETARIATE OF CHRISTIAN SYNDICATES IN BELGIUM AND THEIR WHITE GENERAL, FATHER CESLAS RUTTEN, O. P.

NUMEROUS though they were, the unions of Christian workmen which had been formed in Belgium after the publication in 1891 of Pope Leo XIII.'s memorable encyclical, *Rerum Novarum,* proved unable to make their influence felt all over the country. Not that they lived what one might call a languishing or a lingering life; no, but, for want of harmony and sufficient understanding, there appeared among their various members a lack of that mutual intercourse we all know to be absolutely necessary to an enterprise that is to last.

An organization was needed which would bring all members into close contact with each other; the need was felt also of a directing power, universal, sufficiently elastic, active and positive. This organization, this directing power, came into existence in the old city of Ghent in August, 1904. It was called the General Secretariate of Christian Syndicates in Belgium.

Eighteen years have elapsed since the birth of the General Secretariate, and these eighteen years have witnessed such an amount of far-reaching work throughout the whole of Belgium that, as Catholics, we may rightly rejoice, and after our best thanks to God Almighty, who has blessed the zeal of his valiant and strenuous servants, record here the main events of its formation period and its gradual development. What has been achieved by Catholics in Belgium may be a consolation to their fellow-Catholics abroad; to many, it will, no doubt, be a stimulus, to some, perhaps, an inspiration!

* * * * *

"Every beginning is hard," the proverb says. Still, we very much doubt whether there ever was a beginning coupled with as many difficulties as that of this variegated and important organization. Prejudice, distrust, misunderstanding arose from everywhere, and formed, so to speak, a barrier of insurmountable obstacles and unconquerable drawbacks. While, on the one hand, the founders of the organization were frequently spoken of as "socialists in disguise" and "upsetters of the citizen"; the adver-

---

At this time of industrial unrest throughout the world, when strikes and rumors of strikes are widespread, and when capital and labor, employer and employee, seem to be getting farther apart rather than closer together, and when many are hinting at violent methods as the only effective means for bringing about a settlement, this paper on Christian trade unions should have a special interest.—ED.

saries, on the other hand, of all denomination and political color, continually harassed the recently born enterprise and spread all over Belgium rumors that were to make the workman believe that the Christian syndicates only aimed at . . . "enforcing his servile condition and at giving the death blow to the principle itself of all trade unionism." Indeed, the circumstances were such that only one man could satisfactorily cope with the difficulties: a man gifted with an iron will, kindled with a boundless love for the poor and destitute of society, free from all desire after worldly satisfaction and living solely for God and his people; a man whose clear intellect, whose kind, affable, friendly and generous character would win all hearts that beat for a good cause; a man whose irresistible and fascinating power of speech would draw together the diffused forces as a magnet draws the filings; a man, finally, whom no human or earthly power would prevent from fulfilling his duty nor from bringing to a successful end an enterprise once clearly conceived and planned. Such a man, luckily, was found. His name is Father Rutten, of the Order of Friars Preachers, "our white general," as the Belgian people now call him.

* * * * *

Born at Termonde, in Flanders, on August 10, 1875, Ceslas Rutten entered, at the age of sixteen, into the Order of St. Dominic, where he was professed on September 20, 1891. Sent to the Dominican convent at Louvain, he, there, diligently applied himself to the study of theology and political economics. In March, 1900, he received the degree of Doctor in Theology. After having undertaken a journey of study and investigation in the industrial provinces of Hainaut and Liège, where with the intention more especially of studying the life of the workman, he exchanged his white Dominican dress for the coarse clothes of a miner, and was for several weeks seen descending hundreds of feet under the ground, working like one of the miners; he was sent to Ghent.

What personal experience had enabled him to understand of the life-endangering labor of our friends in the collieries, he shortly afterwards elucidated in "Nos Grèves Houillères et l'Action Socialiste," a work which enjoyed such universal praise that in 1907 the socialist leader, Vandervelde, himself did not shrink from openly declaring in the presence of the whole Belgian Chamber of Representatives that "he would never refuse any pecuniary help or subsidy towards the spreading of works as sound, as earnest and as scientific."

As a writer, Father Rutten is neither a lettered Frenchman nor a learned German; his style is too concise, too tangible to be anything like French; he never repeats himself, and does not play with rhetoric. Nor does he give proof of German scholarship: footnotes, bibliography, quotations he utterly despises; he writes his own language, and that truthfully, honestly and brightly.[1]

As a orator, he is known far and wide; his numerous speeches are printed and sold by hundreds and thousands; his Lenten sermons in Notre Dame at Antwerp attract every second year crowds of people.

Again, as founder and director of the *Semaines sociales wallonnes et flamandes* he has no equal. Everybody still vividly remembers the enthusiasm and warmth with which he was greeted at the *semaine sociale* of Versailles in 1913, and the judgments passed upon him and his work by the great Parisian newspapers.

In 1910, Father Rutten was made secretary of the international congress for home work held in Brussels during the world exhibition. About the same time, he was appointed president of the *Société d'économie sociale* in Brussels, member of the provincial committee for the unemployed of East Flanders, and at the demand of King Albert himself, member of the permanent committee of trade unions, a committee the establishment of which had been frequently requested by the Belgian *Ligue du Peuple.*

* * * * *

From the very beginning, the General Secretariate was entirely autonomous or self-subsisting. This independence, the statutes stated, was to be forfeited under no pretext whatsoever, "the more it would be given the opportunity of developing its power of action by its own inspiration and initiative, the more the General Secretariate would spread and diffuse its beneficent influence." Not that this independence did away with all advice and direction; no, often enough did the General Secretariate deem it its duty to consult persons of higher standing and more intimate acquaintance with the problems under discussion.

After having guaranteed its independent action, the General Secretariate looked out for means of strengthening what already existed, and endeavored to gradually meet the spirit of particularism of the time, and clear up the misunderstandings many still had about the Christian syndicates movement. This proved to be a giant's task. For, while many priests and well-intentioned citizens fully understood their mission, there were still very many who were very much opposed to any such undertaking. Some saw in the movement a means of propaganda for coming elections and received the propagandists with open arms only when they thought that their presence would further their political party. To many, to most even, it was a revelation to be informed that there was question here of a complete reform of the people, as well from the material as from the moral point of view. For a fairly long time also, the General Secretariate had been thought of as of a purely local organism, the activity of which would be confined to Ghent and its immediate neighborhood; and this was quite intelligible at first, the Secretariate being over head and ears in its work and Father Rutten using only two or three coöperators for the whole management.[2]

---

[1] Of Father Rutten's other publications we may mention: "Le Mineur Belge du Bassin Houillier du Couchant de Mons," "Organization professionnelle des ouvriers catholiques," "Les Sécrétariats ouvriers," "Pourquoi nous voulons des syndicats chrétiens," "Petit manuel d'études sociales," "De Lessen van de geschiedenis der arbeidersbeweging in Belgie," "De maatschappelyke zending der katholieke jeugd," "De wetenschap des levens," "De vakvereenigingen: doel, reden van bestaan."

During the first five years of its existence, the General Secretariate was above all tone-giving; its main work being, so to speak, the scraping together of crumbled forces, first by branch, then by district and province. Statistics were drawn of the existing syndicates of the same branch of industry. Negotiations were started with the separate syndicates to induce them to coöperate with their sister corporations; hence, the formation of rural federations. Extraordinary efforts were made to effect a closer union of the separate forces each according to its own district, hence the foundation of provincial leagues with their own secretariates and, shortly afterwards, their own direction. To describe the hardships and sufferings Father Rutten and his copioneers had to undergo to reach this end would be to enter into details too long for our purpose.

Little by little there came a change, and from purely tone-giving, the Secretariate became advisory. Anxious to foster life and vigor in the various industrial districts, it appointed, where at all possible, its own propagandists, trustworthy men, most of them former workmen or tradesmen, born in the locality itself and, consequently, intimately acquainted with the customs and manners of the place. Such men were evidently not to be had for the mere asking. Those who were to occupy the honorable post of propagandist had first of all to possess a *mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body), for, as everything had to pass under their control, they had to be anywhere and everywhere. Was there any quarrel about wages and salary, they had to turn up as guides of the workmen deputies who wished to negotiate with the patrons, and that their interference might be effective, they needed, of course, a technical knowledge of each trade or business. Was there any well-founded or necessary strike, they had to address the workmen involved in that strike; and who but a well-experienced man would daily find the new words, the new reasons and, more especially, the new convictions necessary to encourage his hearers, keep them up to date with the situation and consequently also prevent them from resorting to needless violence or from proposing unreasonable or exaggerated remedies? Again, on the propagandists depended, generally at least, the composition and redaction of the trade's newspaper; the ordering of the sessions to be held by the directory committee, the creation of new associations, the delivery of lectures, etc. Add to this that in unforeseen circumstances they had ever to be ready to come to the fore and to reckon with the many adversaries who did not scruple to present even the smallest of their actions under unfavorable light, the surer thus to deliver them to the contempt of public opinion, and one will easily understand that no man could carry such a weighty burden and stand such a great responsibility unless he were a man built of iron and steel. Thanks be to God, however, trustworthy men were found, ready for the task. As good soldiers, whose courage is doubled or trebled at the smell of powder, they set themselves to work joyfully and cheerfully. Discouragement they utterly ignored, nor did they take to heart the ingratitude of some or the pusillanimous cavils of others. "Not the smoothness but the roughness of life, not the ease, but the sting that bids us go; not the all-pleasant things, but the joys that are three parts pain; these are the stimulants of soul-growth, the mind bracers, the steps by which we mount," they said, and they acted accordingly.

---

[2] To-day this thought of limitation lacks all foundation; for at this moment there is not a single industrial district in the whole of Belgium which has not yet felt the beneficent influence of the Secretariate.

What further immensely helped the modification and alteration of the General Secretariate was the nomination and appointment of priests as local directors. Ever mindful of the example of Christ, who, far from giving to His teaching a character purely ethereal and individualistic, had come to perfect the whole man as placed in the setting assigned to him by Providence and had consequently taken him with his body, his social destiny, his numerous wants, his duties of every kind and his necessary relations; conscious that the kingdom of earth is the place through which man is to travel to reach the kingdom above, the material aspects of existence, while of very secondary importance, may nevertheless not be a mere matter of indifference, the Belgian Higher Ecclesiastical Authority had earnestly encouraged its clergy to look after the well-being of even the material affairs of the people entrusted to their spiritual care. The responsibility the Belgian priests were to assume might well have intimidated and deterred even the bravest. For where a quarrel of a propagandist with some one or other of the influential world does not of necessity cause the ruin of the whole corps—

the propagandist being and always remaining but one among many —the ecclesiastical director, being as a priest the representative of the whole body and not merely of this or that parish, needs an influence able not only to win every one's confidence but also capable of securing the sympathy of those whose interests seem to lie directly opposite his. Glory be to God again; thus far there has been no lack of generous priests. Although they knew that their purse would strongly be appealed to, and their health often injured, they did not hesitate but threw themselves whole-heartedly and resolutely into the struggle. "Depend upon it, we shall beat the devil yet, if we only keep on to the end and never despair"; these words of Lord Shaftesbury they made their own.

* * * * *

As soon as the formation period had been gone through, the General Secretariate entered into a new phase of its existence. Local business could now, in many places at least, be securely confided to others. More important and more comprehensive work awaited completion. The existing rural federations needed a new organization more in accordance with the social requisites of the time. Because they had thought of giving their members a maximum of advantage for a minimum of obligations (almost nowhere were the subscription rates in proportion to the indemnities) many organizations were as if doomed to death even before their birth.

At almost all beginnings of institutions one has to care more about the quality than about the quantity of the neophytes; for the very plausible reason that a respectable member attracts more attention than a large number of uninfluential ones. This is especially true when we refer to trade unions; for a large crowd of people who hardly understand what they aim at will be inflamed, in season and out of season, by the first leader who best gets to know their weak side, and the reaction which necessarily follows will leave but indifference and discouragement. Well-educated or at any rate well-disciplined workmen, on the contrary, never shrink before a failure. They know that all strife for a good cause requires exertion and is ever accompanied with disillusions. Just because they aim at the good for the sake of the good, they work twice as hard with half as much exertion.

The principle that a few strong-willed characters serve one's aim better than many weak and undecided minds, stands to-day as an axiom, and even the simplest Christian syndicated workman fully realizes its undeniable truth. But at the time we are speaking of (remember that we are but past the first formation period of the Secretariate) people were not yet so ready to admit it. Compared with its present condition, for instance, the resisting power of the

Christian syndicates' organization stood below nought. To gradually increase this power funds were needed. Again, to-day nobody will deny the fact that the power of all workmen's organizations largely depends on their pecuniary possessions. Workmen who pay a comparatively large contribution feel themselves more firmly and more directly connected with the organization than do those who are members of penny syndicates. But, once more, this mentality of the majority to-day was not the mentality of the majority eighteen years ago. It was necessary, therefore that some far-seeing men should begin to spread these saner views in the syndicated world of that time.

The General Secretariate undertook the task and started in town and village a crusade for higher contributions. Luckily for the crusaders convincing proofs were not lacking: other countries had given the example and shown that higher subscription rates had not only caused greater security against risks of strikes, but had also sensibly diminished these risks. Well-furnished resisting funds, on the one hand, lead the contentious patrons to deeper thought and reflection, and, on the other hand, increase the feeling of responsibility among the workmen. The patron understands that unlawful obstinacy does not always help; the workman knows it to be unreasonable, foolhardy and reckless to try to have his way always and everywhere in all quarrels of whatever kind. In some localities the increase of the contribution rates was approved from the very beginning; in others it met with some resistance; on the whole, however, the results obtained soon surpassed the greatest expectations.

That this may not seem a mere assertion we give in the following paragraph a concise account of the situation of the different federations as it appeared before the outbreak of the world war; barely ten years, therefore, after the establishment of the General Secretariate.

The syndicate of Christian textile workmen disposed, in 1914, of five propagandists; all former workmen. The paper of this federation, *De Textielbewerker,* was published weekly and exclusively edited by the workmen themselves. Next to articles referring to the actual condition of the trade, this paper contained a large correspondence from and between the local affiliated syndicates. Every member received the paper gratis and at home. The costs were met by the contributions.

The syndicate of metallists: three propagandists, two papers, *De Metaalbewerker* and *l'Ouvrier Métallurgiste,* fortnightly.

The syndicate of builders: one propagandist, one paper, *De Bouwarbeider,* monthly.

The syndicate of tanners and shoemakers: one propagandist, one paper, *De Belgische Schoen en Lederbewerker,* monthly.

The syndicate of mixed trades: one propagandist, one paper, *Elk zyn Recht,* monthly.

The syndicate of bookbinders: one propagandist, one paper, *De Belgische Papier en Boekbewerker,* monthly.

The syndicate of tramwaymen: one propagandist, one paper, *De Tramwayman,* monthly.

The syndicate of diamond-cutters: one propagandist, one paper, *De Diamantbewerker,* fortnightly.

The syndicate of dockers: one propagandist, one paper, *De Havenarbeid.*

The syndicate of glovers: two women propagandists, one paper, *De Handschoenmaakster,* monthly, etc.

* * * * *

Comparatively soon after its birth, the General Secretariate—we have understood it by the above remarks—was, we might say, in its full activity. It was only fit that an organization which then already had to look after the interests of more than one hundred thousand members (in 1913 Father Rutten gave a total of 102,177) should dispose of leaders capable of spreading their own knowledge among the less favored classes. With this end in view social weeks were instituted. Father Rutten calls them the Universities of the Workman.

The first Flemish Social Week was held at Louvain from September 22 to 26, 1908. Priests, seminarists, students (not less than 217 had crowded together from all parts of the Flemish provinces), workmen, and also men of higher standing, all were there inspired with a great love for their neighbor and animated by the sublimity of one great ideal. The other social weeks, which were held in the same town, gathered year after year an ever-increasing number of attendants; sometimes the number of students alone rose to 600, a fact which certainly proves a wide-awake interest in the study of social problems. At these social weeks instructive lectures were given, evening entertainments organized and excursions planned. There, too, people renewed their enthusiasm, hope and confidence in the future and forgot their daily cares; they returned home convinced that better times would be coming as soon as all men of heart and character would aim at one and the same end. (We are pleased to be able to add that the Walloon social weeks, held first at Fayt-lez-Manage and later on at Liège, have in no way had to yield in importance to the Flemish ones.)

The social weeks gave birth to the social study days, which have been regularly held in all the important districts of Belgium. The good effected by these institutions is obvious and need not be referred to here.

* * * * *

Great as had been the work achieved by the General Secretariate, it really only came to its perfection when, at the Congress of the Belgian *Ligue du Peuple,* held at Namur in 1912, it furthered the melting into one of the two then existing general syndicates or confederations, one for the Flemish and one for the Walloon part of Belgium, and helped to form for the whole country one general Christian syndicate; the chief articles of the statutes of which we here give as directly indicative of its character and aim:

> Article 1. A general syndicate has been formed for the various Christian trades of Belgium.
>
> Article 2. This syndicate is self-subsisting and independent from all political parties.
>
> It has its seat in the General Secretariate of the Christian Syndicates at Ghent, and aims:
>
> (a) At taking in hand the general leading of all Christian trades' organizations.
>
> (b) At helping the already existing federations and at fostering the creation of new ones.
>
> (c) At being in constant communication with the Christian international secretariate of all syndicates.
>
> (d) At creating and managing a reserve fund.
>
> (e) At organizing and regulating syndicate meetings, social weeks and congresses.[3]
>
> Article 3. This aim is especially to be attained:
>
> (a) By encouraging and preparing meetings of the same trade in the same district.
>
> (b) By establishing statutes and rules.
>
> (c) By editing and publishing a paper.
>
> (d) By meeting the first costs of institution.
>
> (e) By pecuniary help to the General Secretariate that it may keep up a permanent propaganda.
>
> Article 4. The syndicate is affiliated to the international Christian secretariate of all syndicates.
>
> Article 5. One federation only of each trade may be affiliated to the syndicate.
>
> In order to be affiliated the federations must:
>
> (a) Be established on Christian principles.
>
> (b) Be entirely and solely composed of workmen, small employers or small traders, men or women.
>
> (c) Pay an annual contribution.
>
> Article 6. The federations remain self-subsisting in so far as this self-subsistence does not come in conflict with the statutes of the syndicate.
>
> Article 7. Each year, before the 31st of July, each affiliated

---

[3] The first congress was held in Malines on Sunday, June 30, and on Monday, July 1, 1912. Eighty thousand Christian syndicated workmen were present at this congress. The second congress was held in Brussels on July 27 and 29, 1913. Even the socialist papers consecrated to it whole columns and leading articles.

federation hands over to the General Secretariate a list with the number of its members, a general survey of its work and a detailed account of its assets and liabilities.

* * * * *

We have witnessed the birth and gradual development of a big organization. Many questions could, of course, be asked still. However much I would care to consider them all, I must of necessity limit myself. I just answer one more: What about the financial administration and the documentary service of the General Secretariate?

The General Secretariate, as I have already insinuated, lives mostly on free gifts: yearly a circular letter with a subscription bulletin is sent to some ten thousand persons who are supposed to be friendly to the work. The smallest subscription amounts to one franc. Two employees of the General Secretariate travel all over the country, even to the remotest parts, to collect these letters and bulletins. How they manage to do this is a question I myself have never been able to answer. At all events, in 1914 there were already more than 20,000 subscribers.

Regarding the documentary service, I may say that the General Secretariate possesses a library with a magnificent collection of books and pamphlets on social questions and on topics of the day and some 175 or 200 papers and reviews. Each one of these bears a number of notes corresponding to a *fiche* (a card), so that anyone who wishes may quite easily lay hands on whatever he requires. Briefs are made of all the different events which proximately or remotely refer to the movement. More than 50,000 cards indicate the works on sociology published during the last years at home and abroad. In a word, everything has been arranged after the most modern methods; whoever may need information will be sure to find it promptly and accurately.

* * * * *

Our conclusion will be short.

In these pages I have endeavored to give unprejudiciously a sketch of a work which has received the praise of thousands upon thousands of men of all social standing, a sketch which by no means claims completeness, as it is but a greatly synopsised survey. How far the plan followed by the General Secretariate of Christian Syndicates in Belgium may help social workers abroad, I do not know. This much, however, I would like them all to remember: others may rule by brute force or by methodically breaking down the rights of man; Father Rutten, the soul of the General Secretariate of the Christian Syndicates in Belgium, rules by love and by giving everybody all that belongs to him.

J. THEYSKENS, S. J.

Antwerp, Belgium.

SOME OBSCURE VICTIMS OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION

FROM the fewer known sufferers for religion in Scotland during the previous persecution which followed the Reformation, compared with the host of victims put to death in England for the like cause, it has been thought by some who have not given deep study to the subject that Scottish Catholics were indeed cruelly and relentlessly harried for their constancy, but were seldom called upon to pay the extreme penalty of death. It is true that such sufferers were far fewer in Scotland, and that for various reasons. To mention one only: In England the oath of supremacy was the test; to refuse it or to deny the sovereign's spiritual headship of the Church was sufficient to convict any one of high treason, and consequently as deserving of death. In Scotland it was persistence in the Catholic religion alone that was usually charged against those who were brought to trial on that issue, and not treason; the old religion had been abolished by Parliament in 1560, and an entirely different one substituted, and whoever refused to reject the faith of their baptism and accept a modern invention became obnoxious to the law. But to prove the constancy of Catholics to the practice of their faith was much more difficult in Scotland than in England; it required evidence of the accused having said Mass—if a priest—or of having been present at Mass, or at some Catholic function, in the case of a lay person. Moreover, although the law prescribed confiscating of goods for the first offense, banishment for the second and death, should the culprit return to Scotland, the utmost rigor of the law was not persistently carried out, except when some fresh wave of bigotry from time to time swept the country. Yet, short of martyrdom, the sufferings of Scottish Catholics who clung to their faith against all odds, were keener and more enduring than those of their English brethren. Yet Scotland had her martyrs also.

In this paper I intend to speak of obscure cases only; those more prominent victims who suffered chiefly for religion, but for some other mixed reasons—such as Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop Hamilton, and some political offenders—may be set aside. Queen Mary Stuart, whose Catholicism was the chief reason for making away with her; Ven. John Ogilvie, S. J., whose cause is once more to be brought before the Sacred Congregation, can neither of them be styled "obscure"; those illustrious examples will not be treated here.

Following upon the inflammatory preaching of Knox and the consequent destruction of Catholic symbols in St. John's Church at Perth, the beautiful monastic buildings of Aberdeen were later demolished by a "reforming" mob. Among them was the fine convent of the Trinitarian Friars, which had originally been the King's palace, and was given to the religious by King William the Lion, when the Order first came to that city in 1211. On December 8, 1559, the monastery was given to the flames by the rabble. Friar Francis, one of the community, was stabbed with numberless wounds, hurled down the stairs, and finally cast into the fire. The Prior, Patrick of Dornoch, while imploring the angry crowd to spare the monastery, was also thrown downstairs and then killed by a sword-cut on the head.[1] Some of the victims are said to have lingered on for four days in excruciating tortures. The Superior of the Trinitarian Order in Rome made inquiries some years ago as to further particulars of the outrage, but none were to be obtained; so completely have old traditions been allowed to die out! The Presbyterian "Trinity Church" marks the site of the ancient friary.

Another religious who met his death at the hands of the "Reformers" was Friar John Black, a Dominican, and a foremost defender of the Catholic faith in his time. A public disputation which he held with the notorious John Willock, an apostate friar, and a prominent member of the reforming party, in 1561, roused angry feelings against him and forced him to seek safety for a time in the north of England. After his return to Scotland, he was assaulted so gravely by his enemies in the street at nightfall (January, 1565) that he was nearly killed; he received several blows from a cudgel and was stabbed in the back with a dagger. Scarcely had he recovered from this savage attack than he was once more marked out for destruction. He had been confessor to Mary of Lorraine, the Queen Regent, and is said to have filled the same office with regard to her daughter, Queen Mary Stuart; on the night of March 9, 1565, he was murdered in his bed at Holyrood Palace in the tumult which followed on the murder of David Rizzio, the Queen's secretary. Father Black is styled by Bishop Leslie, a contemporary, a man of very deep learning and a strenuous champion of the Catholic Church. His love for his faith, and his zeal and energy in its defense were undoubtedly the reasons why he was attacked, stoned, clubbed, stabbed, twice driven into exile and at last cruelly murdered.

In 1563, after the Reformation had become an accomplished fact, the State papers record on May 1, the following measures against priests: "There were apprehended in the west country five or six priests at Easter, saying Mass and ministering unto the people; some in secret houses, some in barns, others in woods and hills.

---

[1] "View of Aberdeen and Banff" (Spalding Club), p. 204.

These are all in prison and were arraigned and condemned.[2] Whether they were executed or not does not appear. The law inflicted death after the third transgression. That the popular feeling was in favor of exacting the extreme penalty is evident from an incident related by Knox in his "Historie." He tells how a certain priest, Sir James Carvet, was captured on Easter Sunday, 1565, as he was riding hard to escape the pursuit of the bailiffs after saying Mass; he was punished by being set up on high at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, with his vestments upon him, and his chalice in his hand, "where he tarried for the space of one hour; during which time the boys served him with his Easter eggs. . . . Albeit for the same offense he deserved death, yet for all punishment, he was set upon the Market Cross"—on the following day—"for the space of three or four hours, the hangman standing by and keeping him; the boys and others were busy with eggs casting."[3] It is amazing that Protestant prejudice could so blind a more modern writer to remark coolly: "Knox tells us with what an absurd degree of leniency the offender was treated."[4] To such a writer it seems quite lawful for a Government to make a religion and force every one to observe it by rigorous measures! It is to be noted also, that the priest in question is not convicted of a third transgression of the law, for which alone the penalty of death was to be inflicted. Yet Knox in his rage against everything Catholic would have had him summarily done away with!

In 1572 or 1573 a priest named Thomas Robison or Robson was apprehended for saying Mass, and as it was the third offense he was hanged.[5] He had been formerly Master of Paisley School. It is not certain whether this is the same victim as that recorded by an ancient chronicle: "Upon the fourth day of May (1574) there was ane priest hangit in Glasgow callit . . . for saying of Mes."[6] One historian (not very reliable when Catholic matters are concerned) states that Robison suffered "fifteen or more months," from April, 1571; if this be true the 1574 nameless priest could not have been identical with him.

In 1575 a priest was killed at Kirkmichael, Banffshire, for refusing to unite an uncle to his niece in incestuous marriage. The infuriated bridegroom, assisted by his companions, seized the priest, placed a faggot upon a large stone, bound the victim thereon, then set fire to the wood. The priest perished in the flames. The atrocious deed is kept in memory by the title of Clach-ant-Shagairt—"The Priest's

---

[2] State Papers—Dom. Papers Scot.—Vol. VIII., Nos. 35, 36.

[3] Knox, "Historie," Bk. V.

[4] Chambers, "Domestic Annals," Vol I., p. 32.

[5] Buchanan, Rer. Scotic. Hist., fol. 242.

[6] "Diurnal of Occurrents," p. 341.

Stone," by which the stone in question is traditionally known in the locality.[7] If it appears strange that a priest should be at large at Kirkmichael, fifteen years after the Catholic religion had been proscribed, it must be borne in mind that the district in question—a remote part of the country, standing about 1,000 feet above sea level —enjoyed the protection of the Catholic family of Gordon, and the faith never died out there entirely. In other unimportant places the same constancy in professing Catholicism is met with. At Inchinnan, for example, in the county of Renfrew, about nine miles from Glasgow, the priest, Sir Bernard Peblis, continued in office for some years, apparently unmolested. It is not until 1570, ten years after the Reformation, that his name disappears from the records of the parish, to be replaced by those of readers and exhorters, and at that same date all Catholic objects belonging to the parish church were destroyed. An inventory "of the auld rotten Papistrie therein" mentions two Mass books, an image of "the Babe Jesus, a cast image of Our Lady, one great image of Saint Anne . . . and a little image of ivory, that stood on a chandelier."[8] This seems to show that Catholic worship had been persisted in.

In 1575, Camerarius in his Menology (Paris, 1631), commemorates on August 8 David Douglas, thought to be a Scotsman, a man of noble birth, who was seized at York, and beheaded for the profession of the Catholic religion. No further information is available as to this instance.

The execution of Graham, Laird of Fintry, in 1593, although his imprisonment was due to political causes, was brought about by his staunch adherence to Catholicism. The Earl of Angus, who was his fellow-prisoner, escaped by bribing his guards, but Fintry was put to death. A report sent to Rome at that date thus speaks of him: "He was held in the highest esteem through the whole of that realm, on account of the purity of his life and his wonderful prudence and learning. He might have saved his head if he had accepted the proposal which was made to him of embracing Calvin's heresy. But he answered very resolutely that it would be a bad bargain for him if he were to prefer earth to heaven."[9]

Another layman who suffered death in 1601 was James Wood, eldest son of the Laird of Boniton. He was a young man, belonging to a family famous for their adhesion to the ancient faith. Being a youth of great affability and varied accomplishments, he was in high favor at the court of James VI. before that monarch migrated to England to fill the throne of Elizabeth. Mistress Margaret Wood, his sister, was one of Queen Anne's maids of honor.[10] A contemporary report of the state of religion in Scotland, preserved in the Archives of the Society of Jesus, gives an interesting reference to the young man in question; but before speaking of James Wood a few words must be said regarding another personage mentioned in the report—Queen Anne of Denmark, James VI.'s consort. There is indisputable evidence that about the year 1600 Queen Anne became a convert to the Catholic faith, and that James himself was aware of it. The Queen is not a very important historical character, and the fact has therefore occupied little interest except among Catholic writers. One of the first to bring the fact to public notice was the renowned historian, the late Father Joseph Stevenson, S. J., in 1879; but as far back as 1837 a writer in the *Quarterly Review* stated the Queen's conversion as certain.[11] And now to the quotation referring to young Wood.

---

[7] "Old Statistical Account of Scotland," (1794) Vol. XII., p. 142 (note).

[8] McClelland, "Church and Parish of Inchinnan."

[9] Barberini MSS., fol. 231 (translated by Father J. Stevenson, S. J.).

"In the first year of her reconciliation," it runs, "she [Queen Anne, of whom the writer had been speaking] was very desirous to render due Christian homage to His Holiness by letter, and accordingly enjoined her spiritual father to dictate a suitable letter for her to write to His Holiness, informing him of her reconciliation with the Catholic Church, and tendering her obedience and respect. She also wrote a letter addressed to Your Paternity [the General of the Society of Jesus] requesting you to act as her advocate with His Holiness. Both these letters were written out, signed and sealed with the Queen's own hand. The person selected by Her Majesty to convey these letters, James Wood, of Boniton, took charge of them; but was shortly afterwards, as you have heard, taken prisoner and beheaded. He lost his life, beyond all doubt, in behalf of the Catholic religion, for, had he been a heretic, he would certainly not have exposed himself to such a death. God, for His greater glory, and the preservation of the innocent Queen, did not permit the letters to be intercepted, and Boniton had them secretly conveyed to me just before his trial. After his martyrdom, we asked the Queen what she would wish to be done with them."[12]

James Wood was actually seized, tried and found guilty of *breaking into his own father's locked house* and *stealing certain title deeds!* His brother-in-law, who was charged with him, was acquitted! It is noteworthy that his father did not appear against him, even as a witness. It is impossible to doubt that his well-known fidelity to the Church and his prominent position as heir to a staunch

---

[10] Letter preserved in National Library, Paris.

[11] Report of the State of Scotland, Ibid., p. 273. Translated by Father Forbes Leith, S. J., in "Narratives of Scottish Catholics Under Mary Stuart and James VI.," p. 363.

[12] Forbes Leith, "Narratives," p. 273.

Catholic family, had much influence with the judges who condemned him. Contemporary letters show the opinion of leading Catholic clergy of the period. Father Abercromby, the Jesuit missionary who reconciled Queen Anne, says of the head of the family: "Now our enemies are become more violent, for they declare that the victory would be as good as won if three men were cut off—meaning the Earl of Angus, the Laird of Boniton and myself."[13] With regard to the young Laird, as James Wood was often styled, another Jesuit thus writes: "We have lost the noble Baron, whose brother, John Wood, at this moment is so ably guiding our counsels. He fell nobly, a martyr to the malice and envy of the priests of Calvin. We, the survivors, are in constant danger of a cruel death preceded by more cruel torture, as if to deprive us of our hope in Christ and our life together."[14] From all this it seems reasonable to conclude that James Wood is worthy of a place among the heroes who gave their lives for the faith in Scotland.

The first Vicar Apostolic sent to Scotland by the Holy See—Bishop Nicolson—in reporting to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in 1700, thus briefly narrates an instance of heroic constancy on the part of certain Catholic inhabitants of one of the Western Isles. He is giving an account in the third person of his visit to those remote islands. "The first station was in the Isle of Eigg, where he found all Catholics, three hundred in number, very constant in the faith, and always loyal to their sovereigns. A few years ago, some of these islanders suffered martyrdom at the hands of an English pirate named Porringer, who held a knife to their throats and forced them either to renounce the Catholic faith or die."[15]

In the beginning of the same eighteenth century we find an instance of heroic suffering borne by a Scottish missionary in the person of Father Robert Munro, a secular priest. His whole career was a series of difficulties and hardships. He began to serve the Scottish Mission in 1671 and labored chiefly in the Highlands with great zeal and success. At the Revolution against James II. in 1688, which resulted in the abdication of that Catholic monarch, many priests were seized; but Father Munro managed to elude the searchers until 1696. He was an object of hatred to the Presbyterian ministers because of the many converts he had reconciled, and he was very badly treated and thrown into prison in Edinburgh. After some time he was banished to Flanders, under threat of death should he venture to return. In that country, although under a

---

[13] Ibid., p. 228.

[14] Ibid., p. 269.

[15] Archiv. Propag. (Translation by D. O. Hunter-Blair, "Hist. of Cath. Church of Scotland," Vol. IV., p. 371.)

Catholic sovereign, he was no better treated than in Scotland; at Ghent he was imprisoned as a rebel to the Prince of Orange, and although he was able to prove easily his priesthood and the reason for his banishment, his plea was disregarded. At length, through the influence of Mr. Lewis Innes, a prominent Scottish Catholic, he was released and made his way to the Scots College in Paris. Thence he sent a petition to Rome to ask for help in money and priestly requisites, for he had lost chalice, vestments and everything of the kind when made prisoner. His great desire was to return to his destitute flock in Scotland, as they had no chance of seeing a priest or receiving the sacraments in his absence. His appeal was answered by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and his friends in Paris added considerably to the funds sent to him from Rome. Provided with all necessaries, he started on his journey in 1697.

But Father Munro's trials were not yet over. He was taken prisoner on his journey, thrown into prison in London, and all his money and altar requisites seized. His friends in Paris had to send remittances to pay for his support in prison during the year he remained shut up. He was again banished to the continent on his release. He tarried at Dunkirk to await a chance of taking ship to Scotland, and at length was able to return secretly to his beloved people, to their great consolation. He continued with them, laboring assiduously for some six years.

In 1704 persecution broke out against Catholics in Scotland with greater fury than ever; false rumors had been spread of a plot to restore the Stuarts to the throne, and were gladly believed by the enemies of the Church. Search was made everywhere for priests, and Father Munro received tidings of the danger that threatened him, and advice to change his residence without delay. But unfortunately he lay ill of a fever and was unable to leave his bed. The soldiers who had been sent to take him surrounded his house in Glengarry where he was lodged on the night of January 14 and secured him as their prisoner. Finding that he could neither walk nor sit upright, they inhumanly threw him across a horse's back as though he had been a sack of corn, and conveyed him to Glengarry Castle, where they were stationed. On arrival there, they cast him upon a low floor and there left him without any covering in that intense cold, or even a little straw to lie upon. He remained thus for two days, tortured by a continual fever, aggravated by other complaints while his brutal captors would not give him so much as a drink of water. On the third day after his capture, God called him to his reward, which we may surely hope was the enjoyment of bliss eternal.[16]

Father Munro's career has been given rather fully because it serves as an illustration of the almost incredible hardships and dangers which beset the life of any priest who was heroic enough to venture to Scotland in those evil days. The sufferings he bore—with the exception of a death devoid of all comfort spiritual or temporal—was the lot of numberless priests at that period. Some of them, indeed, were called upon to share his dereliction in the hour of death. Father A. Gordon, S. J., is recorded by Bishop Smith in his report to Rome in 1747 to have labored with great zeal and energy on the Scottish mission; in the Jacobite rising of 1745 Father Gordon acted as chaplain to the Catholics on the battlefield at Culloden, where the forces of Prince Charles Stuart were so disastrously defeated, and was made prisoner. Taken to Inverness in May, 1746, he died in prison there about three weeks later—"a martyr, without doubt," says a writer in the Catholic Directory of 1853, "to the misery and squalor which were the inseparable attendants of the dungeons used in those times as jails in Scotland." Another Jesuit, Father A. Cameron, died in prison that same year at Gravesend, on October 19, worn out, as Bishop Smith relates, by "the fatigues occasioned by his voyages."[17]

It would be a long task to give a list of those who escaped death, yet underwent extreme sufferings for their faith during the centuries of persecution in Scotland. A few of the most prominent must suffice.

The insulting treatment of a priest mentioned by Knox with such relish has already been alluded to. Four priests of Dunblane, sentenced to death in 1569 for the sole offense of saying Mass, had their sentence commuted by the Regent Moray. Instead of being hanged at Stirling, they were there "bound to the Market Cross with their vestments and chalices in derision, where the people cast eggs and other villainy at their faces by the space of an hour, and thereafter their vestments and chalices were burned to ashes."[18] They were then banished from the realm. Another priest, Father Murdoch (or Mackie) was apprehended by the so-called Bishop of Moray for having said Mass many times for the Huntly family at Strathbogie and Bog of Gight (now known as Gordon Castle), for Lady Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle and the Leslies near Aberdeen. He was condemned to be "taken to the Mercait Cross of Edinburgh, clad in his Mess clothes (in the same forme that he was taken) on Mercait Day and there to stand chained from 10 to 12."[19] The sentence was carried out on September 27, 1607; the priest stood there amid the jeers of the crowd, his chalice in his hand. "Then all Mess clothes and Popish baggage were burnt to ashes," and the victim led back to prison to await the time when a ship would be in readiness to transport him out of the kingdom; for he was to be banished for life. The "egg casting" does not seem to have been carried out in this instance, but the shameful degradation was no small penalty.

---

[16] Abbé Macpherson's Ms. Cat. (published in Gordon, Scotichronicon, Append. 3, p. 585).

[17] Archiv. Propag. (Translation by Hunter-Blair, Hist., Vol. IV., p. 400, 401.)

[18] "Historie of King James the Sext," p. 66.

An ecclesiastic who became most obnoxious to the Presbyterian ministers was Abbot Gilbert Brown. Born about 1528, he became a priest rather late in life at Paris; for he came to Scotland in that capacity in 1587. It was then twenty-seven years since the overthrow of the Catholic religion, yet in the southwest of Scotland people still continued for the most part staunch to the faith, under the protection of the Maxwells. Father Brown was made superior of the Cistercian Abbey known as Sweetheart—probable while yet a layman—according to the reprehensible custom of the times—and was denounced as early as 1578 to the General Assembly of the Kirk, as enticing the people to "papistrie." John, Master of Maxwell, is recorded as having disobeyed the command of the Lords of the Congregation to demolish the monastery, "where he was for the most part brought up in his youth," and it is possible that some few monks may have lingered at Sweetheart, as they certainly did in a few other places in the kingdom. After he was made priest Abbot Brown was most energetic in preaching the faith all over the southern counties. His enemies called him "a famous, excommunicat forfaulted, perverting papist," adding that he kept in ignorance *(i. e.,* of Protestant tenets) almost the whole of the southwest of Scotland. So successful was he that in 1601 and 1602 the Catholics of Dumfries openly attended Mass. Every effort to seize him had been eluded, until in 1605, in spite of the resistance of the whole countryside, he was taken and imprisoned. After being kept for a time in Edinburgh Castle he was banished.[20] A Protestant historian complains that special favor was shown him by the Chancellor (Seton, a secret Catholic), since he was allowed to take with him all his "idolatrous relics, crosses, Agnus Dei, and the rest," and had actually been allowed to say Mass before his departure from the country.[21] Father Brown became rector of the Scots College in Paris, where he died in 1612.

---

[19] Chambers, "Domestic Annals," A. D., 1607. Calderwood, "Hist. of Kirk of Scotland," Vol. VI.

[20] Chambers, "Domestic Annals," Vol. I., p. 390.

[21] Calderwood, Hist. Vol. VI., pp. 295, 368. The hatred of the Agnus Dei in Reformation times arose from the fact that the wax within had been blessed by the Pope.

Many were the priests who were brought to trial for saying Mass, and subsequently banished. Father John Mambreck, S. J., was sentenced to death in 1626, and Charles I. had signed his death warrant, but at the entreaty of Queen Henrietta Maria, he was reprieved and sent into exile as soon as he was able to travel, some months later. Alexander Robertson, S. J., in 1627; Father Cornelius Ward, a Franciscan, in 1634 (after two years in prison); Robert Phillip, a secular priest, denounced by his own father in 1613, condemned to death, but finally banished, and again imprisoned in 1641 after returning to Scotland, to be once more exiled; Fathers Robert Valens, Alexander Ogilvie and John Seton imprisoned in 1644, and Father Andrew Leslie in 1648 (all S. J.); Father William Grant, S. J., in 1654; Father William Ballantyne, Prefect Apostolic, imprisoned for nearly two years, then banished; Father Patrick Primrose, O. P., died in prison, 1670—these are a few on record. To these may be added the names of other priests who suffered in like manner in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Fathers James Fife, S. J., James Innis, S. J., Bishop Nicolson (Vicar Apostolic), Fathers James Nicol, Walter Innes, Crichton, Bruce (O. S. B.), Fairfull, Seton, Maxwell, Forbes, Hudson, Gordon, Farquharson, Cameron and C. Farquharson (all S. J.), Adamson, Gordon, Davidson, Chrichton, Forde, Wallace, Shaw, Macdonald, Laith, Grant and A. Macdonald (secular priests). Bishop Hugh Macdonald in 1756 was arrested and tried in Edinburgh for being a priest, and although his advocate maintained that the law never mentioned Bishops, but priests only, he was sentenced to banishment. He remained in Scotland, however, and continued secretly to direct his flock. The Government knew this, but ignored it.[22]

The faithful laity, also, were called upon to undergo trials and adversities beyond measure. The nobility were particularly singled out, as their example was calculated to impress the meaner classes. Thus the Countess of Abercorn, in January, 1628, was excommunicated by the Presbyterian authorities in Glasgow as an obstinate Papist. Broken down in health, she withdrew to Edinburgh. There she was apprehended and imprisoned for all that winter in the Tolbooth, then removed for six months' confinement to the Canongate prison. She was released on condition of having no conference with Jesuits or Mass priests. In three years she died. Her husband, the Earl, was on the continent, having been compelled to fly for safety, but his brother, Lord Claud Hamilton, was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. The aged Marquis of Huntly, in 1635, for some months was incarcerated in the same Castle, in a room where he had no light, and where his wife was permitted to visit him once only at Christmas. Afterwards he was allowed to dwell in his own house near Holyrood Palace, "with liberty to walk within one of the gardens of the said palace and no further." In June, 1636, he grew so weak that he was taken to his northern home, Strathbogie, "in a wand-bed within his chariot, his lady still with him." He died at an inn at Dundee on the journey. The Countess of Nithsdale was summoned in 1657, with other Catholics, to appear before the Court and was questioned about her belief; her firm attitude impressed her very judges. "You must cut off my hand from my arm, my head from my neck, draw all the blood from my veins before you tear from my breast my belief." She willingly offered all her worldly goods, content to live as the poor, that thus she might the better prepare for a life beyond this world's riches and pleasures. There is no record of her imprisonment, but she had already been excommunicated by the Kirk, a sentence which carried with it many social sufferings and restraints.

---

[22] Forbes Leith, "Memoirs of Scottish Catholics," Vol. I., pp. 361-381; Vol. II., pp. 399, seq.

No more touching instance of the cruelty of the Presbyterian authorities and the fortitude of a woman in resisting it is to be found than in the circumstances relating to the apprehension of Elizabeth, Lady Herries, in 1629. Taken prisoner at Edinburgh, she "was sent to the prison where women of bad character were shut up, but she sat down on the steps at the entrance and could not be removed. She said that her sentence of imprisonment did not class her with harlots, and that she neither would nor ought to associate herself with women of infamous life by inhabiting the same prison. She would rather die on the steps for the Roman faith, and there were many thousands more women in Edinburgh who would be prepared to share so glorious a death with her than there were prisoners in the gaol at Edinburgh." While she was in prison her only son fell ill and his life was in danger. She begged leave to go and visit him, promising to find sureties for her return. Her petition was refused; the child, only seven years old, was brought to her in prison, where the filth and discomfort of the place hastened his end, and he died in her arms. Falling sick herself, she was banished from the realm, without being allowed a day to recover her health, and scarcely being permitted to take from her own property sufficient to supply her with the ordinary necessities of life.

Among other illustrious sufferers were the Earl and Countess of Perth, who in 1688 were taken to Stirling Castle, where the Earl remained in confinement for over three years. He was released on giving a bond of £5,000 to quit Scotland forever. The Duke of Gordon in 1699 was seized on Low Sunday, when at Mass in his house, in company with about forty other Catholics; he was imprisoned but released in a fortnight.[23]

The Catholic nobility were continually being harassed about the bringing up of their children in the faith. Thus in 1629 the Earl of Angus was called before the Privy Council and ordered to bring with him his son and two daughters, that direction might be given for their education in the "true religion, under the pain of rebellion." Later on in the same year, the Earl was ordered to entrust his son to Principal Adamson, of Edinburgh University; but the youth escaped, and the Earl was compelled to sue for pardon. The children of the Earl of Errol, the Earl of Nithsdale, Lord Gordon, the Marchioness of Huntly, Lord Semple, the Countess of Traquair, and others, were forbidden to be sent abroad or educated otherwise than as Presbyterians. The injunction, however, was persistently disregarded.[24]

From the treatment dealt out to the members of the nobility, it may easily be understood that Catholics of humbler rank had to suffer a still more rigorous persecution. Innumerable instances occur of prosecutions for hearing Mass, for receiving Catholic sacraments—even for contracting marriage before a priest, which was stigmatized as '"scandalous cohabitation" and "unlawful alleged marriage." Lists of excommunicated Papists continually appear in Kirk Session Records, during these terrible centuries. The practice of the Catholic religion must needs be carried on in the most secret manner, and under constant dread of arrest and imprisonment with forfeit of all goods. Even showing hospitality to a priest was liable to banishment. For harboring Father Ogilvie, in 1615, three Catholics were actually condemned to death and drawn to the gallows, where their sentence was commuted to exile.[25]

The penal laws against Catholics up to the passing of the Relief Bill in 1793 seem almost incredible in their severity. An abstract of them was published in the *Scots Magazine* in 1778, which gives an idea of the rigorous measures taken. No Catholic might lawfully remain in Scotland unless he would subscribe to the Presbyterian doctrines; the purchase or spread of Catholic books was forbidden under pain of banishment. Jesuits and seminary priests were to be pursued, apprehended and punished with death; the entertaining of them was absolutely forbidden. Hearing of Mass, refusing to attend Protestant worship, endeavoring to convert any one to Catholicism, or being present at any meeting where there was an altar, Mass-book, vestments, etc.—all were punished by confiscation of goods and in some cases, banishment for life. Catholics might not possess any landed property; a convert lost all right to his possessions. Catholics might not be schoolmasters, governors, guardians or factors; they were forbidden to teach any art or science whatever under severe penalties.[26] A Protestant historian has well summed up the situation. "There is no more humiliating chapter," says Cunningham, "in our country's legislation than those penal statutes against the down-trodden Romanists. . . . They were to be a proscribed and outcast race, denied not only the right of fellow-citizens, but the charity which is generally extended to the most worthless of our fellow-creatures." [27]

---

[23] Forbes Leith, Ibid., Vol. I., pp. 64, 65.

[24] Forbes Leith, Ibid., Vol. I., 361-381; Vol. II., pp. 393, seq. (In these pages the author has collected from many sources brief notices of the victims of the Scots Penal Laws in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.)

[25] Pitcairn, "Criminal Trials in Scotland," Vol. III., p. 376.

What is most striking about the dreary centuries through which the Catholics of Scotland so bravely struggled for the faith, is the insolent assumption by its enemies that Catholicism is of its own nature hateful and loathsome to all "believers in Christ"! It was not the fruit of even a cursory examination of the Church's teaching and discipline, for those who were ready to listen to the missionaries generally became reconciled with the Catholic Church; rather was it the inherited prejudice sown in ignorant minds by the early Reformers, and driven home by persistent inhuman legislation, continually renewed through more than 200 years. To the simple, uneducated Scotsman, anything proscribed by the law of the land under such rigorous penalties must necessarily be evil and abhorrent! The wonder is that educated men, as many of the ministers were, did not detect the fallacy. But was it not the Jewish priesthood that hounded Our Blessed Lord to a malefactor's death? Learning alone, therefore, is no infallible guide to truth. The prejudice which reigned in Presbyterian circles in Scotland even a century ago is less violent now, although it still lives in many an otherwise Christian heart. It was not long since I personally came across an instance of ignorant bigotry that it would be hard to believe had it been read in a book. A Presbyterian minister's wife was engaging a maid in a town where Catholics were numerous, and the lady thought it a duty to put an unsophisticated girl on her guard against unforeseen dangers.

"This is a peculiar town," she said, "there are a great many Roman Catholics here, and it is an extraordinary religion. *They do not believe in Christ, you know (!);* but their religion is mixed up with idolatry and all kinds of strange beliefs!"

But in the big towns, where Catholicism is the faith of a large proportion of the inhabitants, prejudice is slowly dying. May it not be that the heroic sufferers for conscience sake in the past have won this by their prayers in heaven? Those prayers, we may be sure, will never cease until Scotland submits once more to the reign of Christ through His Church.

---

[26] Hunter-Blair-Belsheim, "Hist. of Cath. Ch. of Scot.," Vol. IV., pp. 229-30.

[27] Cunningham, "Church History of Scotland," Vol. II., p. 543.

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying: How long, O Lord, holy and true?"

MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Nairn, Scotland.

THE "LAST SUPPER"; OR, THE FIRST MASS CELEBRATED ON EARTH

"Noli me tangere, nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem meum."—John xx., 17.

N*OLI me tangere* ("do not touch me")! Magdalen, her soul burning with love, had vainly sought her divine Friend among the dead. Two angels, radiant with the splendor of the Resurrection, their garments white as snow, were standing there on guard. Urged by the instinct of her love, she had just turned, when she met Jesus in the form of a gardener. One word had been sufficient to reveal Him, to recall a past full of memories, her penance, her tears, her lovely and pure friendship—"Mary!"—and drawn to Him by a mysterious charm, she knelt at the feet of her risen Master, to kiss them.

We may gaze at Jesus now in the splendor of the morning. In the light of this transfigured humanity He was still Himself; the Jesus she had always known and loved. But *Noli me tangere,* sound the mysterious words. "Do not touch me"; *nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem* ("for I am not yet ascended to My Father"). The hour is not yet come to enjoy the Divine presence of the Master. He comes and goes mysteriously, like a vision for a short, ah! too short while. He has not yet reached the place of immortality, where intimate communion with Him will be the reward and crown of eternal love.

In the same way I hear a voice repeating to me from the tabernacle the mysterious words: *Noli me tangere* ("do not touch me")—do not attempt to lift up the veil of a mystery which holds under the humble appearance of these two ordinary things, bread and wine, the substance of all religious belief and feeling. *Noli me tangere*—mysterious words which ring in the shadowy silence of the temple, and warn us that there are such unfathomable depths in this Sacrament that no human being can hope to sound them.

This very voice, however, does not forbid us to gaze upon what Jesus Himself deigned to show of the mystery; Magdalen was not prevented from regarding the Master; only we bow our heads in adoration, and we consider with simplicity and deep veneration the most stupendous work of Divinity hidden under these simple forms. *Noli me tangere;* let us therefore go near the sancta sanctorum of the New Testament with silence, with the reverence of angels; let us purify our senses; let us enkindle our soul with the flame of love, let us cleanse our eyes before looking into the mysterious depths. We shall attend the first Mass celebrated in the world by

Jesus, the eternal Priest; we shall see Him building by His very action the best monument of His love and creating the soul of the Church, so as to bind together all the mysteries of our religion.

We are on the road from Bethany to Jerusalem, following the steps of Jesus, who for the last time moves from the house of His dear guests towards the eternal city of the prophets. We may notice in His eyes the splendor of His soul absorbed in deep thought, the burning flame of His heart. Nature rests in the peace of evening while the glowing sun sinks beneath the horizon. The Master is already beyond Bethany on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, where, some days before, His eyes had been filled with tears when looking at Jerusalem. The holy city stands there in its mournful grandeur proud of its walls and towers, still erect though struck so often by the storms of invasion; proud of the Palace of Herod; above all, of the buildings of the temple which rises in its white garment of marble with the roof gleaming in the purple of the sunset.

We cannot but divine the thoughts of the Master walking in a mysterious silence before the little band of the Apostles, or uttering from time to time His words full of life and love. Jerusalem, the chosen city, the city sung by the Prophets as the queen of the universe, *"Domina Gentium" Jerem,* dreaming ever of its great past, with the history of all the little nation which had resisted and survived the great world towards which all the peoples would flock; Jerusalem, the city cherished by God, which had already felt the ground quiver under the steps of the Man-God, Jerusalem is preparing the most atrocious crime of the world against her King, her Prophet, her Messiah, her God!

The evening becomes dark and silent and mournful as Jesus turns His steps towards the supper room. He goes on with a divine sadness marking His features. The Apostles glance at Him with deep astonishment: there are mysterious signs of mysterious events; they are far even from guessing what the hurrying hours will bring.

Jesus enters the house chosen for the Last Supper. He sits down in the hall richly adorned by the piety of the guests and of two Apostles, while under the veil of night the foe plots the ruin of the Prophet in the firm hope that His teaching will vanish, His followers will be scattered. But Jesus, who knows their plans perfectly, is about to lay the foundations of the new spiritual world, to call into being the new life which will nourish it until the end of time. He is silent, deeply concentrated on the thought of an institution which will multiply His incarnation, impart His divine being to each man, and bind with a bond of infinite perfection, the finite with the infinite. Jesus is silent, because in silence the greatest works are accomplished. He is now reclining at the table for the Easter banquet; the ceremonies of the Old Testament are passing away before Him devoid of their solemnity; they have served their purpose; they must yield now to other rites which will be the immediate preparation of man for eternal life.

Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum antequam patiar (Luke xxii., 15) ("with desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer. For I say to you, that from this time I will not eat it till it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God"). Then according to the ritual, He takes the cup of wine and hands it to the guests saying: "Take and divide it among you" (Luke xxii., 17). He adds: "I say to you that I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I shall drink it with you in the kingdom of my Father" (Matt. xxvi., 29).

We seem to be face to face with some tremendous mystery. For why does He speak so emphatically? *Desiderio desideravi* . . . . such are His words. Never up to this did he give utterance to His feelings in such a manner. It is not the result of a transient emotion: Jesus Christ is perfectly Master of His own sentiments, and surely it is not an anticipation of some friendly banquet by which His soul is charmed. Let us remember we heard Him saying by the mouth of the Prophet, when sent to perform the greatest work after creation: *Sacrificium et oblationem noluisti; aures perfectisti mihi; holocaustum pro peccato non postulasti; tunc dixi: ecce venio. In capite libri scriptum est de me, ut facerem voluntatem tuam. Deus meus volui et legem tuam in medio cordis mei* (Ps. vii., 9; Heb. x., 7). He had been invited by his relatives to festivals, to enjoy their intimacy in other circumstances; He had been surrounded in very dangerous moments by the affection of his faithful friends of Bethany; He had seen the little children of Israel in their innocence gathering round Him, pure as lilies; before the tomb of Lazarus He had quivered from the strongest emotion; He had been hailed as Messiah in an exultant hour of triumph willingly accepted; He had seen life, death, sin, illness, His enemies, everything subdued by His omnipotent power; we hear His cry announcing from the Cross to the world that the work in which eternal centuries had shared, is fulfilled; we shall see Him in the forty days before His Ascension pass along like a vision amid the blessings of peace, or abandon Himself to His divine effusion of love in banquets full of mystery, but on no occasion is He so deeply moved, so powerfully attracted by what He is going to do.

Noli me tangere . . . ; here, too, he repeats to us the mysterious words. Let us approach with fear and veneration the greatest of mysteries which will bring about once more a revolution in the thought of man, ready to accept unhesitatingly the word of Our Lord without attempting to break with proud curiosity the seals of revelation.

The little room on this holy night, which is the most significant among the commemorations of Hebrew history, is opening to the light of a new sun. The Old Testament is about to hand over to us by Jesus Christ the key of a new stage in the revelation of God: that of the kingdom of love. There is no event more fateful and far-reaching in the history of the kingdom of God than this for which we hear the Man-God say: *Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum antiquam patiar.* The very angels whom Isaiah had seen sparkling with light round the throne of the Eternal are listening with amazement to such words and are anxious to see what the love of God is going to do for mankind. Let people run after sinful pleasures, let the nations rage in the turmoil of fight while endeavoring to secure temporal conquest or supremacy, let Jerusalem herself treacherously prepare the greatest crime in history: we pass this by, we must hear and see what happens in the little room.

The Apostles are still eating, and Jesus takes bread, gives thanks, breaks it and gives it to them saying: "This is My body, which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me" (Luke xxii., 19). A little later, when the meal is over, and, according to custom, the time is come for the head of the house to pass the last cup round to all the guests, Jesus takes the cup, gives thanks, and gives it to them, saying: "Drink ye all of this. For this is My blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi., 27, 28); "This do ye, as often as you shall drink, for a commemoration of Me" (I. Cor. xi., 25).

What has happened? Do not be astonished by the simplicity of the scene, for simplicity is the most striking characteristic of the works of God. The words come forth with a directness and a sincerity that is amazing: the effect is beyond all human understanding. Who could imagine such a thing, if it was not a fact? This very Jesus whom we are gazing upon reclining at the table, of whom God Himself sings in the Psalm (cix.): *Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae in splendoribus sanctorum, ex utero ante luciferum genui te;* whom St. Paul assures us God "appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world" (Heb. i., 2); and that He is "the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, . . . sitteth on the right hand of the majesty on high" (Heb. i., 3);

the Word made flesh, now becomes bread, or bread has passed into His substance, has multiplied Him, the eternal thought of God, the most beautiful among the sons of men. Jesus Christ, the Word of God, becomes bread to be eaten, assimilated by us, that we may become other Christs one and the same thing with the Word of God! What a wonder is this! It is such a marvelous thing that no one but God could conceive it: therefore if man had ever known it, it must have become a reality. Our amazement cannot be expressed by words: only silence can suitably indicate our admiration. Let us bow our heads let us adore this astounding achievement of the love of God!

Let us bow our heads in humble adoration of what our intelligence, proud as it is, but short-sighted, cannot grasp, or let us choose between two equally great mysteries: the mystery of love itself, and the mystery of a Man-God, who from love multiplies Himself in the grains of the field, in the grapes of the vine, somewhat realizing the dream of certain philosophers who claim to see in every being one and the same divine substance, but answering at all events to some deep longing of man to feel in a sensible way the presence of the mysterious being which lies at the source of things.

From all this it follows that love, as it solves the most fearful riddles of the universe, is also the secret of all success; as it is an unequalled spring of activity, it is also the charm of life, the sun of great souls: look at the Last Supper. By this wonderful power the Church has conquered the world, and dominates universal history: *In hoc cognoscent omnes, quia discipuli mei estis si dilectionem habueritis ad invicem* (Is. xiii., 34). It is the characteristic mark of Christianity. *Ego in eis et tu in me ut sint consummati in unum, et cognoscat mundus quia tu me misisti et dilexisti eos sicut et me dilexisti* (Is. xvii., 23). Here we have the true test of our great Catholic religion: everything is connected in a harmonious whole. There can be no difficulty at all in believing the mystery of the altar when one believes in the Incarnation of God. The Eucharist is only a further step in the ladder by which God came down from the eternal splendors of heaven to us: it is the individual application of the mystery by which the Second Person of the Trinity united to His personal being our nature. As God became Man by the Incarnation, so we become God by the Eucharist. The prologue of St. John's Gospel, which is the history of the eternal life of the Word of God in the bosom of the Holy Trinity and of His coming down to take human nature, has its natural complement in the sermon of this very Last Supper, which is the most glorious song of love ever uttered in the universe.

So all the mysteries of our religion hold together in a marvelous manner, and their practical consequences are the only ones which could be fit for our nature according to the merciful plan of God of elevating it to a supernatural order. So charity is the mark of Catholic faith, the proper fruit of this Sacrament which flows essentially from love. The sublime vision of the Word of God, with which St. John opens his Gospel, has its natural complement in the sermon which followed this very Last Supper: just as in the life of man, the heart is the natural complement of the intelligence. Let us draw from this lesson a practical consequence. We cannot presume to attain any lasting and consistent result in our work for the sake of Jesus Christ but by love. It was not the light of intelligence which conquered souls, but the fire of love burning as an eternal lamp in the Church. Cold reasoning does not touch human souls, as it is not the intelligence but the heart which guides the actions of the average man. Approach them with gentle tenderness, address them words of true and sincere affection, and you will gain them for the truth.

Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum antequam patiar. Let us consider again the meaning of this mysterious utterance of the Master. *Desiderio desideravi antequam patiar.* What a singular connection: the banquet of life before the most appalling agony of death. Sorrow and death are so closely connected with life and resurrection in the Christian religion! This banquet, which is, according to the words of Jesus Himself, the figure of the eternal banquet in the kingdom of His Father, takes all its significance from the impending passion. Because it is not only a food, it is a sacrifice; nay, first of all a sacrifice, and only consequently a food of souls for immortality. Let us consider for a moment the wonderful harmony in these events and mysteries. It was by the attraction of a forbidden food that man fell into disobedience and death; it is by virtue of food and previous obedience that He is raised again and death is overcome. The food of Eden brought death into the world; the Eucharistic food restores life and immortality. But this life and this immortality flow from the wounds of a martyr, spring from the torn veins of a victim. The institution of this Sacrament is essentially connected with the passion and death on the Cross. The separation of the blood from the body is nothing but death; therefore we are quite aware that in the Last Supper Jesus is really, though mystically effecting beforehand His passion, His death and their eternal fruits. It follows that in the simple act of transforming a little bread into the body and of a few drops of wine into the very blood of Our Lord everything is contained; all the universe is made one in this new creation. The opening days of our race are recalled; the new Adam rebuilds what the old had overthrown, the stream of prophecies runs through this mystery; the former life of Our Saviour has reached its supreme aim—*Desiderio desideravi;* the passion and death are already mystically realized. Not only does it signify and foretell, it produces eternal life. The banquet symbolizes even in human customs what is most cherished and precious—life, friendship, love; the grains transformed into bread, the grapes compressed into wine are the most ordinary things in the world, nay, they draw from earth the simplest elements which are necessary to maintain this little world of our body. Consequently in this mystery we meet the universe, we find all the Church in her soul and heart.

In this institution lies indeed the root of its social organism—the priesthood. Christ, the eternal Priest, foreshadowed in Melchisedeck, predicted by the prophet of the Psalm—*Dixit Dominus . . . : Tu es sacerdos in aeternum* (Ps. cix., 5)—by those words *Hoc facite in meam commemorationem* (Luke xix., 22)—establishes the power which is the most important, which is essential in the Church, that of transmitting the priesthood for ever. Because the organization of the Church is essentially sacerdotal. What should one think of a religion without a priesthood? What of a priesthood without a sacrifice? What of a sacrifice without a victim? The one, as a matter of fact, demands by its very nature the other: such is the declaration of history even from the very dawn of all religious belief and practice. Therefore, we may see now realized the prophecy of Malachi (Mal. i., 11) predicting a new worship and a new sacrifice cleaner and more far-reaching than the old one. Nevertheless, many are insensible in the presence of this wondrous action, which is the most beautiful drama of love ever realized, because it shows the transformation of God brought about by His very love for us. Let us remember, therefore, that the most exquisite feelings of the soul of Christ, of this Christ who was all love and kindness—mysterious revelation and powerful attraction of noble souls—towards every kind of men, are thrilling under the Eucharistic appearances, once the words of consecration are uttered by the priest. Consider the infinite care and jealousy with which God prepared the mysteries of the Last Supper.

He hid the Incarnation under the charms of a humble family of Nazareth, under the weakness of man, because Jesus appeared like all other men before rising in His sublime dignity of Messiah, but both the Old and the New Testaments were quite explicit as to its true and sublime characteristics: on the other hand, for the Eucharistic Sacrament and Sacrifice what careful preparations! Some hints in the Old Testament: precious hints for us enlightened by the full splendor of revelation; big riddles, perhaps, or even unsuspected mysteries for the Jewish interpreter of Holy Scriptures. The New Testament drew nearer and nearer to the full realization; some miracles prepare the open teaching of Jesus on the subject, but all is wrapped in mystery; the crowd retires scandalized at the promise of Christ that he will give them His body to eat, His own blood to drink, while assuring them that He will ascend to heaven. Who can ever understand such words? The mysterious charm and kindness of the Master holds the Apostles from retiring, but they do not understand the mystery better than the crowd. Nevertheless, such words lingered in their hearts. The Spirit will awake them and reveal their full meaning. Similarly the Church, when endeavoring in the first centuries to make her way clear through paganism, hid, under the *disciplina arcani* the Eucharistic Sacrament, the mysterious drama of the Mass. Even now with how many rites and ceremonies this Holy Church has enveloped it? There are no more sancta sanctorum as in the Old Testament, but the Tabernacle, open only to the minister of God, is more than any sancta sanctorum; it is heaven on earth; for on the altar every morning all the mysteries of our religion meet together. *Terribilis est locus iste. Vere hic est domus Dei et porta coeli!* So the altar is the goal of every liturgical function, nay, it is the point round which centres the eternal song of the universe.

Consider for a moment. We go into the Church; we admire the pictures; we listen with deep emotion to the finest melodies: there is even an instrument which music consecrated only for the Church, the organ, which shares the majesty of the rites, the splendor of art, the mystery of the temple: but what is the aim of all this? What do all those sounds mean? What do those mystic representations celebrate? What does the temple stand for, with all its mysterious semblance? Take away from the sanctuary the Eucharist and all sacred art will become silent, or it will be a cold manifestation of colder hearts; remove the priest, and you will remove the Eucharist, you will demolish the temple, you will make religion an empty rite, the earth a wide, awful desert. Life would disappear: What then would become of mankind? What of our destinies? Let us open a tomb and throw into it our last hopes with our own life! But all this is impossible, impossible. Yes, impossible. Let us then go to the altar, every morning round this humble spot; let us join the angels when the dawn of eternal life rises there in mild splendor; for everything is pure, gentle and mild round the place where Jesus clad with mystery comes to meet us.

Let us hear the word of one of the most conspicuous doctors of modern times on the Mass: "To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as He passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we, too, 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great advent,' 'waiting for the moving of the water,' each in his place with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it." *

Let us conclude. The Mass is the crown of the works of God, the foundation of our faith, the hope of our life. Let us then draw near again and again to this mystery with bowed heads, with the

---

*Card. Newman, "Loss and Gain," p. 290.

reverence of angels, with tender feeling; let us bow, kneel, adore! Let us gaze in silence when the drama hurries on so quickly towards the centre of action; when the priest lifts up bread become flesh and soul and divinity; when turned he blesses and places the small portion of white food on the tongue of the little children, radiant with the gentle light of innocence, of youth full of the passion of life, of men bowing already under the burden of years. When the sacrifice is over and the priest passes before us "in golden borders clothed round about with varieties" (Ps. xliv., 14), let us bow to kiss the fringe of his white garments, because he performed in the name of God the holiest action in the world, because he gives the soul to the temple, the life to religion, its profound significance to the liturgy; because he is Christ Himself, the Christ everlasting amid the world's history. Here too, let us listen to the mysterious words of Jesus: *Noli me tangere.* The altar is surely a most sacred thing, but the priest is a more sacred one. As it would be a sacrilege to defile the altar stone, it would be a more impious one to cast a stain on the garments of the priest. *Noli me tangere*—let fall the veil of mystery upon these grand objects of our faith and let us bow our heads and kneel in deep adoration before the God who passed before us in the myterious splendor of His eternal love.

P. FULVIO CORDIGNANO, S. J.

Rome, Italy.

KANT'S INFLUENCE ON HIS SUCCESSORS

IT WOULD be hard to overestimate Kant's influence on the thought of the nineteenth century. His philosophy is like a watershed whence the stream of speculation flows down to modern idealism, agnosticism, and even materialism. To this source also may be traced the modern predilection for non-dogmatic religion; for his apotheosis of the moral law and his depreciation of concepts of supra-sensible things tended to convert Christianity into a mere system of ethics. Yet, it was the greatness and earnestness of his ethical conception of the world which gave Kant's philosophy such sway over the minds of men—this seems clear from Reinhold's "Briefe ueber die Kantische Philosophie." Still, the onward movement of philosophic thinking derived its impetus chiefly from the principles of the theory of knowledge as laid down in the "Critique of Pure Reason." Says Windelband, "In the thought symphony of those forty years (1780-1820) the Kantian doctrine forms the theme, and idealism its development."*

Kant's fundamental philosophical problem was—how are synthetic *a priori* judgments possible? He argues that we have no right to project our intellectual categories into the world of sense experience, but that we may project our system of ethical categories as well as our system of æsthetic ideals into the world of sense. Subsequently, there were two schools of interpretation of Kant. The one followed the absolutism of the second and of the third "Critiques"; the other, taking its viewpoint from the first "Critique," was critical. To the former belong Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. They attempted to derive a whole system of philosophy from the one principle of general purposiveness. From this axiom, too, they tried to deduce the manifold of experience. On the other hand, there appeared in Herbart and Schleiermacher the Kantian reminder of the limitation of human knowledge.

Among the other factors that helped to form the stream of philosophic thought were the introduction of Spinozaism and the poetry of Goethe and Schiller. The latter influence was largely romantic and the part it played is seen in the fact that Fichte, Schelling and Hegel thought that Kant had not done justice to the immediate feelings—enthusiasm, religious aspirations, etc. They thus represent a reactionary movement from the too theoretical treatment of life by the Königsberg professor.

In order to grasp the precise viewpoint of Kant's successors it is necessary to note that for Kant the world of things is a construction of thought. Thought in this sense is not the psychic states and processes of the individual human mind. These are a part of phenomena and set over against the unknown and unknowable noumena. But thought, viewed from the side of content, is an organized system of knowledge including all that can be known. And it is this unitary system that was taken up by his successors, the German Idealists, and called by them the Ego. Reality for Kant was the reality of experience, and the use of the categories could be explained as the construction of thought. The problem of philosophy, then, was to point out the logical interrelations of thought. Kant attempted to solve this problem by tracing all experience back to the synthetic unity of apprehension. But he failed to bring about a complete unification of experience. It was then the gaps in Kant's system that formed the starting point of his successors.

---

*Hist. of Phil., p. 531.

When the "Critique of Pure Reason" first appeared, it found little recognition, and later it met with violent opposition. There is, however, no cause for wonder that Kant's work is not understood at once; for it discussed so many problems in such intimate relation and took such a peculiar view that the minds of men were fairly dazed at his daring. Many of the judgments that were passed upon his effort are of little value. But there was a very significant opposition carried out by a group of men who, in different forms appealed to the immediate feelings and to tradition, rather than to reason and experience, as Kant had done. Speaking in general terms, they may be said to have upheld the undivided activity of the spirit as against Kant's analysis which led him at many points to make sharp distinctions between elements which are given only in indissoluble union. They pursued Kant's opposition to the enlightenment so far that in the end they were opposing Kant himself. These men represented ideas and viewpoints which reached far beyond philosophy, and aided in the introduction of new conceptions into poetry, history and even life in general.

In the forefront of this group stands Johann Georg Hamann, a frequent correspondent with Kant. He read the "Critique of Pure Reason," but rejected it, even going so far in his opposition as to write a counter critique, which, however, was never published. His attitude was different from that of Kant inasmuch as he substituted for Kant's reason belief, tradition and feeling. Another member of this circle was Johann Gottfried Herder. He sat at the feet of the Königsberg professor and was much influenced by the views adopted by his teacher in the sixties. Still, his philosophical nature was more deeply stirred by Hamann and like him he laid special stress on the historical and traditional, rather than on the clearly conscious and voluntary, as did others of his age. He criticized the philosophy of Kant in his exposition of Hamann's "Metakritik." A third member of this group, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, exposed the grave difficulties involved in Kant's doctrine of a thing in itself. But in performing this task, he did not go back to Kant's main problem—his method. Jacobi rejected the philosophical system of Kant because immediate faith was not given its due; and exalted that part of life which cannot be translated into generally valid knowledge.

For the same reason that some had opposed the critical philosophy, others by close discussion of Kant's doctrine found new problems — questions which the master himself could not have formulated clearly. In this movement three men are prominent—Reinhold and Maimon for the theoretical restatement and Schiller for the æsthetic and ethical. In 1786, Reinhold published in Wieland's paper, the *Deutscher Merkur,* his "Briefe ueber die Kantische Philosophie." This treatise was a popular exposition and did much to spread knowledge of Kant's doctrines. Reinhold was one of the moving spirits of the philosophical activity at Jena which organized the philosophy of Kant into a teachable system. While at Jena he wrote his "Versuch einer neuen Theorie des menschlichen Vorstellungsvermoegens," in which he tries to reduce Kant's philosophy to one single ultimate principle. In his opinion Kant had not gone back to the ultimate presupposition, whereas philosophy can be a true and real science only when it deduces all its doctrines from one principle. It was this aim and attitude that started the critical philosophy on a speculative course. Reinhold calls his fundamental principle the principle of consciousness, and he goes on to show that all the forms and principles of Kant's system can be derived from this axiom. In his philosophy the thing in itself is nearly lost, while the unity and activity of consciousness receives special emphasis Reinhold's teaching was combated by Schultze in his work, "Ænesidemus." Maimon, another disciple of Kant, investigated with keen penetration the questions which his masters' teaching had occasioned. But he steered a middle course between the dogmatizing of many of the Kantians and the titanic speculations of those who would deduce all philosophy from one single principle. Partly due to his lack of positive training, he adopted an original and even critical attitude in his study of Kant's works. From the annotations he made in his study of the "Critique of Pure Reason," he elaborated the "Versuch ueber die Transcendentalphilosophie" (1790), which occasioned Kant's saying that no other of his pupils understood his philosophy so well or possessed such acumen for its investigation. Maimon, on the one hand, rejects Reinhold's principle, and on the other, refuses to accept Kant's "experience" as something distinct from subjective presentation. With regard to the principle of causality he takes a stand intermediate between Hume and Kant. And the thing in itself may be said to be altogether discarded by Maimon. Yet, he of all Kant's disciples may be regarded as the one who carried on Kant's work best.

Still, the main stream of philosophic thought flowed through another channel; this was the romantic with its longing for the absolute. A colleague of Maimon at Jena but with a different philosophical perspective, was the poet Schiller. He began the study of Kant with a mind schooled in philosophical thinking, but his artistic nature and training led him to make the same demand for the artistic point of view that Hamann had made for the religious standpoint. As against Kant, he believed philosophy ought "not to put asunder what Nature had joined together." Yet, to the end of his life he remembered with enthusiasm the world of ideas to which Kant had introduced him. In April, 1805, he wrote to Wilhelm von Humboldt, "Speculative philosophy, if it ever attracted me, has disgusted me with its hollow forms; I found no living springs and nothing to nourish me on its barren plain; but the deep fundamental ideas of the idealistic philosophy are an abiding treasure, and, if only on that account, we must count ourselves happy to have lived in this age."

The further development of Kant's philosophy was determined both by its first opponents and by its early adherents. The lack of totality and completeness in his system was felt and criticized. It was thought that a system of philosophy should endeavor to express the fullness of the spiritual life. And as religious faith and artistic conceptions and creations seemed to accomplish this, men turned to them as methods by which to express the complete life. So thoroughly had this ideal got hold of thinking minds that they even rejected the scientific attitude because it did not assure the deduction of all propositions from one fundamental principle. Kant could not form such a synthesis, for he held that knowledge demands something outside itself which is ever eluding attempts to know it—this is the thing in itself. But if this were abandoned, there could be no objection to starting with Kant's supposition that synthesis is the essence of spirit and forming a great philosophical structure. Such an attempt to deduce all reality as well as knowledge from one fundamental principle—self-consciousness—may be called Romanticism. But there were other motives for it besides the philosophical impulse given by Kant's suggestion of the originality and activity of spirit. The audacity for this daring adventure in philosophy was born rather of the spirit of the French Revolution, while the poetry of Goethe and Schiller also contributed by presenting pictures of the longings and aspirations of life.

Fichte, who is called Kant's greatest disciple, was the first philosopher of Romanticism. He began with self-consciousness and argued that if reason is in truth unitary in all its operations, it ought to be possible to deduce the categories from self-consciousness—the pure activity of the Ego, an activity which reflection discovers to be present in every fact of knowledge. Hence, the unity of self-consciousness in all knowledge, and the recognition of this as primarily an act furnishes the foundation of all Fichte's system. In this act the Ego asserts its own existence or posits itself. But this gives us only pure unity of the self; the Ego also affirms a not-self, *i. e.*, objects which check it. In concrete knowledge, then, there are two elements, the Ego and the non-Ego, mutually limiting each other, yet both going back to the creative activity of the Ego. But why should the Ego posit non-self at all? Why not remain in its infinite indeterminateness? The answer to these questions Fichte found in Kant's insistence on the supremacy of the moral will. In fact, the Kantian doctrine of the inherent moral worth of man so harmonized with Fichte's character that he resolved to spend his life in the attempt to construct a system of philosophy in which its principles would be practical maxims. His letters also attest the great influence of Kant's moral teaching on his philosophical thinking. Man, then, is an active moral being. But morality demands strife and for conflict there is needed non-Ego, limitations, checks, obstacles to be overcome by the self. "Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do is thy vocation."

Fichte's successor, Schelling, seems to have been less directly influenced by Kant, although he read Kant as well as Fichte and Spinoza. Yet, Bosanquet maintains that "the deepest vein of philosophic inspiration ran from Kant to Schiller and from Schiller to Schelling." Schelling was a disciple of Fichte in much the same sense as Fichte was a disciple of Kant. The content of his Transcendental Idealism was taken from Fichte's "Wissenschaftslehre." But he went way beyond Fichte. He demands in the name of idealism a more positive recognition of nature than was possible in Fichte's system. His main philosophical problem is—how do we perceive the whole system of causes and effects which forms the world? How does such a system arise for us? Starting with self-consciousness as a principle, he proceeds to show how it produces itself, not in the ethical sense of Fichte, but as the artist produces. For him life is not a serious business, a struggle, but the intellectual creation of artistic enjoyment. In his philosophy there is no Kantian "thing in itself," and the categories are reduced to two primary ones, cause and reciprocity. In his system of objective idealism the Ego creates artistic experience and for him this is everything. Whereas Kant says the ground of experience is reason and Fichte that it is ethics, Schelling declares that it is æsthetics. While Kant assumes an unknowable rational principle, Schelling, like Fichte, sets out to create the world. But what is the relation of consciousness to the world it creates? Can the scientist fill in this system with scientific knowledge? Schelling does not think of appealing to empiricism, but triumphantly turns physics into poetry and the cosmos into a picture. For him matter is slumbering spirit, and spirit is matter in process of becoming. And he believed that he was able to trace in detail the stages through which nature rises to spirit. Thus had he run the course of absolute idealism, and in his old days his system was overshadowed by the rising prominence of Hegelianism.

At the age of twenty-five, Hegel wrote to his precocious friend Schelling as follows: "From the Kantian system and its fullest completion I anticipate a revolution in Germany, which will start from principles already forthcoming and only needing to be systematized and applied to existing knowledge. No doubt there will always be something of an esoteric philosophy, and the idea of God as the Absolute Ego will belong to it." Then, after referring to Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason" and to Fichte's "Foundation of the Whole Doctrine of Science," he continues: "The inferences therefrom will one day astound a great many distinguished people. They will be giddy at the supreme elevation by which man will be so high exalted; yet why has the world been so slow to raise its estimate of human dignity (or value, a Kantian phrase), and to recognize the capacity of freedom (Kantian) which sets him in the highest rank of spirits" (Hegel's "Briefe"). From this letter it is clear that Hegel recognized the fact that he was creatively inspired by Kant in pursuing Fichte's idea of the Ego as the key to the universe. And Adamson maintains that historically the contents of Hegel's systematic work connects more closely with Kant than with his more immediate predecessors. Hegel removed the opposition which he found between the subject and the object in the Kantian system by making both equally necessary to the total development of self-consciousness. For him the Ego is not a mere form to be filled in with content; rather theoretical knowledge as well as customs, institutions and religious duties are all necessary conditions of self-consciousness.

Hegel's dialectic method which owes a great deal to Fichte and a great deal to Kant, contains within it his whole system. His aim in this method is to interpret knowledge of the physical universe in terms of spiritual values. Begin anywhere in experience; affirm anything and let the mind work on the affirmation. You will find your affirmation confronted with another, different, but claiming the same place, that is, contradictory. Then, to satisfy your thought, you have to discover or contrive some further complex which will put both affirmations in their right place with the necessary corrections. The driving force is the necessity that the complex which your thought affirms should be self-consistent. All thinking and inference without any exception depend upon this principle. His effort is to read meaning and rationality into experience. And his system really does enable one to collate experience and to bring it together in such a way that its various elements throw light on each other. In this way he even illumined to some extent empirical science despite the fact that he attempted to discard the empirical method. By his synthesis he gave one solution to the problem which Kant bequeathed to his followers: What is the relation between subject and object? Hegel answered by merging both subject and object in the unity of the absolute, not a static infinity, but an absolute of activity, opposition and tension.

While the Hegelian sun was at its zenith, there appeared a disturbing element in the philosophic firmament. This element was Schleiermacher's speculation; for it kept alive the spirit of critical philosophy. He was a disciple of Kant, but he did not accept Kant's system as he found it. He directed his criticism against the external and purely arbitrary manner in which Kant united ethics and religion. He thought Kant made religion too rational, whereas there is something in it beyond reason. This something is the feeling of dependence, which for him is the basis of all religion.

Of more importance is the reactionary thought of Schopenhauer. Like Schleiermacher, he is a critical philosopher; for him the problem of knowledge precedes the question of existence. He goes beyond Fichte, Schelling and Hegel by placing greater stress on experience and on immediate intuition. He tried likewise to assimilate Kant's ideas and then proceeded beyond them. He regards himself as the true heir of Kant, and he had the presumption to deny that anything of importance in philosophy had been done in the interval between Kant's time and his own day. Still, there is little doubt that he owes much more to Fichte and Schelling than he is willing to admit. His study of the sacred books of the Hindus also played a part in the shaping of his views. But his real teachers were Plato and Kant. He was greatly interested in Kant's epistemology and after considering the problems there involved, came to the conclusion that Kant's successors had erred in their interpretation of these questions. Moreover, he found in Plato's anthesis between the world of ideas and the world of sense and in Kant's anthesis between the law-abiding world of phenomena and the "thing in itself" lying beyond all laws and concepts, expressions of the dualism between thought and will. In regard to the limits of rational knowledge, Schopenhauer arrived at the same conclusion as Kant. But although rational knowledge can not synthesize all existence, still—and here he differs from Kant—the desire and striving expressed in our pleasure and pain, in our hopes and fears, in all feelings and in all willing reveals the very kernel of existence. In the light of rational knowledge the world is only phenomena, but regarded by analogy with our own impulses and will we arrive at the conclusion that the world is in essence will. His, then, is a system of voluntarism. To sum up it may be said that he derived from Kant and the Kantians the transcendental element in his philosophy—the criticism with which he started and the synthetic arrangement by which he grouped all the elements of thought under the absolute will.

The thought of Schleiermacher and of Schopenhauer has made it clear that their three illustrious predecessors had developed one side only of Kant's philosophy. But there was another movement carried on by a group of men banded together for the purpose of a common study of Kant. Some of these kept quite close to the central teaching of Kant but discarded many of his unessential doctrines. Some of these scholars were engaged in educational and political work, as Humboldt and Schoen. Others were physicians and jurists, as Erhard and Feuerbach. Their relations to Kant are well expressed in Erhard's letter of May 19, 1794: "The philosophy which proceeds from a single fundamental principle, and pretends to deduce everything from it, is and will always remain a piece of artificial sophistry; that philosophy only which ascends to the highest principle and exhibits everything else in perfect harmony with it is the true one. . . . Kant's philosophy has not yet prevailed with his disciples, for they seek to make reason constitutive. . . . I have already written to Reinhold on the subject and demonstrated to him that we cannot have a theory but only an analysis of the faculty of imagination."

Of special importance is Frie's psychological reaction against Hegelianism. He accepted Kant's results but substituted for the method of transcendental criticism empirico-psychological inquiry which he made the basis of all philosophy. About the same time Herbart selected from Kant's philosophy the realistic elements contained in it and united these with Leibnitzian monadism to form what he describes as a metaphysical system of realism. Even Schelling took a leading part in this movement. He was called to Berlin for the express purpose of combating the philosophy of Hegel. He with

C. H. Weisse and the younger Fichte branded Hegel's system as pantheism. Krause, too, joined the opposition, expounding a mystical system of his own which he called Panentheismus. So, too, his pupil, Ahrens. The followers of Hegel themselves split up into the Right—Goeschel, Rosenkranz and J. E. Erdmann; and into the Left—Strauss, Feuerbach, Ruge, Marx and Lassalle.

In 1865, Otto Leibmann published his "Kant und die Epigonen," the sections of which, dealing in succession with Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Herbart, Fries and Schopenhauer, ended severally with Liebmann's watchword, "We must go back to Kant." He thought that all these authors had compromised with the thing in itself, and that the only way to clear matters up was to go back to Kant and make a fresh start. But, the Neo-Kantian movement was not metaphysical; it was epistemological. And in it there reappeared those Kantian features which post-Kantian thought had more especially repudiated; the unrealized and unrealizable ideal in the mind, the ever unattainable "ought," the infinite process of approximation to moral perfection. This view was maintained with extraordinary skill and tenacity by Liebmann, Vaihinger, Lange, and the Marburg school. In Germany to-day the vast majority of philosophers are Kantians—a few are Hegelians.

In France nineteenth century Positivism attempted in a manner quite different from Romanticism to conduct philosophical speculation along the lines indicated by Kant. The predecessors of Comte were little influenced by the Königsberg professor, excepting Ampere and Biran. Comte himself, however, recognizes Kant among others as a source of philosophical inspiration. Still, he had a dislike for the critical philosophy, and his own point of view little coincides with that of Kant.

Critical philosophy also found an entrance into England. Before the beginning of the nineteenth century, English translations of some of Kant's works were in the British Isles. After an initial struggle, the influence of Kant extended and is manifest in the writings of Coleridge and Carlyle, of Hamilton and Mansel, of Green and Caird, of Laurie, Martineau and others, and stands on a level with Hume as a source of philosophical impetus.

Hamilton in his works, "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned" and "Philosophy of Perception," endeavored to unite Reid's teaching with that of Kant; he thus spread the seeds of critical philosophy on English soil. In his critical analysis of the conditions and limitations of knowledge, he follows and at times corrects Kant's line of thought. Mansel, a pupil of Hamilton, is a follower of Kant especially in logic. The scientist Whewell also did much to make Kant's theory of knowledge fruitful in England. In several works he tried to give historical proof of the correctness of Kant's fundamental conceptions. Herbert Spencer drew his metaphysical principles—the relativity of knowledge and agnosticism—from Hamilton and Mansel and thus ultimately from Kant. Green tried to effect a harmony of Kant and Hegel by proceeding from the epistemology of the former to the metaphysics of the latter. E. Caird went even farther in a similar attempt. Laurie, although a Hegelian, accepts from Kant the hypothesis of synthesis and *a priori* categories. G. H. Lewes attempted to effect a compromise between Hume and Kant.

In the light of this discussion one might say that Bosanquet was almost correct when he called the philosophic thought of Germany in the nineteenth century the forward interpretation of Kant. And if we do not take the word too strictly, we might call the whole of modern philosophy the forward interpretation of Kant.

JOSEPH A. SCHABERT, PH. D.

St. Paul, Minn.

THE MODERN CATHOLIC NOVEL

THE novel, as a species of English literature, was the base offering of a debased morality, the child of a Protestant pen. What wonder, then, that Catholics, and many Protestants, too, for that matter, long shunned its company, for the novel had neither ancestry nor character to recommend it. Gradually this stigma disappeared, and in the hands of such writers as Burney, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, the novel established a respectable reputation. Now and again, even some Catholic essayed an attempt in this direction, but Catholic fiction was a very unstable variety and so the novel remained essentially Protestant.

Then the twentieth century dawned, and with it a new era for the novel. Holy Mother Church would draft this outlaw child of the Protestant revolt into her service. Her blessing would give it power for good, and in obedience to her direction it would develop a beautiful flower and a wholesome fruit. Thousands were being hurried to eternal death in the stream of irreligious filth that poured over the land. Why might she not filter off the soil from this contaminating flood and make of it living waters?

God heard the desire of His Spouse, and a Robert Hugh Benson, a Canon Sheehan, a John Ayscough, a Dr. Barry, a Montgomery Carmichael appeared, by no mere accident, but raised up by Divine Providence for a new and mighty work. These men were to be the instigators of the new Catholic novel.

Now it seems rather significant in the light of present-day tendencies and recent events that the present Catholic novel should have received its initial impulse from an Irish priest, the gentle Canon A. Sheehan, of Doneraile. "Geoffrey Austin," published in 1895, was the first modern Catholic novel to appear. But although the honor of being the first in point of time belongs to Canon Sheehan, in quantity he was soon outstripped by that whirlwind of energy, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. Speed of production is not the ultimate test of a writer's worth, however, and so for quality Father Benson must yield the palm to Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known by his pen-name of John Ayscough. Dr. Barry, the least productive and the least Catholic of this quartette of priests, brings up the rear, and Montgomery Carmichael is in a class all by himself.

In style Canon Sheehan and Father Ayscough have in common certain traits that we find singularly lacking in their two brother priests. The Canon naturally exhibits a fine Celtic humor. It flashes out best in the dialect of his books and is often dangerously close to tears. In this regard, John Ayscough is a Celt, too, though his wit is too sharp at times, and it is probably this quality which has enabled him to catch the true Catholic spirit and atmosphere to a degree that Father Benson could never attain. The latter can scarcely be said to be humorous. He has a vein of rather droll English irony that is pungent and bracing but utterly lacks that odd tenderness of pathos and fun that sparkles up like a rare champagne all through the pages of Ayscough and Sheehan, and in Ayscough's even more than in Sheehan's. Father Barry has neither humor nor irony to relieve the intense atmosphere of his books. The gloom of tragedy never lifts. It is as though Father Barry has lost all sight of the exhilaration of life in the stress of living; or perhaps he has but too successfully set aside his Celtic qualities when he donned the methods and ways of his English models. That a sense of humor is there somewhere underneath this veneer is plain to any one who has read his "Wizard's Knot," and one is almost tempted to call it a sin for a man who could write those delightful curses of Cathal O'Dwyer to so hide his light under a bushel as Father Barry has done in his other stories.

It is this repression on Father Barry's part, no doubt, that gives an unnatural tone to his work. No man who is a Catholic and a priest can effectually push all that is, or at least ought to be, dearest to his heart completely out of reach of his pen, and still be himself. Where your heart is there is your pen also of intrinsic necessity. That is why Canon Sheehan is the most natural of this group of priest-authors: he is Irish and a priest and his books are Irish and priestly, too. His characters are not mere creatures of his imagination, but the souls of living men and women so hopelessly Irish and Catholic that you simply cannot disentangle one from the other. Father Barry, on the contrary, is seldom Catholic and still less frequently Irish. The result in his work is entirely to his disadvantage as the passages which are Catholic so well reveal.

Father Ayscough is guilty of the same fault as Father Barry, but in a less marked degree. Perhaps it was his more distinctly spiritual end that prevented his falling more completely into this error, and when he did choose characters, none of whom were Catholics, his fine sense of humor saved the day. This is particularly well illustrated by "Monksbridge," which might well contend for the honor of the second most perfect novel ever written if Thackeray's "Henry Esmond *is* the most perfect.

Now Father Benson's inferiority to Canon Sheehan in this matter of naturalness seems to proceed from an entirely different source. The zealous convert never poses as anything but a priest and a

Catholic, and he well deserves both titles; but Father Benson became a Catholic at a much more mature age than Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, who was received into the Church at eighteen. Besides, Father Benson's friendships and environments were largely non-Catholic even after his conversion, and this, combined with his distinctly English character and mental tone, rendered him incapable of fully assimilating those finer little instincts and beauties of Catholic life which John Ayscough's Celtic temperament more easily caught. It is only a little thing, entirely subordinate to true faith and all that, and yet its color, or better its lack of sympathetic understanding, has left that slight, intangible, unnatural touch on all of Father Benson's work.

One perceives this difference in these four writers more clearly in their depiction of home life than anywhere else. John Ayscough seldom attempts a "home," and when he does, it is never a normal Catholic home with a devoted father, a self-sacrificing mother and a jolly household of romping children. The same is true of both Father Barry and of Father Benson. They give us only the conventional English aristocratic home with one or two young hopefuls, or for a change one of those households of decadent Italian nobles invaded by an English *tertium quid*. But the home of Canon Sheehan! Children by the dozen, and poverty and hard work to spare, it is true, but full of the love and self-denial and the purity and the peace of firm faith in Divine Providence that make our Catholic homes what they are. There is no convention about the Canon's homes; it may be sometimes little of the so-called refinements of civilized society, but there is Christianity and life in abundance, and if one must choose between convention and life, why, let us have life by all means.

In point of description it is much more difficult to put a relative evaluation upon this group of writers, since all are masterful in the art of description. Their love of nature is extraordinary as is always the case with refined spiritual natures, and their broad sympathy for poor human nature is priestly. Their very lifework, of course, naturally fitted them in a very eminent degree for the description of character. Father Benson and Canon Sheehan have made the most extensive and the best use of character-analysis and soul-psychology, qualities which are conspicuous mostly by their absence in Father Barry's work. The latter is usually content with temperament portrayal merely, in imitation of his non-Catholic rivals, who are, however, more excusable than he because a non-Catholic has no guide in this matter except those increasingly "few fragments of truth which survive in the minds and hearts of so many conscientious Protestants." Father Barry's best book, "The Two Standards," is the one in which the author has gone most deeply into the psychology of the human soul and the same may be affirmed of Father Benson's "Initiation," of John Ayscough's "Hurdcott," and of Father Sheehan's "Luke Delmege." Evidently the ability to depict real character is a long step towards genius in the novelist, and if subtlety of character-analysis were to be the final test of literary worth, then Father Benson would take first rank among the four great priest-novelists.

But there is another point of contrast between these four writers which probably accounts, in part, at least, for many, if not all of the differences we have so far noted. Their literary aims are radically dissimilar. Father Sheehan's motive is usually a national one, Fathers Ayscough and Barry frequently choose a social or political end, but Father Benson always openly avows a purely religious aim, sometimes historical, more frequently mystical. The true faith had brought Father Benson into the green fields of true mysticism and his ardent nature burned to open the gates to others. The pen should be the sword of this fervent apostle and since the world would read novels instead of attending sermons, the novel should take his message to them, and so his novels became sugar-coated sermons. This is not true of his brother writers, not because they were less spiritual, but because they had chosen the novel for their weapon in a different cause. Canon Sheehan, the gentle *soggarth aroon* whose heart was with his people, used it to warn his countrymen of the dangers with which their adoption of materialistic English ideas threatened them, and so the mystical theme came into his stories rather incidentally than of set purpose. He could not exclude it entirely from his pictures of a Catholic people, nor did he desire to do so, but the stress of his loving fear led him to neglect it in face of the more pressing disaster.

In their mystical theories, however, Canon Sheehan and Father Benson have much in common. Both were mystics of suffering and the best work of each is a novel that is a prose version of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." Father Sheehan let the matter drop there as far as using the mystical theme for a story motif is concerned, but Robert Hugh Benson used it again and again until one is half inclined to think him morbid on the subject of pain. His decided English practicalness together with his faith prevented this, however, and his great versatility in introducing variations into the mystical motif justify us in classing him, with the possible exception of Father Garrold, S. J., as the greatest mystic of suffering in the whole field of fiction.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew is a mystic, too, but not so purely a mystic of suffering, although he understands that language well, as

"Hurdcott" proves. In just what the difference in the mystical concepts of Ayscough and Father Benson consists is one of those things one more easily senses than comprehends. It rather defies analysis as it seems to be very largely a question of difference in temperament. There is a sort of nervous tenseness in Father Benson's attitude towards pain, a tremendous sensitiveness and fear of God's power to make us suffer which his strong will beats down with swift and vigorous blows. Father Ayscough shows a gentle, more trustful spirit, no less full of repugnance to pain, but with more patience and confidence in God's love; in a word, he has a more tender, buoyant faith, and in this to a great extent lies the secret of Father Ayscough's superiority over the other writers of this group. He is just as dramatic as Benson, reveals just as great power of description and character-analysis as either Benson or Sheehan, but he never allows the impetuosity of his emotion to run away with his cheerfulness and refinement of style. These two qualities—humor and a strong nature that can feel deeply and yet retain a calm exterior—enable him to avoid the pessimism of Father Sheehan on the one hand and the jerky manner of Father Benson on the other. He lacks the tumultuous speed of Benson, but his emotion is no less powerful in its more perfect expression; in fact, so perfect is Ayscough's use of the literary devices that one is almost wearied at times by the polish of his paragraphs. This is especially noticeable in the dialogue of his books where the humor is so uniformly brilliant it has a rather forced tone.

As a natural consequence of his more even and buoyant spirit, Father Ayscough's mysticism has a less severe cast than that of his brother priests. He does not overlook pain, but he sees the loving mercy of God very clearly, too, and with a tender stroke he sketches in the lines of the gentle coaxings of our Heavenly Father as well as the darker shadows of His hand. Human beings, men and women, are the instruments of his mysticism and human love his way to God. Thus Father Benson seems like a prose edition of Francis Thompson, Father Ayscough of Coventry Patmore.

Closely related to this group of novelists and yet of a type distinctly his own, is another English convert writer, Montgomery Carmichael. Like the priest quartette, he is a mystic, but of an entirely new species. The three adjectives, clever, charming, original, are particularly well adapted to describe this author who conceived and perpetrated possibly the most successful trick ever played upon the reading public by his publication of "The Life of John William Walsh, F. S. A." That was sixteen years ago, and one still finds the book, which is one of the most delightful bits of fiction, catalogued as biography in many libraries. This book and one other, "The Solitaries of the Sambuca," constitute his sole claim to the title of novelist, but his is a case of good things done up in small quantities. His novel output is much smaller than that of the four priests before discussed, and in inverse ratio to the literary value of his work.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr. Carmichael's stories, at first glance, is their unique originality. His cunning prefaces; his clear, simple, straightforward manner; the golden mist of his Gaelic romantic spirit; and his deep spiritual insight, form a combination rarely met with, but once known, not apt to be forgotten. He seems to have much in common with our own Joyce Kilmer, that same healthy boyishness with its bright geniality and ascetic seriousness and tender piety, for beneath all his quips and pranks, Montgomery Carmichael has a message for the world, one that he himself no doubt learned in quiet rambles over Italy's hills, centuries-steeped with the enchanting Catholic spirit that rises like a mist from that land. His message is a protest against commercialism, a plea for quiet meditation and peaceful communion with God as a better source of man's happiness than the bustle and hurry and noise of the world. Incidentally he takes occasion to point out, also, that the man who gives himself to the contemplative life is not a useless member of society, but a preventer of much evil among men as well as a source of much joy to the Heart of God. All this is presented with a sureness of touch and a tender enthusiasm that is delightful and one lays aside his books with a strangely mingled appreciation of, and desire for, a higher life.

One has but to compare Montgomery Carmichael's two books with Ayscough's "San Celestine" and their superiority is immediately perceptible. In virility and simplicity of plot they stand well with Benson's one-man stories, but have a flavor, a tone—well, a something that is just Montgomery Carmichael and no other. Moreover, they are not lengthy and read rapidly, two qualities that ought to recommend them to a wider popularity, for certainly Mr. Carmichael is a Catholic writer that we cannot afford to see drop into the catalogue of literary forgottens any more than our Big Four.

J. R. Adams.

Portland, Ore.

THE ANNUNCIATION

A COMMENTARY ON LUKE I., 26-38

"HUMAN poetry," says Brassac, "has not a creation more beautiful than this scene. Therein everything is simple, pure, dignified and delicate. There is not a word to be added, nor one to be taken away. . . . In that announcement everything is great: God who sends; Gabriel who is sent; Mary to whom he is sent; the Incarnation and the salvation of mankind which form the object and end."

And in the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth (Luke i., 26). The time of the Annunciation is specified as being about five months after Elizabeth's conception. The place is an obscure hamlet called Nazareth—from a root meaning to blossom, bloom, put forth green shoots. Nazareth is situated in a little depression in the hills of Galilee, called from its large mixture of foreigners, "Galilee or Circle of the Gentiles." Nazareth was a village so small and obscure that neither the Old Testament nor Josephus nor the Talmud make any mention of it, and at the time spoken of here its repute was so low that a proverb ran—"Can anything of good come of Nazareth?" (John i., 46).

To a virgin (27). The very first mention of Our Lady in New Testament history is in the term thenceforward to be associated with her name throughout the ages, as her constant title: the Virgin Mary.

Espoused to a man whose name was Joseph (27). The word used in the text for "espoused" may be taken to indicate that no marriage ceremony had as yet taken place, but the best authorities and the strongest arguments are in favor of marriage *ratum sed non consummatum*. If the second supposition is correct, we may assume also that she was living in the house of Joseph. If we choose the first supposition, Mary was probably living at the house of her parents, whose names, according to tradition, were Joachim and Anna. Being possibly an only child, she had, in accordance with the Mosaic injunction of levirate marriage, been affianced to a near male relative, Joseph, in order to preserve the family name and property. Judging from the customary nubile ages among the Jews, Mary may have been at this time a girl of from twelve to fourteen years, Joseph a young man of at least eighteen, though tradition makes him older. After engagement a girl continued to live some time with her parents, preparing for the marriage feast, which took place when the bridegroom came, and, amid a rejoicing escort of youths and maidens, brought the bride to his own house and lifted her across the threshold.

Whose name was Joseph (27). Joseph signifies "increase," and Bl. Albert the Great, commenting upon this name, says: "Most fittingly is this name applied to him who in the divine plan was increased greatly, both as regards himself, as regards others, and in regard to God, by augment of virtues, by celebrity of renown, by the respect and love of men, by intimate association with the Mother of God, and by being the foster-father of Christ."[1]

Of the House of David (27). According to the text this phrase may refer directly not to Joseph but to Mary, reading consequently: ". . . to a virgin of the House of David, espoused to a man named Joseph." Throughout the centuries of previous Hebrew history prophetic voices had ever more and more definitely proclaimed the line of carnal descent of the Saviour of the Jews and of mankind. Abraham kneeling before the altar on which he had been prepared to sacrifice Isaac his only son, heard God's words: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed!" (Gen. xxii., 18). Juda, in Egypt, standing beside the death couch of his father Jacob, heard the latter's testament prophecy: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor ruler from his thigh, until he come that is to be sent, and he shall be The Expected of nations" (Gen. xlix., 10). Later the Prophet Isaias, consoling the nation in captivity, promises that "there shall come forth a shoot out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his stock" (Is. xi., 1). Finally Ethan the Ezrahite, in Psalm lxxxviii., 4, 5, 27, 28, 30, 36, recalled the solemn oath of God:

"I have made a covenant with my chosen one;
I have sworn to David my servant:
'Thy house I will establish forever
And I will build up thy throne
Unto generation and generation. . . .
He shall cry out to Me:
"Thou art my Father, my God,
And the support of my salvation."
And I will make him My first-born,
High above the kings of the earth.
And I will make his house to endure forevermore,
And his throne as the days of heaven. . . .
Once I have sworn by My holiness:
I will not lie unto David:
His house shall endure forever.'"

And then, as had also been foretold, the drear days of Israel's decadence had come; David's descendants had forsaken God's law and had not walked in His judgments and had not kept His commandments. And God's threats had been fulfilled. He had indeed "visited their iniquities with a rod and punished their sins with stripes." The House of David had fallen so low that among its last scions were a poor girl dwelling far from the royal city, and a lowly artisan of Nazareth. Yet His "mercy the Lord had not taken away, nor suffered His truth to fail" (Ps. lxxxviii., 31-34). And now, mindful of His promise, God would once more through its most virtuous members, raise up and exalt the House of David and set up "its throne as the sun before Him, and as the moon, to endure forever" (Ps. lxxxviii., 38).

---

[1] In Lépicier, De S. to Joseph, p. 43.

And the virgin's name was Mary (27). Etymologically the derivation of this name is undecided, and the variety of plausible interpretations that have arisen about it, seems in itself to insinuate that so diverse and universal are Our Lady's excellencies that no single and simple name could successfully comprehend their characterization. According to one derivation, favored by St. John Damascene, Mary signifies "Mistress, Lady," being allied to St. Paul's Aramaic expression, "Maranatha—the Lord cometh." Hence the common appellation of Mary as "Our Lady." A variation of this would make Mary be the same as "Mistress or Lady of the Sea," the latter symbolizing, as Lépicier notes, the present life of man, ever tossing in vicissitudes of change and fraught with perils of reefs and wreck-strewn rocks. St. Jerome seems to prefer to derive "Mary" from a root signifying "bitterness," compounded with "sea"; therefore "a sea of bitterness." In connection herewith may be quoted the words of Noemi to her countrywomen of Bethlehem: "Call me not Noemi [that is, beautiful], but call me Mara [that is, bitter], for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness" (Ruth i., 20). "Star of the Sea" is another favorite interpretation consecrated by the Church in the hymn, "Ave, Maris Stella." Bl. Albert the Great remarks in this connection: "Rightly is Mary compared to a star, for as the latter sends forth its rays without harm to itself, so Mary gave birth to her Son without the loss of her virginity. . . . She is indeed a brilliant and wondrous star shining with merits, lighting the way by her example, raised far above this broad and turbulent sea." Lastly recent interpreters give authority to the meaning of "the rebellious or obstinate one," grounding themselves on an incident in the life of the similarly named sister of Moses, as related in the Book of Numbers (chap. xii.).

Beautifully has Lépicier summed up the three chief significations attached to Our Lady's name: "In the first place, Mary, by becoming Mother of the Incarnate Word, became also sovereign and mistress of the universe. Furthermore, since she was destined by God to co-operate with Jesus Christ in the ransom of the human race, she had to suffer the greatest torments which a pure creature ever endured. Lastly, by virtue of her Immaculate Conception, she was the first person to shake off the unhallowed yoke of the evil one, and thus in her own person to offer to God the firstfruits of Redemption. The name of Mary, therefore, is at one time synonymous with her unrivaled greatness, of her fathomless sorrows and of her splendid victories." [2]

And the angel being come in (28). The apocryphal Gospel of James represents the Annunciation as taking place at a well outside Nazareth, whither Mary had gone to draw water. But the verb used in this text, *eiseldon,* implies that Our Lady was at this time in some chamber of her house, as she is correctly pictured in the miraculous image preserved in the Servite Church of the Nunziata at Florence.

Said unto her: "Hail, full of grace!" (28). "Hail" here paraphrases for St. Luke's readers the ordinary ancient Hebrew greeting formula: "Peace to thee!" But the next appellative, "full of grace," is an expression unique in its application to Mary. Only in one other passage of the New Testament is the verb *charitöo,* from which this participle comes, to be found (Eph. i., 6), and as used there it has not the intense and completed force it has here. In other passages where the English translation reads "full of grace," as: "Stephen, full of grace and fortitude, did great wonders . . ." (Acts vi., 8; John i., 14), the text uses a more common construction.

What, then, is the meaning of this singular title applied to Mary, at which, according to the following verse, she "was troubled"? Was it applied to her because of the Incarnation? This had yet to take place. Was it because of her divine maternity? This was still problematic, while the verb implies a state already attained. Undiminished fullness is denoted; grace is predicated as co-extensive with Mary's whole being, and not even a time limit is set (the participle being in the definite perfect form); it is stated of Mary that during her whole existence she was throughout the entire extent of her being, filled with grace. Hence she must have been so even at the first moment of that existence; therefore, according to this text, Mary must have been conceived without original sin. The angel greets her with the title by which even at that moment, before the Incarnation, she was unique among mankind: the Immaculate Conception. Thus also the Bull "Ineffabilis," defining this dogma, cites the above text as its strongest Scripture basis: "The fathers and writers of the Church, reflecting that the Blessed Virgin was called 'full of grace' by Gabriel at God's own bidding . . . taught that by this unique and solemn greeting, heard nowhere else, it was shown that Mary was the seat of all divine graces, adorned with all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, yea, that she was an almost infinite treasure and an inexhaustible abyss of these gifts, so that having never been subject to the curse, and ever a sharer with her Son of perpetual blessing, she rightly deserved to hear from Elizabeth, who was moved by the Holy Ghost, the words: 'Blessed art thou among women, and blessed the fruit of thy womb.' " Thus it is that from the hour of the angelic greeting all sinful children of Adam cry out to the spotless Mother of the Redeemer, in the words of the poet:

---

[2] "Fairest Flower," p. 15.

> "Woman above all women glorified!
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast:
> Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
> Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak
> With fancied roses—than th' unblemished moon
> Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
> Thy image falls to earth." (Wordsworth)

The mystery of the Incarnation, then, had for its fitting prelude the revelation of the mystery of the Immaculate Conception.

The Lord is with thee (28). These words are frequently used in Old Testament greeting formulas, but there always rather as a friendly wish, "the Lord be with thee!" But in this passage the words have been constantly interpreted as a statement, continuing in Hebrew parallel the foregoing thought. God, who is soon to be bodily in Mary, is already present and has been from her very beginning present in her being by His grace, in an unsurpassed degree of intensity.

Blessed art thou among women (28). Since the best authorities concur in considering these words here as interpolation of Elizabeth's praise, comment upon them is omitted here.

Who having heard was troubled at his saying and thought with herself what manner of salutation this might be (29). Unlike Zachary in the Temple, Mary was not disturbed at the sight of the angel. But her unclouded intellect illumined by the all-revealing light of the Holy Spirit, grasped instantaneously the tremendous import of the vast revelation just made to her, namely, that her nature had been dignified with the most exalted privilege ever accorded to a child of Adam, that she had been conceived without the least stain of sin. The Immaculate Conception, being a fact of the purely supernatural and gratuitous order, could not have been known for certain even to Mary, except by divine revelation. And this revelation had just been made in the words, "full of grace." The lowly maiden of Galilee, the lily of the valley of Nazareth, realizing, in proportion to the greatness of her sanctity, the abasement of her personal nothingness before God, was loathe to accept this supreme encomium. Her humility dared not raise its eyes to contemplate the vista of glory that had been opened before her. And then, as she turned this word over in her mind, a deep awe and apprehension seized upon her soul, of what other far-reaching divine decrees, as yet unknown to her, this greeting might be the prognostication. Well did Mary realize that in the plans of Providence "unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required" (Luke xii., 48) ; well might she shudder in reverent dread of the full contents of the message to which the revelation of this astounding mystery was the opening prelude.

And the angel said to her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God" (30). To reassure and calm the troubled virgin, the angel calls her, not by her previous glorious title, but by the familiar name of Mary.

The present verse is paralleled in the announcement to Zachary: "Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard" (Luke i., 13). From this and from the fact that the expression, "to find grace with," is constantly used in the Old Testament in connection with requesting or granting favors (Gen. xviii., 3; xix., 19; xxxiii., 15; Exod. xxxiii., 12, etc.), it would seem to mean: "Be not disturbed, Mary, for God has granted thy petition." Now, what may have been the object of Mary's continual pleading before the throne of the Almighty, which merited having an angel announce its accomplishment? What else could it have been than the sublimated and intensified prayer of all the holy ones of the Old Testament, expressed so poetically by Isaias: "Drop Him down as dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour" (xlv., 8)? In this sense St. Bernard comments: "Mary is the one who obtained the reparation of the whole world, who besought the salvation of all. For it is clear that she was concerned with the salvation of all mankind when it was said to her: 'Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God'—the favor, indeed, which thou wast ever asking for." [3]

Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus (31). Phrase by phrase, changing only the person to one of direct address, the angel follows the wording of the great birth prophecy of Isaias (vii., 14): "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and she shall call His name God-with-us." There can be no uncertainty left in the mind of the maiden of Nazareth, as to the import of the angel's visitation. At his allusion there now rose before her Scripture-steeped mind the memorable and fatal day when King Achaz, like herself of the House of David, was superintending the preparations of defense of Jerusalem as against Damascus, near the end of "the aqueduct of the

---

[3] **Serm. 4 de Assump.**

Upper Pool, beside the road to the Fuller's Field." For, on that day and in that place Israel, through its rulers, formally set its feet upon the fearful road that led to the judgment hall of Pilate and ended at Golgotha. For Achaz insolently refused the help God proffered, and turned rather to Egypt, to men. Thereupon God rejected the House of David in a dreadful curse, which at the same time reiterated more definitely than ever the promise of a Redeemer who, for the last time, would put to a test of faith the God-forsaken Hebrew race.

Mary now understood that she was to be the woman of whom it had been foretold in Genesis (iii., 15) that she would crush the serpent's head, the wondrous new creation God had shown Jeremias (xxxi., 22), the "woman who would compass a man," that she who, according to Micheas (v., 3), had been in labor since the promise in Paradise, would now at length give birth.

He shall be great, and shall be called Son of the Most High (32). In the solemn pulsating rhythm of ancient Hebrew poetry the angel proceeds to outline the nature and functions of the Virgin's Child. "He shall be great," that is, He shall be the absolute Great One, God, according to the Psalmist's "Great is the Lord . . . and of His greatness there shall be no end (cxliv., 3). "And shall be called the Son of the Most High," that is, translating the Hebraism: "He shall be the Son of God," again echoing the Psalm (ii., 7): "The Lord hath said: 'Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee,' " in which last clause the eternal procession of the Son from the Father is clearly indicated.

And the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father (32). Having proclaimed the divinity of the nature of Mary's future Son, the angel now goes on to indicate His earthly functions as Messias, Saviour. This description is embodied in the symbolism of the promised reconstitution of the Davidic dynasty in an enlarged spiritual sense. " 'Behold the days come,' saith the Lord, 'that I will perform the good word that I have spoken to the House of Israel and to the House of David. In those days and in that time I will make the Bud of Justice to spring forth unto David' " (Jer. xxxiii., 14-16). "And I will set up one Shepherd over them; . . . even my servant David. He shall feed them and he shall be their shepherd. And I the Lord will be their God, and My servant David the Prince in the midst of them" (Ezech. xxxiv., 23-24). And soon indeed shall the righteous of Israel be able to exclaim in the exultant sentences of Isaias: "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government shall be upon His shoulder. And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Father of the World to Come, Prince of Peace. Of the greatness of His government and of His peace there shall be no end. He shall sit upon the throne of

David and be placed over his kingdom to establish it and to strengthen it with justice and with judgment from henceforth even forever."

And He shall reign in the House of Jacob forever (32). As the preceding clause emphasized the royal dignity of the Saviour to come, so the present one indicates the universality of the Messianic reign, implied by the twelve sons of Jacob, forebears of the Twelve Tribes. For the dynasty of David during the greater part of its existence governed but two of the Twelve Tribes, since ten of these, constituting the northern kingdom of Ephraim, or Samaria, and symbolizing the Gentiles, had seceded from their co-nationals after the reign of Solomon. But under the Messias' regnancy all the children of the ancient promises given Jacob, last of the Patriarchs, shall once more be united, as the Prophets foretold. "I will make of them one nation . . . and one King shall be king over them. And they shall no more be two peoples, neither shall they be divided any more into kingdoms. . . . They shall be my people and I will be their God. And my servant David shall be King over them, and they shall have one shepherd" (Ezech. xxxvii., 22, 24). It may be noted, moreover, that in Jacob the priestly and royal functions were not yet distinct. Thus the union of these two dignities in the Messias is also implied by His ruling over the House of Jacob forever.

And of His Kingdom there shall be no end (33). First is Mary of mortals to hear the glorious title of the great spiritual Messianic organization, called constantly in the Gospels "the Kingdom of God" or "the Kingdom of Heaven." And this kingdom over which her Son should reign and of which she herself should be the Queen, should endure, not for some centuries, as did David's earthly government, but unto all days of eternity. Well were its glories summed up in the surpassing rhapsody of Isaias: "Lift up thy eyes, O Jerusalem, round about, and see: All these are gathered together, are come to thee. Thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side.

"Then shalt thou see and flow together, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged,
When the multitude like the sea shall be turned unto thee
And the armies of Gentiles shall come over to thee. . . .
Therefore thy gates shall be open continually;
They shall not be shut day nor night. . . .
I will make thee an everlasting glory,
A joy unto generation and generation.
Thy sun shall no more go down, nor thy moon decrease,
For the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended." (Is. lx., pas.)

And Mary said to the angel: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" (34). Zachary, in the Temple, burst out in the bluntness of his unbelief: "Whereby shall I know this?" demanding a present sensible sign as a guarantee of truthfulness from the divine messenger. Mary's meek objection implies no doubt of the angel's veracity, for, in reference to this very announcement, it is later said to her by Elizabeth: "Blessed art thou that hast believed!" (Luke i., 45), in contrast to Zachary, who refused credence. Mary's question, then, simply lays before the angel the apparent irreconcilability of conception with her perpetual virginity, which latter is expressed in the Hebrew euphemism, "because I know not man."

But was not Mary already aware from the prophecies that the Mother of the Messias should be a virgin? Of several, Lépicier's solution of this difficulty seems preferable. According to this, on account of the obscurity of the Old Testament prophecies in their details, despite their definiteness in essentials, it was not clear to Mary's mind whether or not she should remain a virgin in and after her conception. As St. Ambrose notes: "Rightly did she inquire how this might be brought about. For she had read that a virgin should bring forth, but she had not read how she would bring forth. She had read: 'Behold a virgin shall conceive'; how she would conceive was first announced by the angel in the Gospel."[4]

This hypothesis, while in no wise derogatory to Mary's knowledge, raises to the sublimest heights her love of virginity—a characteristic which St. Luke everywhere stresses. Taken in that sense, Mary's question shows her willing to forego the unparalleled dignity of divine maternity, if the latter should prove incompatible with perpetual virginity, and it were not God's wish to insist on the sacrifice of the last. In this attitude of mind her principle would be that which St. Paul quotes as from Christ's lips: "It is a more blessed thing to give rather than to receive" (Acts xxx., 35). Divine maternity, indeed, having affinity with the hypostatic union, was absolutely a good of a higher order than virginity, a moral virtue. Yet it was also a good which Mary would be receiving gratis from God. On the other hand, by her virginity, implying sacrifice and, in this case, sacrifice of the highest honor of which a human creature is capable, Mary would be offering to God her entire being. And, "it is a more blessed thing to give, rather than to receive," because the former implies greater love.

Because I know not man (34b). The difficulty arising in Mary's mind in face of the honor of becoming Mother of the Saviour, could not have arisen from natural impossibility, it is clear; nor from any positive legal enactment, for she was already engaged to be married. Therefore it could have its origin only in a vow of virginity. Only an unconditional vow could, under the circumstances, be considered a valid objection. For a vow partakes somewhat of the nature of a bilateral contract, and the person who has vowed is not free to perform acts of even greater virtue if such acts should infringe upon the matter of his vow, unless God declares otherwise. For justice goes before generosity. But the acceptation of the divine maternity had not been a command, but only an offer. Its terms may be translated into our idiom: "Lo, thou art to conceive in thy womb and to bring forth a Son, and thou art to call His name Jesus" (Luke i., 31). Consequently, Mary makes clear her position to God's messenger, wishing to know in return whether God, in case He desired the natural accomplishment of His plan, would release her from the obligation she had previously solemnly contracted with Him, and which was incompatible with the natural carrying out of the present suggestion—or whether God in His omniscience and omnipotence had in mind the realization of the same in some manner compatible with her vow. Hence Mary's question: "How shall this be brought about?"

---

[4] Expos. in Luc., I., iii.

And the angel answering said to her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee" (35). God's gifts are without repentance. He who had inspired Mary to make her vow of virginity will now preserve that same virginity by a most stupendous miracle, in order to keep inviolate the vow in naturally incompatible circumstances. Not even the slightest breath of carnal change shall make to tremble the rich white lily of Mary's purity. Only the cool shadow of God's awesome presence shall for an instant rest upon it, to make it fecund with the seed that shall germinate and grow up into the mighty tree of the world's life.

And this fecundation of the virgin, like all other exterior works of God, is the operation of the Three Persons of the Trinity; nevertheless, it is ascribed more particularly to the Third: the Holy Ghost, the Life-Giver. As it was this heavenly Dove that, brooding over the formless waters of primeval chaos, imparted order and life in the first great work of God, Creation, so this same vivifying Spirit shall descend upon the flesh of Mary, unstained by man, as was the earth in its beginning. As sinless Eve was formed from Adam without man's intervention, so the Second Adam shall be formed by God directly from the untainted body of her who was to be in greater truth, "Mother of all the Living." And as the glory-flames bringing the Divine Presence came down at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon (II. Par. vii., 3) without hurt or harm to its structure, so the fire of the Holy Spirit shall fall upon the frail flesh of the virgin and consecrate it into a living Temple of the Almighty.

And the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee (35). While primarily but a parallelic repetition of the preceding idea, that

Mary's conception should be brought about by the Holy Ghost, the hidden metaphors and allusions of this clause accentuate yet more the ineffable manner of that conception. For the expression, "overshadow," brought to Mary's mind a vision of the Shekinah-cloud hovering over the Tabernacle, by which God's permanent presence was sensibly manifested to the Israelites in the desert (Exod. xix., 9; xxxiii., 9). Perhaps Mary also recalled how Incarnate Wisdom says of Itself in Ecclesiasticus (xxiv., 6-7): "As a cloud I covered all the land: I dwelt in the highest places, and my throne is in a pillar of a cloud."

In Mary's sinless conception there was to be no fatal reason-deranging heat of concupiscence and no earth-fire of carnal passion, but the Holy Ghost, whose synonym is "Power of God," was to pass over her as a cool cloud which, floating over a field, protects it from scorching summer heat and fructifies its soil with refreshing rain. As in future days the shadow of St. Peter worked miracles wherever it fell, so now the shadow of God's passing shall operate the Incarnation.

And therefore also the Holy One which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God (35). The words standing in the text for "The Holy One," may also be translated adverbially, giving them a meaning more consonant with the previous context, which tended to emphasize the absolute purity of Mary's conception. Thus the text would read: "And that which shall be begotten holily, shall be called 'Son of God.'" The last phrase is of course again a Hebraism for "shall be the Son of God." Once more the angel answers Mary's question as to how this conception might be brought about despite her vow of virginity. For the Child to be born of her is to have no earthly father, but He is to be, even in human language, Son of God alone.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren (36). Zachary had asked for a sign to authorize his belief—and received the punishment sign of dumbness. Mary had not requested supernatural evidence to give present confirmation of the wondrous things she was asked to believe. She had but asked how their accomplishment would be reconciled with her vow of virginity. Now, to reward her faith, the angel offers her a sign which in itself was a joyful prognostication that his promises to her were true. For if God made miraculously fruitful the sterile womb of Elizabeth, surely He would likewise make a virgin conceive without harm to her virginity.

Because no word shall be impossible with God (37). Hebrew usage does not finely distinguish between a thing and the oral sign thereof, the word. Thus later the shepherds say to each other after the angel's message: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and *see* this *word* which has come to pass" (Luke ii., 15). The sense, then, of the present passage is: "Nothing is impossible with God." This is the summary of all the angel had said in answer to Mary's difficulty proposed. What God wishes to have done He will also find a means of doing, employing, if necessary, a miracle.

And Mary said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word" (38). The angel has spoken, and now God and the universe wait in suspense while Mary prepares to answer. In the words of St. Bernard: "O holy Virgin! all men of all times have their eyes fixed on thee. The price of our Redemption is offered; we shall soon be saved if thou wilt but give consent. With one word thou canst help us. And for that plead Adam and his descendants exiled with him from Paradise. All are prostrate at thy feet, because the consolation of those in misery, the freedom of the captive, the salvation of the whole world, depends upon thee." Terrible is the thought that the coming of the Saviour, the restitution of mankind, the Incarnation of God, should be conditioned upon the assent of a girl of Nazareth. Her "yes" was to mark the close of the saddest half of the world's history, the fulfilling of all prophecies, the crisis of all ages. But, as by the perverse free will of the first Eve humanity had been ruined, so only by the blest free consent of the second Eve was it to be restored.

The question arises: Was Mary's choice in the matter easy to make? Was it a case of mere acceptance of an ineffable favor, or were there personal and other reasons strongly urging to the contrary? On reflection it would seem that Mary's choice was most difficult. For, in the first place, what was about to be accomplished in her was entirely supernatural. Mary had, it is true, the angel's solemn assurance that her conception should leave inviolate her virginity. But how would men know this, and how would they judge her? Above all, how would he whom she had formally promised to marry, Joseph, who knew of her vow of virginity, look upon her? Would he not be obliged by all reasonable evidence to consider and repudiate her as the vilest of her sex, when he should find her, his affianced bride, for whose sake he too, had bound himself to perpetual chastity, to be with child? Even if Mary's humility had permitted her to reveal the sublime mysteries divinely worked in her, who would believe such a tale? What is dearest to every woman, her good name and honor, was about to be compromised. It was even possible that through mistaken zeal she should be seized as an adulteress to be stoned to death, according to the legislation of the Mosaic code (Lev. xx., 10; Deut. xxii., 22), as happened in the case of

Susanna, rescued by Daniel, and as was about to happen to the poor woman whom Christ saved from the hypocritical zeal of the Pharisees.

But, with this problem unsolved, yet other difficulties rose before Mary's mind, prospects of suffering and pain unparalleled. For she whose soul entered fully into the great phases of ancient prophecy, must thoroughly have realized that to become Mother of the Messias implied becoming Mother of the Man of Sorrows. She knew that the Saviour would come to His own and His own would receive Him not, for Jeremias had said of Him: "O Expected of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why wilt thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man turning aside to lodge?" (Jer. xiv., 8-9). Dimly, but all the more dreadful for their vagueness had the life-sufferings of the Saviour, the Servant of Yahweh, been sketched by Isaias: "There is no beauty in Him nor comeliness; and we have seen Him and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And His appearance was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not. . . . We accounted Him stricken and smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins. . . . He was led as a lamb to the slaughter" (Is. liii., *passim*). In the person of the Psalmist, the Messias had said of Himself (Ps. xxi., 7): "I am a worm and no man: the reproach of man and the outcast of the people. All they that saw Me have laughed Me to scorn." Appalling, then, in its forebodings of sorrow, suffering, disgrace, gloom, did this vision of the Saviour's life-work rise like a threatening storm-cloud before Mary's spiritual vision. She realized that she, too, would have to participate in that life of suffering, that many and many a time "weeping she would weep in the night, and her tears would be wet upon her cheeks" (Lam. i., 2), and that, as Mother of the Man of Sorrows, she would also herself be the Mother of Sorrows.

But when her choice had been made, what was Mary's answer? Utter obedience, utter resignation: "Behold the handmaid, the slave, of the Lord who rules all: be it done to me according to Thy word." In the sentence by which she became Mother of the Saviour, Mary sounded the keynote of her life: unconditional and complete resignation to God; perfect conformity to the divine Will. As the Son was later to say of Himself that He came into the world not to do His own will, but the will of His Father, so the Mother calls herself the handmaid, the slave, of whom God may dispose as He lists; as the Son at the time of His deepest abasement made an offering of Himself to His Father, saying: "Not My will but Thine be done," so Mary now, having in view all the possible and certain painful consequences of her act, hands over her whole being to her Creator, to be dealt with according to His good pleasure. As Eve's pride, unbelief and disobedience had been the beginning of sin and the cause of the curse, so now Mary's humility, faith and obedience became the source of blessing and salvation.

And the angel departed from her (38). His mission accomplished, Gabriel disappeared, as if out of reverence for the mystery which his announcement had just brought about. Mary had now become exalted vast distances above him in dignity. At the instant in which the Holy Spirit by His omnipotent power formed from the virginal blood of Mary the body of Christ, and a most magnificent soul, newly created, was joined thereto, Mary became really related to the Trinity, for in that same instant the Second Person of that ever blessed Trinity assumed as His own the body and soul thus produced and created, and Mary became Mother of God in an even truer sense than any other woman ever became mother of an earthly child. For Mary alone had given of her substance to the formation of that sacred body. The creature now encompassed the Creator.

Before this sublime paradox the angels' mighty intellects, which from the beginning of creation have been sounding the abysses of God's perfections and mysteries, fall back in dumfounded awe. Their tireless, sweeping wings fold faint before they compass the expanse of this mystery. The Seraphim, that chant the triple "Holy!" veil their faces before God; the Cherubim, that bear the chariot of His power, dare not look upon His majesty. "Blessed," says St. Ephrem, "are they who from them learn to honor, to praise and to be silent in awe-filled astonishment before the mysteries of Divinity."

J. Simon, O. S. M.

Eureka, Utah.

SUPERSTITION

THE hardened materialist professes to believe in nothing but what he can see and feel. He says that the Catholic is superstitious because he believes in many things that he can neither see nor feel. The Catholic believes in God, in the soul, in a future life, in heaven and in hell, and as none of these things can at present be seen or felt, the Catholic is clearly superstitious. The ordinary Protestant too agrees that the Catholic is guilty of superstition. For the Catholic believes in the Mass, in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament and in Purgatory, and to the ordinary Protestant all these beliefs are superstitious.

However, it is of no great interest to us to know that Catholics are superstitious in the opinion of materialists and Protestants. The religious views of materialists and Protestants do not command universal respect. What is of more importance is to know whether there is any ground in reality and in truth for saying that Catholics are superstitious.

All moral virtue consists of a mean between two extremes, a golden mean between two vicious extremes. Liberality, for example, is the virtue which should be our guide in the use of money. It teaches us when reasonably to spend money and when to exercise thrift. We can fall away from the virtue of liberality by inclining either to the extreme of defect or to the extreme of excess. If we fall into the extreme of defect we become avaricious, greedy, stingy. If we fall into the opposite extreme of excess, we become prodigal and spendthrift. There are people who cannot keep money, if they have any they must spend it somehow. It seems to burn a hole in their pockets.

Again, the virtue of meekness teaches us how to control our temper. The man who possesses this virtue is never angry but when he should be angry, and he is never more angry than the occasion requires. But it is easy to fall into vicious extremes, either from defect or excess. The man falls into the extreme of defect in meekness who gives way to anger for little or no reason, or if there be a reason, he cannot govern his temper and he allows it to become excessive. It is a rarer vice, but still it sometimes happens that a man suffers from excess of meekness. He is too placid, too yielding, and does not get angry even when there is good cause for it. "Be angry and sin not."

The virtue of religion teaches us to worship the true God, and what sort of worship we ought to render Him. It is the highest and the most important of all the moral virtues, for it teaches us our first and most important duty, which is to fulfil our obligations to our Creator and Lord, to whom we owe our being and all things. Like all other moral virtues, religion has two vicious extremes. On the side of defect the man sins who does not acknowledge God or worship Him. He has no time for religion, or he is not interested in it, it does not appeal to him.

But it is also possible to sin against religion by excess, and excess in religion is the vice of superstition. The very form of the word is an indication of this excess. It may be committed either by giving divine worship to a creature, or by giving the true God a worship which He does not want and which is displeasing to Him.

Not only idolaters, who worship idols, but spiritualists and necromancers are guilty of the sin of superstition. For spiritualists and necromancers seek by unlawful means to unlock secrets which God for wise reasons does not wish them to know. "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations. Neither let there be found among you any one that shall expiate his son or daughter, making them to pass through the fire; or that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams, and omens. Neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits or fortune tellers; or that seeketh the truth from the dead." *

The practices of spiritualists are then forbidden by God, and they are a virtual invitation to evil spirits to intervene in the lives of men. Spiritualists have dealings with evil spirits who are the enemies of God. They are guilty of treason against Him and of trafficking with His enemies. Moreover, although the messages received through spiritualism may sometimes be true, yet they are often false, and frequently it is impossible to distinguish whether they are true or false.

In other words, the beliefs and practices of spiritualists are a kind of false religion, they are rightly called superstitious beliefs and practices.

On the other hand, religious beliefs and practices which are in accordance with truth and reality cannot be superstitious. But where shall we find truth, where shall we come in touch with reality in religion? It is here that we are confronted with Jesus Christ. The main question addressed to each one of us is, "What think you of Christ?" No one is so arresting as He. We may quickly pass over all other religious teachers until we come to Him.

---

* Deut. xviii., 9-11.

When we have come to Him we may well pause, meditate and try to understand. It is well worth while.

He came, He said, to give testimony to the truth. He came to teach the world in sore need of the lesson what was the truth in religion. His example and His teaching show us the Way, the Truth and the Life in religion. One that follows Him walketh not in darkness. One who believes what Jesus Christ taught and strives to put those lessons in practice cannot fall into superstition. To fall into superstition is to commit sin and in so far to turn one's back on Jesus Christ.

But Jesus Christ lived and taught two thousand years ago. How are we of the twentieth century to know what was the teaching of Jesus Christ? Are we to wait until the critics have finished their labors?

One of the wonderful characteristics about Jesus Christ was that He saw the need of providing a safe guide for future generations and devoted the chief part of his labors and care to providing such a guide. From the earliest days of His public ministry He began to preach the good news that the Kingdom of God was to be established immediately. He laid down the principles on which the Kingdom of God was to be founded. He gradually explained what the Kingdom of God was to be like. He identified the Kingdom of God with His Church, and He claimed to be the Builder of His Church Himself. His Church was a society, a fellowship, a corporate body, a city set on a hill. It was not a mere crowd of followers who professed to believe in Him. It was an organized body of men, joined together by common beliefs, ordering their lives by well-recognized rules, worshiping one God in the same way, living for the same end, subject to the same authority. While He lived on earth, Jesus Christ Himself was King over and ruled in person the Kingdom of God. But He knew that He was to remain with His Church on earth visibly present only for a little while. He made provision for its government and perpetuity to the end of time by appointing a Vicar to rule His Church in His place. He gave His Vicar full authority to fulfil the charge laid upon him. "He that heareth you heareth Me, he that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me. If he will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Jesus Christ knew perfectly well what an almost intolerable burden He laid on a man's shoulders when He made him His Vicar. He fully knew what was in man, his ignorance, his weakness, and his liability to go wrong. But He provided against all dangers. "Behold," He said, "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. The gates of hell, the powers of evil, shall never prevail against My Church, founded as it is on a rock."

If anything is clear in the Gospel narratives about the intentions and designs of Jesus Christ, His intention and design to found a Church, of which I have just given a brief sketch, is clear. Moreover, that intention and design have been realized. The Catholic Church of history is in all essential points the realization of the intention and design of Jesus Christ as we find them in the Gospels. If we consider the wonderful nature of the design, and the circumstances in which it was realized, together with its miraculous endurance and striking vitality, we shall be forced to come to a conclusion to which we are driven by many other considerations. In Jesus Christ we have one who is more than man, and in His Church there is something more than human.

If we are warranted in following Jesus Christ and accepting Him as a safe guide in what concerns religion, we are also warranted in accepting the teaching and guidance of the Catholic Church in matters pertaining to religion. To follow and accept the Church is to follow and accept Jesus Christ. It is impossible to fall into superstition by following the teaching of Jesus Christ. It is equally impossible to fall into superstition by following the teaching and adopting the religious practices of the Catholic Church. A Catholic, then, who believes what the Catholic Church teaches, and practices his religion as she wishes him to practice it, cannot thereby be guilty of superstition; he is saved from falling into that vice.

However, poor human nature is prone to go wrong. Some Catholics give way to drink or dishonesty, but they do this not because they are Catholics, but in spite of their being Catholics. Their religion condemns these vices and the Church does all she can to preserve her members from falling into them. Others occasionally fall into the sin of superstition, not because they are Catholics, but in spite of their being Catholics. Here again the Church does all that she can to preserve her children from falling into superstition. But it is not easy always to keep to the golden mean. Sometimes even faith becomes subject to abnormal growths and superstition is the result. In consequence a Catholic is not content to believe all that the Church teaches and what there is sufficient evidence for. His faith becomes credulity and makes him too ready to accept as true what there is not sufficient evidence for. But he does this not because he is a Catholic, but in spite of his being a Catholic. Outside the sphere of religion as taught by the Catholic Church, the Catholic as such is just like other men. Occasionally again a Catholic may be guilty of some superstition in the use of objects blessed by the Church such as holy water or medals. The Church desires such things to be used with confidence in the prayers of the Church with which they were blessed. Sometimes an ill-instructed Catholic may use them in a too mechanical and material way without entering into the spirit of the Church. In so far as this is done a greater or less sin of superstition will be comitted.

But such faults committed by some ill-instructed Catholics are ordinarily slight and trivial. They do nobody any very great harm, though they are wrong and should be avoided.

Far more serious and dangerous are the sins of superstition committed by necromancers and spiritualists. Superstition is not a vice peculiar to some of those who profess religious beliefs. Superstition often flourishes where religion has never existed or has decayed.

T. Slater, S. J.

Liverpool, England.

HILAIRE BELLOC AND CARDINAL NEWMAN

WHY is it that Hilaire Belloc fills the present age in Catholic literature just as Newman filled the epoch of Victoria? What is it that makes Belloc's writings as hated and feared and admired by the agnostic and Protestant world as were the writings of Cardinal Newman? It is not the mere accident that Belloc attended Newman's school when Newman was still actively directing it. It is the fact that Belloc, like Newman, combines penetration and versatility, that he can go to the depths of his chosen subject, which is history, and yet can write in all styles and about many subjects. Belloc is a novelist, short-story writer, historian, economist, political philosopher, poet, essayist and biographer. Newman's versatility is equally evinced by his novels, essays, historical sketches, theological and philosophical monographs and by his poetry. Perhaps Belloc may be considered even more versatile than Newman because he writes history from the viewpoint of an economist and tactician as well as from the viewpoint of a literary artist.

It is remarkable that Belloc's work has not only a range equal or superior to Newman's, but that their choice of subjects nearly coincides. Both will live in history as historians, Newman as one of the greatest authorities on the history of the fourth century after Christ and Belloc as one of the foremost authorities on the French Revolution. As historians they are attracted by certain periods and subjects: the breakdown of central power in imperial Rome, the fight against the Saracen and the Turk, the so-called Reformation, the survival of Ireland as a Catholic country, the Romanizing and Catholicizing of Europe and the history of the Jews. Now it is a commonplace of literary criticism that Newman's treatment of these subjects is so subtle that it puts him among the great historians. I believe that in these very subjects Belloc is even more sagacious than Newman. It can hardly be denied, then, that if Belloc is more subtle than Newman, and that if Newman's subtlety gained him a high place in literature, Belloc is at least as great a writer as Newman. But before explaining how Belloc is a greater historian than Newman, I must show that Newman and Belloc are at one in deriving our civilization from Greece and Rome and the Catholic Church.

Both assert and prove that our civilization comes from Catholicism, not from Christianity. Both realize that unless the term "Christianity" is used as a synonym for "Catholicism" it corresponds to no objective reality. Therefore Belloc once wrote an essay to prove how unhistorical is the word "Christianity." And in one of his later books, "Europe and the Faith," he says: "The conception which the Catholic Church had of itself in the early third century, can, perhaps, best be approached, by pointing out that if we use the word 'Christianity' we are unhistorical. 'Christianity' is a term in the mouth and upon the pen of the post-Reformation writer; it connotes an opinion or a theory; a point of view; an idea. The Christians of the time of which I speak had no such conception." Newman says in his "Idea of a University": "Nor do I mean by theology that vague thing called 'Christianity' or 'our common Christianity' or 'Christianity the law of the land' if there is any man alive who can tell what it is." To some Catholics and many Protestants the central thesis of Belloc's "Europe and the Faith," that the Catholic Church preserved and then transformed ancient Rome into modern Europe, seems paradoxical if not heretical. Yet to Newman, Belloc's thesis seemed no paradox, but rather a truism. Thus Newman says in the "Idea of a University": "At one time its (Europe's) territory was flooded by strange and barbarous races, but the existing civilization was vigorous enough to vivify what threatened to stifle it, and to assimilate to the old social forms what came to expel them; and thus the civilization of modern times remains what it was of old, not Chinese or Hindoo, or Mexican or Saracenic, or of any new description hitherto unknown, but the lineal descendant, *mutatis mutandis,* of the civilization which began in Palestine and Greece."

But Belloc is deeper than Newman in his account of the continuity of modern civilization with that of Rome. Belloc, in his "Path to Rome" and "Europe and the Faith," notices not only our spiritual kinship with the Roman Empire, but our material heritage as well. In his essays and histories he is as interested in displaying what we derive from Roman roads, bridges, wines and civil arrangements as from Roman classics and the Catholic Church. A reader of "The Path to Rome" and the "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" cannot fail to notice that Belloc's book is full of references to such material things as bread and cheese, wine and beer, inns and cathedrals, rivers, bridges, roads and forests, while Newman's autobiography is a spiritual Odyssey. "The Path to Rome" is the testament of a citizen of the world who finds himself at home in any place from Algeria to California. Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" is the chart of a cloistered spirit which was troubled when away from the towers and trees of Oxford. Belloc is so keenly alive to our material continuity with ancient Rome that he has written economic classics such as "The Servile State." Newman could no more have written that book than he could have written an appreciation of the domestic habits of the amœba.

A still better test of Belloc's power of probing to the depths of a subject is his account of the so-called Reformation as contrasted with Newman's account. Newman was so intent on describing the intellectual lineaments of Protestantism that he missed the social and economic results of such a creed. We feel this weakness not only in Newman's actual neglect of the economic issues of Protestantism, but even in opportunities for cogent argumentation which he lost through his ignorance of the material side of the so-called Reformation. Thus, in his lectures on "Anglican Difficulties," Newman could have made out a better and truer case for the economic and social position of Catholic countries if he had known enough to deny flatly that the English and German industrialism was progress, if he had known that capitalism is a social disease rather than a sign of social health. Perhaps, however, Newman would never have described the intellectual side of Protestantism so intensively as he does in "The Present Position of Catholics in England" had he extended his inquiry over the economic field as well. But Belloc, without minimizing the intellectual and spiritual results of the so-called Reformation, without minimizing the fact that the new nobility of the Tudors pillaged the monasteries, captured the law courts, the universities and the rising literature of Elizabeth's day, insists besides on the fact that they set up the social plague called capitalism. He shows how those who prated about giving the Bible to the poor, stole the bread of the poor and enclosed the common lands. He shows that the root of England's ill-ease is to be traced to the plutocracy of hard-faced robbers, who supplanted the king after they had helped him plunder the peasants. Belloc narrates how the English Reformation broke the English peasantry, created the English squirearchy and ruined the mediæval democratic institutions. Thus Belloc's sketch of the Reformation in "Europe and the Faith" and "The Servile State" is truer because more comprehensive than Newman's account in "The Present Position of Catholics."

Belloc also gives a truer sketch of the renaissance of Ireland than Newman gives. This Belloc does because he investigates material as well as spiritual origins, while Newman confined himself to the spiritual side. Both Newman and Belloc evinced marvelous penetration in predicting the resurrection of Erin at a time when their contemporaries were prone to sneer at the mere suggestion that Ireland might be destined to a new birth of liberty. Both show great penetration in realizing that Ireland would rise because it had the faith, and nations that have the faith do not die. But Belloc shows greater penetration, since he showed how Ireland would rise from her ashes, while Newman contented himself with saying that Ireland would rise without specifying the manner of her rising. Newman made a gesture at giving a reason as can be seen from the following words from the "Idea of a University": "It is impossible, gentlemen, to doubt that a future is in store for Ireland. . . . First, there is the circumstance, so highly suggestive . . . that the Irish have been so miserably ill treated and misused hitherto: for, in the times now opening upon us, nationalities are waking into life, and the remotest people can make themselves heard into all the quarters of the earth." But the mere fact of a nation being ill treated for centuries is no proof that it will not continue to be ill treated until the end of the present world. Although the public opinion that Newman speaks of was aroused in the ends of the earth, it did not save Kevin Barry or Mayor MacSwiney or other martyrs of Ireland's last few bloody years. There is, after all, another place than this present world for justice to be satisfied. But Belloc predicted the "how" as well as the "why" of Ireland's resurrection when in his conclusion to the "Servile State," in enumerating the factors that were destined either to wreck or modify slavery in the modern world, he said: "Ireland has decided for a free peasantry, and our generation has seen the solid foundation of that institution laid." We have beheld the triumph of the Irish movement for practical autonomy. And that movement won because it controlled the land and not the industrial centres. Belloc, therefore, was more acute than Newman in the Irish question because he not only saw that Ireland would have a second spring, but because he foresaw the reason why Ireland was destined to arise from her dependence. And hence I do not think that anyone can safely deny Belloc as high a place in the English and Catholic literature of the twentieth century as Newman held in the days of Victoria.

Alfred G. Brickel, S. J.

Prairie du Chien, Wis.

THE CHURCH AND PEACE MOVEMENTS IN THE PAST[1]

THE rôle that the Church has played in initiating and fostering peace movements began in the early morning of that first Christmas Day when the angels sang "Gloria in Excelsis, peace on earth to men of good will." Our separated brethren usually present that angelic song under the form, "Peace and good will to men," but I believe that it is very generally recognized now that the Catholic version exactly represents the authentic form of the angelic hymn. It is this that needs to be recognized above all if the place of the Church with regard to peace among mankind is to be properly appreciated. Peace there will be under churchly guidance to men of good will, that is, to those who really want it, but not to others. Christ came to assume human nature, but not to change it. He came to make it possible for human nature to enjoy a very happy existence here and a happy eternity hereafter, but he did not come to make humanity any different from what it was before. Men and women who care to follow his example and instruction can secure temporal as well as eternal happiness, but not without a struggle with themselves, and it was the Lord Himself who said that He came to bring not peace but a sword.

When the Great War broke out and plunged Europe at least into the bitter conflict that it soon became evident was going to last much longer than anybody had thought at first, and was going to involve many other nations besides those which first took up the conflict, it seemed to a great many people that this represented the failure of Christianity. Indeed there were not a few who hastened to proclaim this failure of Christianity. Some of them said: "We have tried Christianity for nineteen hundred years, and it has failed us. Now let us try something else." To this Gilbert Chesterton in characteristic fashion replied: "The fact of the matter is, we have not tried Christianity for nineteen hundred years, though it has been with us; now let us turn in and try Christianity for a while."

We have been having a world-wide celebration of Dante, the greatest of Christian poets, during the past year, which represented the celebration of the sixth centenary of his death. He is undoubtedly the greatest of Christian poets, though he has been the subject of praise from men of all forms of religious affiliation. It has been said, and with supreme truth, that his great poem, the "Divine Comedy," is just Christianity in poetry, not Christianity in verse, but in poetry. There is a chorus of praise from all the poets and critics since his time, whenever they have known Dante, that his "Divine Comedy" is the greatest poem ever written. It probably constitutes, humanly speaking, the finest tribute that has ever been paid to Christianity, that when a genius-poet devoted himself to poetizing the Christian religion he created the greatest poem that has ever come from the mind and heart of man. That poem, as Benedetto Croce, the well-known Italian philosopher and critic, recently reminded Americans in the *Yale Review,* is the only one of the supreme poems of the world written "without a joy note over war in it." That sentence of appreciative criticism is of itself probably the best introduction that we could have for an article with regard to the rôle that the Christian Church or Christianity has played in peace movements, past and present.

---

[1] The material for this article was gathered in preparation for the president's address at the meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, held at St. Louis, December 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1921.

The Church, no more than her Divine Master, looks to change human nature. In spite of the very commonly prevalent impression that man changes for the better, as time goes on, there is absolutely no evidence for that. His interests vary, not always for the better, but he remains as ever. The Church takes men as they are and tries to make something of them. She does not hope to make angels of them in this world and would be a sad failure indeed if she did, though she knows that she can make saints of a great many of them if they want to become such. Accordingly the deepest encouragement has been given by the Church to movements of various kinds which aimed to modify the dispositions of the men of particular periods and get them away from that tendency to quarrel among themselves which has characterized mankind all through its existence. The Church has only a mother's moral power, however, and cannot prevail upon men by force and does not hope to alter their natures at all and yet has accomplished wonderful results in the saving of life and suffering because of the peace movements that she has fostered. A few notes with regard to some of these will surely be of interest this "year of disarmament," as it has been called.

A PAPAL DECREE AND PEACE IN THE AMERICAS

We happen to have, here in the United States, in the library of the New York Historical Society, a memorial of a very interesting and significant measure which originated with the much maligned Pope Alexander VI. that is a striking testimony to the place of the Popes in what made for peace among mankind. It is the record in enduring copper of a Papal decree which had much to do with saving bloodshed and fostering peace in the Western Hemisphere, though more in South than in North America. This is the famous Globe of Ulpius, so called after its maker, which is one of the very early examples of globe-making for geographical purposes. The globe is dedicated to Cardinal Cervinus, who afterwards became Pope under the name Marcellus II. He has the distinction of living but twenty-two days as Pope, one of the briefest pontificates in the whole history of the Papacy. Marcellus has, quite apart from the distinction of his Papacy, a very definite place in history, for he was one of the most distinguished churchmen of his time. He was present at the Diet of Spires as a representative of the Pope, and on April 30, 1545, was made one of the presidents of the Council of Trent. When he was unanimously elected Pontiff, ten years later, it was because of his zeal for the reformation of abuses, and Ranke declared that "the reformation of the clergy of which others talked, he exhibited in his own person."

Marcellus had been looked upon as one of the very distinguished scholars of his time, particularly interested in science, and it was said that a knowledge of science was always a passport to his acquaintance and friendship. It is very probable that it was under his patronage that the globe, which is now one of the treasures of the New York Historical Society, and which is one of the most precious monuments of modern geography, was made, and that is the reason why it was dedicated to him. His name is connected with many other scientific advances in his time. Some years before he became Pope he advocated the reform of the calendar in accordance with the plan devised by his father, who had given much time to the subject of mathematics and brought it particularly to his son's attention early in life. Had Marcellus lived for any time as Pope undoubtedly the calendar would have been corrected some thirty years earlier than it was. As Cardinal Cervinus his influence had been very worthily used to counteract certain scientific fallacies of the period. An impression had gained ground that the world was to come to an end in the course of a few years by a universal deluge. Cardinal Cervinus wrote a treatise to contradict this notion and neutralize the effect of the superstition upon the minds of many people who were beginning to think it scarcely necessary to go on with the ordinary business of life, since the world was so soon coming to an end! [2]

---

[2] He is the Pope Marcellus after whom was named the "Missa Papae Marcelli," the well-known Mass of Pope Marcellus, written by Palestrina. And thereby hangs a tale. One of the first reforms that the Pope had resolved to make was in ecclesiastical music, which had become so full of disturbing artificialities that it served to distract, rather than to foster devotion. It is said that he had concluded to make one of the first acts of his Papacy the suppression to a great extent of music in connection with church services. The story goes that Palestrina heard of the Pope's intention and was naturally very much disturbed. He pleaded with him, and finally asked him to hear a Mass which he had just finished Marcellus consented, and was so overcome by the beauty of many of the passages that he was found in tears at its conclusion. A few days later he died, and Palestrina's Mass was sung first in public as his requiem. Unfortunately like so many other good stories, there seems to be no contemporary authority for the tale, and it is now generally set down as quite as apocryphal as Tell's apple and Washington's hatchet.

The main reason why the globe deserves to be referred to here is that it is a monument of Papal intervention to secure peace between the Spaniards and the Portuguese in connection with the new possessions which they had secured as the result of the discoveries made by Vasco da Gama and Bartholomew Diaz in Africa and India and of Columbus in America. India and America, especially the eastern shores of America, would seem to be far enough apart so that there could not be any possibility by a clash of interests, but it was generally supposed until Amerigo Vespucci's voyages demonstrated the fallacy of the idea, that Columbus by sailing westward had reached India, hence his name of Indians for the inhabitants, though presumably in a very different part from that which had already been touched by the Portuguese. To prevent a war between the two great exploring nations, Pope Alexander VI. drew the famous line from Pole to Pole at 90° west longitude, giving the Portuguese the right to all the territory east of the line and the Spaniards to the west of it. This Alexandrian division of territory is marked very clearly on the Globe of Ulpius and indeed it seems not unlikely that it was in order to record very exactly just what the line he drew in terms of the earth's surface that the globe was made probably at the suggestion, but surely with the approval, of Cardinal Cervinus.

It might be thought that the line meant very little for practical purposes, but any one who thinks that forgets that it was this Papal decision which made Brazil a Portuguese and not a Spanish country and has made ever since the Portuguese language the tongue of almost the larger half of South America. For a large part of the projecting portion of South America toward the east, practically all of the face of the lion's head, which the South American continent resembles, is situated east of Pope Alexander's line, and therefore accrued to the Portuguese dominions through his decision. Many people in the United States are likely to think of South America as Spanish America, but President Roosevelt and his son Kermit, after their visit to South America, were enthusiastic in praise of what the Portuguese had accomplished in the territories under their domination and above all in the literature which had been created at home in Portugal and in Brazil and which they were inclined to think almost more valuable than that of the Spaniards.

There is no doubt at all that this famous line did prevent what might otherwise have been an enormous amount of bloodshed between the colonists and over the colonial possessions of the two great exploring nations. Here in North America we have some very sad incidents in that regard in our history in the early days which serve to show what might have happened between Portuguese and Spaniards but for their respect for the Pope's decision. That Pope, Alexander VI., is so much abused generally by historians that he deserves to have emphasized every possible benefit that he conferred on humanity. In recent years there has been a distinct reaction in his favor among historians who have gone back to original documents, and my dear friend, Father De Roo, of Portland, Ore., the author of the well-known history of America before Columbus, tells me that he now has a five-volume life of Pope Alexander ready for the press which will vindicate him entirely. Certainly those of us who are interested in peace between the nations cannot help but pay tribute to this man of Spanish origin who weighed so well the rival interests of Spain and Portugal and accomplished so much in the prevention of human suffering through war by his decision.

How much this was will be better understood by recalling even a little of the awful conditions that developed in the relations between the Spaniards and the English in certain parts of North America when there was no Papal arbiter to formulate a definite boundary in their possessions and thus secure peace for them. The Spaniards and the English quarreled in the southeastern part of what is now the United States in the neighborhood of Florida and the almost defenseless colonists were killed. In reprisal another expedition hanged all the colonists at another place. When the French and English fought in Europe, their colonists in this country shared in the contest and both sides enlisted the natives in their ranks or secured their participation regardless of the atrocities they might give way to and the sufferings of women and children that might result. Our French and Indian wars and then the enlistment by the British of Indian allies during the Revolution show to what lengths enmity was carried. Brought up in the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, I know in detail the savageries of Brant and his followers in Pennsylvania and New York and know that these were precipitated and encouraged by the British, who would now emphasize the brotherhood of the English-speaking peoples—for their own advantage. If Spanish and Portuguese colonial relations in history are not disfigured by such barbarities, though of course there were abuses, it is more largely due to this definite division of the spheres of influence of the two nations by Pope Alexander VI. than to any other single factor.

So far from the drawing of this famous line and its effect in preventing bloodshed and international political dissension being unique or even a representative of a rarely attempted policy on the part of the Popes, it was on the contrary a typical example of what they had done at many times. The records of a single century, the thirteenth, would show this very well.

PAPAL ARBITRATION AND ADJUDICATION IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

During the International Conference held in New York in 1908 in the interest of world peace, which was attended by delegates from most of the civilized countries, I was brought intimately in contact with Mr. William T. Stead, of London, the editor of the *English Review of Reviews,* who had been very much interested in my book on the thirteenth century. At the moment there was a very general feeling, especially in the minds of educated people, and nowhere more noticeable than in the groups of what may be called university men throughout the world, that it was quite impossible that we should ever again have a great war that would involve the civilized nations. Had anybody suggested that Europe might divide up for war very much as it had done in the eighteenth or seventeenth centuries and carry on the conflict until one or the other sides was completely exhausted, he would have been laughed out of court. There was a great deal of complacent optimism with regard to what progress and evolution had done for our generation in making great wars ever again impossible. I need scarcely say that Mr. Stead was entirely too knowing a man and had his finger too closely on the pulse of our time to share any such fallacious impression. He was interested in peace mainly because he realized very well that it would be only a question of a few years until war was inevitable unless something very definite were accomplished to prevent it. Even he, however, had not the slightest idea that within scarcely five years Europe would be plunged into the worst war we have ever had and that it would last for nearly five years, and, indeed, in a certain way for more than five years, and until one side was completely exhausted.

Mr. Stead was interested in having the world of our time understand that in the older time men had more sense and reasonableness in this matter of war than we had and that our position represented a real degeneration in humanity. He suggested then that in any revision of the volume on "The Thirteenth as the Greatest of Centuries" a chapter should be devoted to the consideration of what was accomplished for peace and international arbitration during that precious hundred years which meant so much for modern civilization. There is no doubt that there developed at this time as a result of a number of Papal decrees molding the mind of the time, a greater tendency than has existed before or since to refer quarrels between nations that would ordinarily end in war to decision by some selected umpire. Usually the Pope as the head of the Christian Church to which all the nations of the civilized world belonged was selected as the arbitrator. The international arbitration strengthened by the decrees of Pope Innocent III., Pope Honorius III., Pope Gregory IX. and Pope Alexander III., developed in a way that is well worth while studying, and that has deservedly been the subject of careful investigation since the present peace movement began. When the Appendix of "Chapters that might have been" was added to the book on the thirteenth century, then this was one of the subjects for which the notes that might have constituted a new chapter were added. Certainly the outlook for the securing of peace by international arbitration was better at this time in history than it has been at any time since. What a striking example, for instance, is the choice of King Louis of France as the umpire in the dispute between the Barons and the King of England, which might have led to war. Louis' position with regard to the Empire and the Papacy was to a great extent that of a pacificator, and his influence for peace was felt everywhere throughout Europe. The spirit of the century was all for arbitration and the adjudication of intranational as well as international difficulties by peaceful means.

One needs only to take up any collection of the Bulls of the Popes of that time to find without difficulty many which made for peace and peaceful arbitration and limited the place of the sword in European life. There are, for instance, Bulls of Pope Innocent III. confirming the treaty between Philip of France and Baldwin, Count of Flanders, thus giving an added sanction to the treaty. Flanders has always been the cockpit of Europe and was then. We ourselves in this generation have witnessed something of the awful conditions through which the Belgians have had to go over and over again, surely every century and practically every generation. That is one of the elements that have made them such a sturdy people. We thought it absolutely impossible until it actually happened. They had no such fond illusions in the thirteenth century; they knew men better. Pope Innocent took the Counts of Flanders under the special protection of the Holy See with the idea of preventing the repetition of such unfortunate incidents. In the same way Dacia was taken under the Pope's protection as well as Portugal and the latter State was confirmed in the possession of whatever territory the Portuguese had taken from the Saracens. The idea was above all to build up barriers around the smaller States in order to keep stronger surrounding nations from violating their territory. More than seven centuries later, we of our time know better than ever before how much this was needed and is still needed.

In the same way Aragon, by another Papal Bull, was taken under the protection of the Holy See, its rightful king crowned by the Pope and then the right of crowning conferred upon the Archbishop of Tarragona so as to assure some judge of claims as to rightful succession. In Bohemia, situated in those days as an important kingdom in the centre of Europe with a seacoast on the Baltic and for a time at least on the Adriatic, so that Shakespeare's attribution of a seacoast to Bohemia, so far from being absurd, was simply the recital of a well-known historical fact, the king was formally recognized by the Pope so as to prevent internal dissensions and the encroachment of powerful neighbors long before Machiavelli had learned the lesson of divide and rule—fomenting discord among the people of a country and then grabbing their territory or bringing them under subjection. The same process of Papal regulation was adopted with regard to Bulgaria, where there was even more trouble than in Bohemia, for there has always been a Near East and it has always had its special problems, though we are so inclined to think of these as reserved for our time. The question has been how to secure a firm government among a people of such diverse and mixed races and a rightful succession in government without tyranny and to the satisfaction of the people. Papal intervention took the very practical way of crowning a king and then conferring the faculty of crowning further kings upon the Archbishop at the capital, thus creating a tribunal to ajudge as impartially as might be of the right of succession.

Virchow, in his collected essays on public medicine and the history of epidemics, which I am sorry to say is not translated into English, says of the hospitals of the Middle Ages in connection with Pope Innocent III., whose Papal Bulls for the preservation of European peace I have just been citing: "The beginning of the history of these German hospitals is connected with the name of that Pope who made the boldest and farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church. The hospitals of the Holy Ghost were one of the many means by which Innocent III. thought to hold humanity to the Holy See. And surely it was one of the most effective. Was it not calculated to create the most profound impression to see how the mighty Pope, who humbled emperors and deposed kings, who was the unrelenting adversary of the Albigenses, turned his eyes sympathetically upon the poor and sick, sought the helpless and the neglected upon the streets, and saved the illegitimate children from death in the waters? There is something at once conciliating and fascinating in the fact that at the very time when the fourth crusade was inaugurated through his influence, the thought of founding a great organization of an essentially humane character which was eventually to extend throughout all Christendom, was also taking form in his soul; and that in the same year [1204] in which the new Latin Empire was founded in Constantinople, the newly erected hospital of the Holy

Spirit, by the old bridge on the other side of the Tiber, was blessed and dedicated as the future centre of this organization."

Virchow knew his history of the hospitals very well, but was less acquainted with the historical details as to the peace of Europe. Had he known more about that he might have said that "that Pope who made the boldest and farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church" had not only cared for the poor and the helpless, but in every way for the happiness of mankind, and realizing that peace meant more for that than anything else, had employed all his magnificent power of organizing to secure it for the peoples of Europe. Humbling emperors and deposing kings was but part of that policy which the greatest Pope of the century and one of the greatest of the Middle Ages employed for human happiness. It is worth noting that there are some who think that the century which followed his pontificate, the thirteenth century, is among the greatest, if not the greatest, hundred years of all human achievement and as those achievements were of the intellect and required peace for their accomplishment, probably that very fact should be taken as the greatest demonstration of Pope Innocent's success.

His successors in the Papacy continued his policy very effectively. An early Bull of Pope Honorius III. takes Portugal under the protection of the Holy See once more and confirms the privileges of the kingdom of Scotland. These countries, like Dacia and Bulgaria, were terminal portions of Europe whom powerful neighbors were constantly trying to absorb and the Papal protection at the time when Bulls "ran" through Europe—for practically all of the inhabitants were Catholics—must have meant a very great deal in preventing encroachments on these smaller States. Pope Honorius besides dictated the conditions of peace between Genoa and Pisa and prevented a threatened outbreak of hostilities between Pisa and Sardinia by warning certain Pisan conspirators to cease from machinations in the island. The same Pope also took the Prussians, just then recent converts, under his protection and asked them to encourage, as far as possible, the making of further converts, promising them all protection against ambitious neighbors. He warns certain invaders of Dacia against the Papal and spiritual penalties they shall incur if they continue their incursions and similarly warns an invader of Scandinavia and on appeal blesses the real heir. Others of his Bulls confirm the privileges and liberties granted the Jews and demand the abolition of certain statutes of Bologna passed by the citizens infringing the liberties of students. University students were always especially under the protection of the Popes, who jealously guarded their rights. Both of these Papal documents served to prevent a deal of civic dissension and disturbance and put an end to unfortunate conditions that had existed for some time. They represent the successful effort to avert social disorders of smaller significance than war.

Pope Honorius' successor, Gregory IX., warned the Emperor Frederick II. in a famous Bull that his subjects would be freed from their obligation of homage if that sovereign continued his policy of oppression of the Church and subversion of the rights of private individuals. In this he was pursuing the courageous policy of his great namesake of the eleventh century, Gregory VII., and preventing the growth of tyranny that would have inevitably have led to serious political disturbances. This Pope also took Marseilles, then a free city, under his protection, and once more took the Sandinavians under the ægis of the Papal influence. He had the happiness of proclaiming the reconciliation of the Papacy with the Emperor Frederick II., though he laid down the conditions of this reconciliation very exactly.

It is interesting to find side by side with these Bulls, which are frankly political in character, a number of others which show the interest of the Pope in the spiritual life of the Church. Gregory IX. issued the Bulls of canonization for both Francis of Assisi and Anthony of Padua. He proceeded by Papal decree to make the famous hospital of the Holy Spirit in Saxia, that is the hospital founded by Innocent III., not far from what we know as the Vatican, an institution of Christendom to be supported by all Christians and be a model hospital for all the world. This is the hospital spoken of by Virchow in his tribute to Pope Innocent. It was also Gregory IX. who issued the well-know decree that all religious orders should have a time of postulancy during which those applying for admission to them might study the order and make up their minds with regard to it without incurring any obligations towards the order and without there being any question of apostasy, as it is called, if they should decide at any time during the first few weeks or months, as the case might be, not to enter the order.

What was accomplished in the thirteenth century so magnificently was, as is after all true of every other great movement at this time, only a culmination of great influences that had been at work for some two or three centuries. Those well-known institutions, the truce of God and the peace of God, had been for many generations bringing home to men's minds the possibility of appeasement and reconciliation through compromise and arbitration rather than by destructive efforts aimed at securing selfish aims, no matter what the cost might be, in human life and human suffering. For the readers of this article, I need scarcely recall the significance of these institutions, though a few words with regard to them may be necessary in order that their meaning, as it stands out at the present time, may be properly appreciated.

It has been the custom to minimize somewhat these mediæval institutions by declaring that wars in the older times were really civic dissensions, almost between man and man and that therefore something had to be done to prevent the awful conditions that were developing and making civilized life impossible. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the modern times ease of transportation and communication has brought men so much together that they represent, even in distant countries now, very much what the citizens of slightly separated parts of countries meant in the older time.

It has been suggested a little bit scornfully in recent years that all of this Church Peace Movement did not seem to produce any great effect in the thirteenth century itself, for there was a war of some importance every five years during the century. When lecturing on war at the beginning of the recent great war,[3] I ventured to say that in the twentieth century instead of a war every five years on the average we had done ever so much better than that. Progress is a very curiously interesting thing, seeing that we hear so much about it. Three thousand years ago, when Homer wandered among the little cities of Asia Minor chanting his songs with regard to the Siege of Troy and the people gathered in the houses to listen to him for an evening in the great hall after supper, they were to be pitied because they did not live to see our glorious time, when instead of having nothing better than Homer to listen to they might have gone to the movies, as our folks do after three thousand years of progress. In the twentieth century we have had a war on an average of every year and a half for the first twenty years, and I suppose that three-fifths at least of all the time of the twentieth century there has been some war in progress. The Boer War was on at the beginning of the century and then came the Japanese-Russian War, followed by the Italian-Turkish War and the first Balkan and then the second Balkan War, both of them veritable climaxes of cruelty and suffering, yet only to be followed by the Great War, the greatest war of human history. Ever since then a whole series of wars, and we are not sure whether we shall not have more before Europe settles down to peace for good once more. No wonder that a recent writer called his book "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure."

The wars of the thirteenth century dwindle into insignificance both in number and importance beside these. We have had in our glorious twentieth century so far at least three times as many wars as they had seven centuries ago. If any force can make wars in humanity one-third less frequent than they have been before, that will mean much indeed for humanity. Those who think that we are going to reform the world just by an appeal to reason and common sense, as they say, do not know man as he is. Most men do not reason, though their hearts can lead them into doing things that have marvelously good results and can keep them from doing evil even when their nature is sorely tempting them to it. There was a little man who died, it will be seven centuries ago in 1926, whom, had he lived in our time, a great many people should be likely to think of as a tramp, who probably did more to bring about an era of peace than perhaps any man that ever lived. Almost needless to say to the readers of THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW that was St. Francis of Assisi, the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of whose Third Order we have been celebrating during the year just gone by.

---

[3] The address was published in the American Catholic Quarterly Review, October, 1915.

Immense numbers of people in his day joined the Third Order whose members, though living in the world and most of them married, followed the rule laid down for them by St. Francis. As Michael Williams said in the October *Catholic World*, in his article on "The Third Order of St. Francis To-day": "The rich and the poor, nobles and common people, learned and unlearned, joined the new order and thus the social classes were drawn nearer each other and the ideal of Christian democracy was advanced." As an English writer on "The Guild States" said recently: "The guilds of the time gave men more real democracy without using the word than men enjoy now when the word is so much bruited about." Had he but calculated the influence of the mendicant friars, white and brown, then he would indeed have realized how much of democracy came into the world at that time. St. Francis imposed the obligation upon his tertiaries never to take an oath except in certain specified cases and never to bear arms except in defense of the Church. These precepts faithfully followed by literally millions of people probably meant as much as any other single factor in bringing the feudal system to an end. The obligation not to bear arms was a newer truce of God that stopped military reprisals between small groups of men rather effectually. We hear without surprise the remark of a contemporary that it seemed in many places as though the days of primitive Christianity had returned. It is by thus bringing about a disarmament of the mind and heart that the Church accomplishes her great work for peace and has done it and will do it.

It is easy to understand from even this very incomplete consideration how much the Popes have accomplished in securing the political peace of Europe and preventing bloodshed. The greater they were as Popes and the more they accomplished for the great charitable purposes which Christianity represents, the more they achieved also for peace. The Church and churchmen have never allowed themselves to be caught by that complacent self-delusion that human nature can be reformed so completely as to make this world a little heaven here on earth. That is the favorite notion at the basis of what is called social improvement at the present time. Men are not going to be changed, human nature will remain the same, men will continue to quarrel and humanity will have to suffer in the midst of the quarrels, but at least wars can be prevented to some extent and they can be made ever so much less full of suffering than they have been, even though they will continue to try men's souls on to the end. Man is not a very perfectible animal and there is no doubt at all about his being an animal, and while he is a rational animal, we have always been sure about his animal nature long before the evolutionists called our attention to it, and the doubt has been about his rationality. Through his heart and his affections, however, much can be accomplished for good and it is through these that the Church has worked in the past and will continue to work.

JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., SC. D.

New York, N. Y.

Book Reviews

"Marquita." A novel. By John Ayscough. 8vo., pp. 269. New York: Benziger Brothers.

In his latest story the author enters into an entirely new field. Hitherto he has confined himself almost altogether to Italy and England. Now he transfers his scene of action to America, and makes the plains of Arizona his stage. It may be presumed that he gathered the material for this story during his recent visit to this country, and planned the tale at that time.

It is a comparatively brief novel and can hardly be said to have a plot. It is rather a simple narrative of the quiet home life of a small family living on a ranch pretty well cut off from the rest of the world. The author does not attempt any description of ranch life in the distinctive sense. Much local coloring might have been introduced into the tale by one who lived among cowboys and rode with them, but the author's visit was too brief to bring him this knowledge.

The plot centres about Marquita, the young motherless daughter of a wealthy old Spanish ranch owner, who, after the completion of her education in a Denver convent school, returns to the semi-solitude of her father's ranch, to become practically the family drudge, but in reality to develop a character which in the midst of the most unpromising surroundings fits her for a vocation to the highest religious state.

One of the most charming incidents in the whole book is told in the description of Marquita assisting at Mass spiritually out on the plain, reading the prayers from her book and ringing the bell at the usual times, standing and kneeling as the rubrics require, and all the time keeping before her eyes the chaplain at the altar as she had seen him in her convent days. It is remarkable, indeed, that with so extraneous aids a young girl should be able to advance so far in sanctity. Her father did not bother his head about matters of faith, nor did anyone else on the ranch. She was many miles from church, which she could not attend, and the other woman in the story, who was her first cousin and afterward became her stepmother, was not a Catholic until a short time before her marriage, when she became a convert.

The hero, if there be one, has not much chance to shine. He is a Catholic young man of some means, who takes up residence on the ranch to learn the business and falls in love with Marquita. He proposes, but finds that she is already promised spiritually.

Taken by itself, Marquita is a pleasant, mild, edifying little tale; but taken in comparison with the author's previous stories, and especially his earlier ones, it loses. As with so many authors who go into strange, unknown fields, John Ayscough is not familiar with his country or his people. One who has lived in the West and is acquainted with ranch life and ranch people would hardly recognize the descriptions in this book. The atmosphere is almost altogether wanting: the language, dress, manners and customs of the region are not graphically reproduced.

One who is familiar with the author's previous work, and has always admired it, might be pardoned for saying that there is something wanting even of that charming language and style which heretofore has by no means been the least of his attributes. Let us hope that this defect, if it can really be called that, is due to the unfamiliar field in which the author is working, and that all his old-time charm will come back with his return to his native heath.

"The Light on the Lagoon." A novel. By Isabel C. Clarke. 8vo., cloth, net, $2.00. Postage, 15 cents. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Discriminating book lovers will find unusual literary grace, descriptive power of exquisite charm and a plot of striking interest in Miss Clarke's latest story.

Laying the major part of the novel's action amidst the scenic splendors of romantic Venice, the reader is pleasantly carried along, while there is unfolded with rare insight and much feeling the soul-stirring struggles of Sydney, Lady Flood's daughter, who in her endeavors to live up to her own ideal of life, has forsaken her home rather than submit to an existence of refined conventionality.

To tell how she falls in love with Clive, the gay, debonair nephew of Moreton Cochrane; how the tiny lamp she sees on her first night in Venice keeping solitary vigil before a lonely little shrine out on the wide waters of the lagoon, awakens in her heart a spark of the same simple all-comprehending faith which actuated the sturdy Venetian merchants who placed it there; how she follows its guiding beam through difficulties and amid conflicting emotions; how she is at length enabled to make the right decision affecting her whole life, is the task which the gifted author has set for herself and which she performs in her usual skillful style.

It seems almost superfluous to say again that Miss Clarke is an expert artist in painting scenes and a true philosopher in analyzing character and motives, and yet these qualities are so rare that they may well command attention and commendation each time they appear.

One of the highest compliments that can be paid to Miss Clarke is to say that one does not tire of her stories, but finds in each new one a new charm.

"Holy Souls Book." A complete prayer-book. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 16mo., oblong, 5⅞ x 3½ inches. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges, $1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is a complete prayer-book containing a collection of carefully selected prayers for all ordinary devotional needs. For instance, it contains morning and evening prayers, four different sets of Mass prayers, devotions for Confession and a variety of prayers for Holy Communion, as also Stations of the Cross, the Litanies, the Rosary mysteries, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, numerous indulgenced prayers, etc. But it also meets a long-felt want by providing a series of reflections, special prayers and devotions in behalf of the poor souls in Purgatory.

Thus, while the object of this prayer-book, as the reverend author says in his preface, is to incite us "to a special devotion—a more fervent, a more persistent, a more practical, a more faithful devotion—to the holy souls in Purgatory," it also meets all requirements of a general prayer-book.

It opens for us the inestimable prayer treasury of the Church and shows us how we may strengthen the spiritual links that tie us to our dear relatives and friends who have been separated from us by death. The author shows the same knowledge and skill which are evident in all his previous works. He seems to have sounded the depths of Catholic devotion, and he not only knows how to cull the flowers of devotion, but also how to arrange them. His patrons will not be disappointed in the present instance.

"Catholic Home Annual for 1923." Fortieth year. Stories and articles by the foremost Catholic writers. Calendars of feasts and fasts, astronomical calculations, etc. Profusely illustrated. Retail, 25 cents each; postpaid, 29 cents each. New York: Benziger Brothers.

No one who has become familiar with the excellence of previous issues of "The Catholic Home Annual" will fail to secure the fortieth issue for 1923 just out.

It is replete with interesting and instructive articles on important phases of Catholic life and doctrine by such prominent authors as Rev. F. X. Doyle, S. J.; Maurice Francis Egan, Ph. D.; James J.

Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., and Father Lasance, and its large number of beautiful illustrations, each with a brief description, will surely appeal to every heart and mind and especially to the young. For those who love good stories the contributions by Marion Ames Taggart, the Rev. Neil Boyton, S. J., Mary T. Waggman, etc., will furnish delightful entertainment for leisure moments.

At the very low price it ought to be in the hands of every Catholic, and alone for its helpful information about the Church's feasts and fasts, etc., is entitled to a place on every family book table. The children will draw from it both pleasure and instruction.

"Cobra Island." A Catholic scout's adventures. By Neil Boyton, S. J. 12mo., cloth, with frontispiece, net, $1.15; postpaid, $1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Young people will be delighted with "Cobra Island," a book in which a Catholic scout's marvelous and thrilling adventures, taking him over the greater part of the globe, are told in a most lively and jolly way by the Rev. Neil Boyton, S. J. Starting from Brooklyn with his dad for distant India, this young Yankee Ulysses tells his Odyssey, and in the vivid telling, sharks and lascars, sea-fights and hooded cobras, good turns and cruising crocodiles, jewels, monkeys, heavenly swims and a delirious family reunion on a blue isle, pass before the enthralled reader like a colorful circus parade.

Probably none of us realize the great value of the boy stories that have been coming from the pens of a small group of Jesuits in recent years. Some persons might be tempted to think that such work is too trivial for serious minds. But they are real character formers. Boys will read something, either good or bad, and they will imitate. Here is the good which they may safely follow.

"The Story of American Democracy, Political and Industrial." By William Mason West, sometime Professor of History in the University of Minnesota; author of "The American People," etc. 8vo., pp. 758. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

"I try to present in one volume a readable story of American history, with particular reference to the constant struggle for democracy in society, politics and industrial. So compact a treatment ought not to be encumbered with bristling footnotes or bibliographies, and therefore these have been omitted."

The author's task was a very difficult one. Anyone who attempts to tell a long story in short space or few words will appreciate this difficulty. Probably there is no field in which it is more difficult than in the field of history. The historian must be above all else truthful; that is the very essence of his office. But to find the truth in history requires much labor and patience as well as ability and training; and to tell it, when it is found, calls for much courage and rare judgment.

The prolific historian can save his reputation by quoting conflicting authorities at length, and then let the reader decide for himself. The brief historian must sift and analyze until he finally reaches the fairest conclusion, and then place it before his readers in fear and trembling. A good, reliable, brief history is rare. This is especially true when an attempt is made to compress into one volume of ordinary size such a fruitful subject as "The Story of American Democracy, Political and Industrial." This task the author set for himself in the present instance, and it will be generally conceded he has succeeded admirably. His previous training, his experience, his studies—all fitted him well for the work, and the result is most gratifying.

We have here a brief but comprehensive history that is attractive in form and that is not rendered unintelligible by its brevity. There is evidence of a nice sense of values in the grouping and arranging of events, and a sincere desire to find the truth. The author tells us that he hesitated before deciding to include the late war in his story in order to bring it down to date. There was reason for this hesitation, and it is evident in the text.

A very important feature of the book are the illustrations. They are numerous and well done, and they really illustrate the text.

A copious index crowns the work.

SAMUEL H. FRENCH & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1844
PORTLAND
TRADE
FRENCH'S

for **PERMANENT CONSTRUCTION**

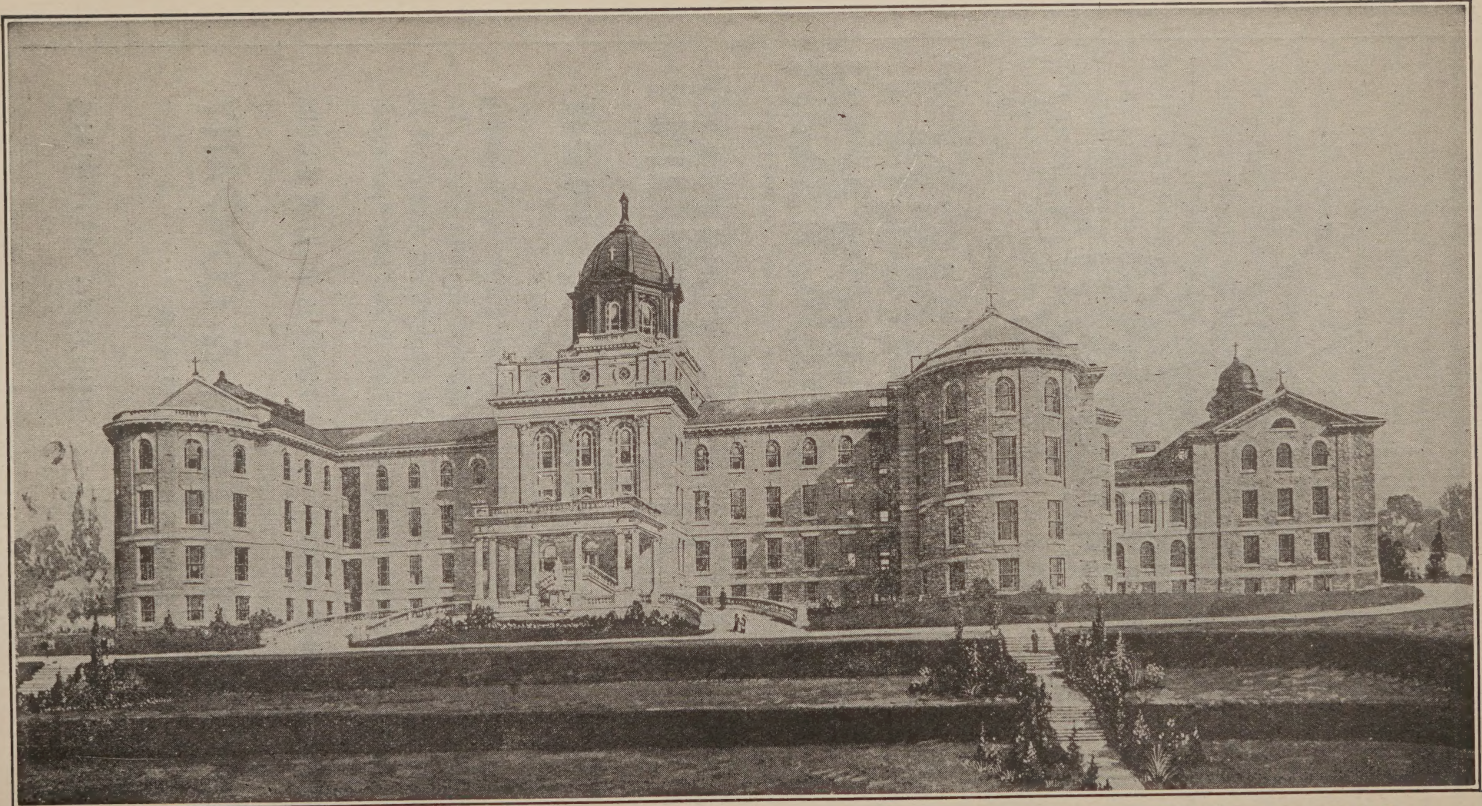
FRENCH'S CEMENT

1844 For three-quarters of a century French's Products have stood for that excellence in manufacture of building materials which guarantee excellence in results. In structures of more than a mere temporary nature it is well to use materials which time has tested and approved. **1922**

FRENCH'S CEMENT COLORS PEERLESS MORTAR COLORS

SAMUEL H. FRENCH & COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

PAINTS VARNISHES BUILDING MATERIALS



VILLA MARIA, COLLEGE, IMMACULATA, PENNA.

EMILE G. PERROT, Architect & Engineer
Phila. & New York
Formerly of
BALLINGER & PERROT